

MUSEUM

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WILLIAM GODWIN, ESQ.

Yonder walks William Godwin! The marks of age press heavily upon him; but there gleams out of that strange face and above that stranger figure the eye of fire which lighted up with the conceptions of *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*. Wonderful books! Once read, not only ever remembered, but ever graven on the mind of those who know how to read. We can enter into the feeling of Lord Byron's exclamation, when, after asking Godwin why he did not write a new novel, his lordship received from the old man the answer, that it would kill him. "And what matter," said Lord Byron; "we should have another *St. Leon*."

But it was not to be. There is power, and stirring thought in *Fleetwood*, *Mandeville*, and *Cloudestley*; but they are not what Lord Byron called for. The promised *Seven Sleepers*, which was to be the conclusion of a new series of *St. Leon*, has never come; and of Godwin the novelist we suppose there is an end. Of Godwin the politician we have little good to say. He started in opposition to the received views of the world on all the most important affairs in which that world is concerned; and it is perfectly unnecessary to add, that the world beat in the end, as indeed in his case it deserved to beat. The principles of his "Political Justice," derived as it was pretended from the Bible, would, if they could have been acted upon, have subverted all the honourable relations of society, and destroyed all the ennobling or redeeming feelings of the heart. Godwin himself, as he confesses in his preface to *St. Leon*, was sorry for having insulted, in that cold-blooded, and, we must say, absurd book, those charities and duties which are the links of life: we should be much surprised if he has not since repented of all the work. In his answer to Malthus, he showed that true feelings were prevalent in his mind, though he failed in producing the fit refutation of the desperate quackery which he opposed, and which was destined to fall to destruction before the hand of Sadler. His *Thoughts on Man*, containing much that is eloquent, contain but little that is profound; and we are sorry to find, that though his scepticism on the most vital points is not so recklessly urged as in former days, it is scarcely abated. His historical work on the common-

wealth is a failure; it in reality is not superior to the school-boy histories which he published under the name of Edward Baldwin,—in one of which (that of Rome) he was so careful as to omit the defeat of the Cimbri by Marius.

His personal history is not fortunate. He was originally, we believe, a preacher in some heterodox sect; but when "the lion was to lie down with the lamb," as was so beautifully brought to pass by Robespierre, and other tender-hearted dispensers of the mercies of Jacobinism, he forsook his divinity for politics. He was afterwards a bookseller, on Snow Hill, but not lucky in trade. The circumstances of his connection with Mary Woolstonecroft, his marriage and its consequences, his children and their several histories, are too well known to render it necessary that we should do more than allude to them. We may say, however, that in no man's fate was the evil of acting on wrong principles so manifested to the destruction of all that could in any relation of life confer happiness or conduce to honour. In writing *The Life of Mary Woolstonecraft*, he has done more good unintentionally than it ever could have, intentionally or otherwise, done evil. We shall not have any such lady in our literature again.

He has now taken his place in our world of authors; and we incline to think, that *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon* are the only books of his which will be remembered. His mind is not productive,—therein singularly differing from that of Sir Walter Scott, with whom alone, as a novelist of power, he of all our contemporaries can be compared. There is a want of invention even in his best books; and we can believe the current story, that *Caleb Williams* was written to illustrate a system, or to prove that a novel might be composed without reference to the passion of love. Once fairly embarked in his book, he forgot his systems; but the idea of so originating them proves that there is a deficiency in the mind. The phrenologists inform us, that the organ of veneration is wholly and most singularly absent in his head;—we do not exactly believe in phrenology; but his works prove to us, that there is some want in his intellect which operates to control the impulses of his genius.

The Whigs have had the kindness to give him a hundred a-year in some place in Somerset House, which props his declining days. They gave Mr. T. Macauley 10,000*l*. It is well.

A

From the London Keepsake.

THE DESERTED CHATEAU.

FROM THE FRENCH.

There stands, about a hundred yards from the small town of Vendome, on the banks of the Loire, an old, lone, and weather-stained mansion, with tall gable-ends and elevated roof. What has once been a garden, extending towards the river, lies in melancholy neglect around it; and there, the yew and the box-tree, which marked its winding alleys and formal terraces, once closely and neatly clipped, now spread forth in overgrown luxuriance. Noxious weeds display their rank but beautiful vegetation along the sloping banks of the stream; and the over-hanging fruit-trees, having had the pruning-knife withheld from them for the last ten long years, produce but a scanty and ungathered crop. The espaliers are grown in labyrinths; the walks, once graveled, have become grassy, and their traces are nearly lost. Yet, from the top of the mountain, where hang the ruins of the old chateau of the dukes of Vendome, the only height whence the eye may penetrate into this inclosure, it is not difficult to recognise the pleasure-grounds and gardens which, in times past, formed, perhaps, the chief pride and recreation of some ancient gentleman of the old *regime*, devoted to the culture of his roses and dahlias; and there, may be seen the remains of a rustic summer-house, with its moss-grown seats and worm-eaten table. A sun-dial, whose pedestal is fast falling into decay, stands near the entrance, with this quaint inscription;

Fugit hora brevis.

A sentiment that does not tend to decrease the melancholy associations which the sight of so desolate and ruined a scene must awaken. The chateau itself is much out of repair; the window-shutters, always fast closed, exclude the air from the dismantled apartments, and the summer's dew, the winter's snow, the damp and the dry, have combined to blacken the timbers, stain the ceilings, and discolour the paint. The doors are never opened; tall weeds have sprung up among the interstices of the flight of steps which leads to the principal entrance of the building, and the fastenings are encrusted with rust. The silence of this desolate abode remains unbroken, save by the twittering of the birds, which have built a hundred nests in the balconies, or the voice of the solitary vermin, now its sole inhabitants, that come and go in uninterrupted security. On a summer's evening, the owl may be heard hooting from the broken casements, as if to assert her right of possession; and the bat flaps its dark wings, like the evil genius of the place, among the ivy, which hangs its pendants from the ruined walls. There is neither life nor brightness about this deserted mansion; all is gloomy, and empty, and silent. It seems as if an invisible hand had every where traced the word "*Mystery!*" It is, however, said to have been a small fief, and bears the name of *La Grande Bréteche*: its history being known but to few—those few shrink from a further investigation into its dark secrets.

On a cold and cheerless evening in the autumn of 1816, as the notary of Vendome was preparing to retire to rest, a carriage drove hastily up to his door; and word was brought him that the Comtesse de Merset desired his immediate attendance at *La Grande Bréteche*. She was not expected to live through the night, and had just received extreme unction at the hands of her confessor. Rumour said the comtesse and her lord had been living together in the most singular manner during the past six months. They gave admittance to none, and the comtesse resided entirely in her own suite of apartments at one end of the mansion, while the comte confined himself to the other. But a short time before that, at which the notary was summoned to attend the death-bed of the comtesse, the Comte de Merset had suddenly left the chateau, and gone to Paris, where, after leading a life, it was asserted, of great excess, he had lately died. On the day of his departure, the comtesse had caused the chateau to be almost entirely dismantled, most of the furniture, pictures, and tapestry burnt, or otherwise completely destroyed; and from that moment, had secluded herself within its walls, never emerging from them but to attend mass in the neighbouring church. She refused admittance to all who either from interest or curiosity called upon her; her doors being opened to her confessor alone, whose visits were said to be long and frequent. It was whispered among the gossips of the town, that she was also much changed in appearance; but through the impenetrable black veil she wore when attending mass, the curious vainly strove to ascertain whether this rumour was well or ill founded.

While still in the prime of her youth and loveliness, and one of the richest heiresses in Vendome, the Comte de Merset had been fortunate enough to gain her hand. The world had constantly spoken of them as of an attached and happy couple, though it was hinted the husband's affection was of rather a *jealous* tendency; but this might, or might not, be the fact, as it was not easily susceptible of proof, and the gentle and engaging manners of the lovely comtesse won all hearts. The sudden change that had lately taken place in her conduct, had not failed to raise many conjectures as to its cause; and by some, *madness* had been assigned as a sufficient explanation. She was now *dying*, and no one had even heard she was ill; for she had herself refused all medical aid, feeling, perhaps, her state too hopeless, to allow of human assistance proving of any avail.

It was near midnight, when the notary reached *La Grande Bréteche*, and ascended its dark and lofty staircase. Passing through various large and desolate apartments, wholly deprived of furniture, or of the appearance of being inhabited, cold, damp, and cheerless, around which the light held by the attendant threw a deeper shade, he at length reached the state chamber, where lay the dying comtesse, stretched on a bed whose rich satin hangings and dark waving plumes shed so deep a gloom, it was some time before the eye rested upon its tenant. One strong ray of light, however, from a lamp placed on a small

table near her, on which, also, stood an ivory and ebony crucifix, fell upon the white pillows that supported her pale form. The rest of the furniture in the apartment consisted only of a couch for the confidential attendant, and two large *fauteuils*. Though the night was chill and tempestuous, there was no fire on the wide hearth, and the walls being hung with dark arras, the gloom was unbroken.

On approaching the bed, the notary nearly started at the sight of the spectral figure within. The comtesse was sitting almost upright, supported by pillows; her large, dark, and glazing eyes immovably fixed in their sockets, seemed already those of the dead; her face was of the hue of a waxen image; her fine black hair, parted across her pale, damp brow, was in parts intermingled with gray, though her years did not exceed thirty, and her hands were painfully shriveled; the skin was stretched tightly over the bones, and the veins and muscles distinctly visible. Her whole form, thin to emaciation, still bore the traces of past beauty, although it was almost impossible to imagine how any human creature could have retained life in so frail a tenement. She was worn to a shadow by fever—fever which had struck directly at the root of her existence. Her lips were of a pale violet colour, and when she spoke, they scarcely moved sufficiently to show that they had life; and the upper one, which was beautifully formed, was marked by that soft, dark shade, which is the sign of a naturally strong constitution, and forcibly showed the intensity of the sufferings through which she must have passed, before arriving at that state of artificial existence, now so near the period of its termination. The notary, in the course of his profession, had seen many dying persons; but, their expiring agonies, nay, even the tears and despair of whole sorrowing families, had failed of making the impression upon him, which the sight of that lady, alone, and perishing in the silence of her vast and deserted chateau, had done on this fearful night. The whole scene lay before his eyes like a picture of the dead, for not a living sound interrupted the awful stillness of the place; even the respiration of the expiring comtesse was so low as to be inaudible, and stirred not the sheets which covered her scarce animated form. At length, her large glassy eyes moved; she made an effort to raise her right hand, but it fell again powerless on the coverlid; words like faint breathings issued from her lips, for her voice was *soundless* and extinct.

"I have waited long and impatiently for you," she said, and a faint flush passed over her cheek with the effort to address him.

"Lady," the notary began; but she made a sign to him to be silent; at the same moment, her attendant hastily rose from her chair, and approaching him, whispered, "Speak not."

The notary obeyed, and placed himself on the seat she motioned him to take. A few moments after, Madame de Merset, collecting all her powers for one last effort, succeeded in getting her hand underneath her pillow. For an instant, she paused exhausted, then, with another violent exertion, withdrew from it a sealed packet: large

drops stood upon her brow, as she feebly addressed her attentive listener.

"I confide to you my will," she said, and a low cry, feeble as that of a new-born infant's, burst from her lips at these words. "Oh! my God! pardon!" she murmured, snatching a crucifix which lay on the bed beside her, and carrying it rapidly to her lips, expired.

Previously there had been suffering and intense sorrow in her eye, but her last look was one of joy; and the bright expression remained fixed on her countenance after death.

When the will was opened, it was found that the Comtesse de Merset had nominated the notary of Vendome her executor, leaving all her large property, with the exception of a few legacies, to the Hospital of Vendome. Her dispositions with regard to La Grande Bréteche were very particular, and excited much surprise. The chateau and all its appurtenances were to be left, for the space of fifty years from the day of her death, exactly in the same state in which they then were. All the apartments were to be strictly shut up, and no person whatever allowed to enter them, upon any pretext; no repairs to be permitted, either about the chateau or gardens, but all was to be suffered to fall into the natural state of decay, which so long a period as that named would not fail to bring upon them. If, at the end of the term, the wishes of the testatrix should have been strictly complied with, La Grande Bréteche was to become the property of the notary or his heirs for ever; should, they, however, have been neglected, it reverted to the comtesse's next heirs-at-law; who, as well as the notary, were charged with the fulfilment of certain dispositions annexed in a codicil, the seal of which was not to be broken till the expiration of the above space of time.

Many years passed away; and with them much of the interest and curiosity excited by the description which the notary failed not to give of the Comtesse de Merset's death-bed, her strange testament, and the subsequent decay and ruin of her once beautiful chateau. At length, an incident occurred, which, by throwing light on her mysterious history, revived in some degree the curiosity of the public. A priest belonging to a neighbouring monastery had been summoned to shrive a dying woman of the name of Rosalie Lebas, when a strange and fearful secret was revealed to him; an account of which was found among his papers at his death, a short time after, by the superior of his convent. The following are the facts which were thus elicited.

About six months prior to her death, the Comtesse de Merset, having been seriously indisposed, occupied a separate suite of apartments from those of the comte, at La Grande Bréteche. Her sleeping room looked upon the river, and had sash windows opening upon the lawn, which sloped pleasantly towards its banks. Within this apartment was a small recess with a glass door, which served as an oratory; it was about four feet square, and constructed within the thickness of the wall. On the night in question, by one of those strange fatalities for which there is no explanation, the comte returned home two hours

later than usual, from a club where he usually spent his evenings in reading the papers or discussing politics. The invasion of France had formed the leading topic of conversation, and the subject for a long and animated discussion; after which, being already excited by argument, the comte had lost a considerable sum at billiards. On returning home, he had usually satisfied himself, for some time past, by asking the comtesse's attendant, Rosalie, if her lady were retired to rest, ere he proceeded to his own apartments; but, on this night, it occurred to him he would visit her himself that he might recount his ill luck. Accordingly, instead of summoning Rosalie, he proceeded directly to the chamber of the comtesse. His well-known step resounded along the corridor, and at the instant he turned the handle of the door, he fancied he heard that of the oratory within, closed suddenly: but, when he entered the apartment, he saw Madame de Merset standing before the hearth, on which smouldered the embers of a half-extinguished fire. It immediately occurred to him it must have been Rosalie who went into the oratory, from which, however, there was no egress but through the comtesse's apartments. Yet a suspicion of a darker nature, nevertheless, crossed his imagination, like a sudden flash of dazzling light, which could not be extinguished. He looked fixedly at his wife; and there seemed a troubled expression in her eye as she avoided his searching glance.

"You are late to-night," she said: and there was a slight tremor in her voice, usually so clear and musical.

The comte did not reply, for at that instant, as if to strengthen the horrid thoughts which possessed his secret soul, Rosalie entered the room. Turning abruptly from her, he folded his arms moodily across his breast, and impetuously but mechanically paced the apartment.

"You are ill, my lord, I fear—or bring you evil tidings?" gently enquired the comtesse, as Rosalie proceeded to undress her. But he still continued silent. "You may retire," added Madame de Merset to her attendant, for she foresaw something more than usual was gathering on the disturbed brow of her lord, and she wished to meet it alone.

As soon as Rosalie was gone, or supposed to be so, for she took care to remain within hearing, M. de Merset approached his lady, and said, coldly, with an attempt at serenity, though his lips trembled and his whole face was pale with emotion, "Some one is concealed within that oratory."

The comtesse looked calmly, and somewhat proudly, at her husband; and simply answered, "No! my lord."

That *No* smote like a knife across his heart, for he dared not believe her: and yet, never had she seemed more pure to him, than at that moment. He was advancing a step towards the door of the oratory, as if to convince himself, when the comtesse, placing her hand upon his arm, arrested him; and, looking at him for a moment, with an expression of deep melancholy, said, in a voice which trembled with emotion,

"Should you find *no one* there, remember, all must be at an end between us for ever!"

And there was an ineffable dignity in her look and manner which awed the comte's suspicions, and made him pause in his purpose.

"No, Josephine!" he exclaimed, "I open not that door, as, guilty or innocent, we then must part. But listen: I know all thy purity of heart, and the sanctity of the life thou leadest:—thou wouldst not commit a mortal sin at the expense of thy soul!"—she looked at him wildly.—"Here is thy crucifix—take it!—swear to me, before that *image*, there is *no one* there, and I will never seek to enter."

The comtesse took the crucifix and murmured—"I swear."

"Louder!" said her husband, and repeat—"I swear before the virgin, there is no one concealed in that oratory."

And she repeated the words of the oath without any visible emotion.

"Tis well!" M. de Merset coldly said; then added, after a moment's silence—his eye resting upon the crucifix she had just laid down, which was of ebony and silver, and of exquisite workmanship—"You have something there, which I never saw before, or knew that you possessed."

"I met with it accidentally at Duvivier's, who bought it of one of the Spanish prisoners of war, when they passed through Vendome on their way to the frontier."

"Ah!" said the comte, replacing the crucifix on its gilt nail over the chimney-piece: in doing which, at the same moment, he rang the bell. Rosalie came immediately. M. de Merset advanced to meet her, and leading her into the embrasure of the window which opened upon the lawn, abruptly, and in an under tone, said, "I understand that poverty alone prevents your union with Philippe, and that you have declared your intention not to become his wife until he shall have found the means of establishing himself in his business as a master mason. Now, mark me!—go seek him!—bring him hither with his tools. Let him do what I desire, and his fortune shall surpass your utmost wishes. But take especial care to wake no one besides himself in the house:—above all, let not a word escape your lips—a whisper, and—" His brow darkened as he looked menacingly upon her; she was about to leave the room to obey his orders, when he added: "Hold! take my *passee partout*." He then called "Louis!" in a voice of thunder, along the corridor. Louis, his confidential servant, appeared at the hasty summons of his master, who added, in the same tone of authority, "Get you all to bed!" Then making a sign for him to approach nearer, and lowering his voice, "When they shall be all asleep—asleep, mind, you come and inform me of it."

During none of these extraordinary arrangements had the comte once lost sight of his lady; and when he had finished giving his orders, he returned to where she was seated by the fire-side.

When Rosalie re-entered the room, she found the comte and comtesse conversing together, to all appearance mechanically.

"Philippe is here, monsieur," said Rosalie.

"Tis well," answered her master, "bid him enter."

The comtesse grew slightly pale on seeing the mason.

"Philippe," said the comte, "you will find materials in the court-yard for walling up the door of yonder cabinet."

And drawing Rosalie and her lover aside: "Listen, Philippe," he continued, "you remain here to-night, but to-morrow you will receive from me a passport which shall enable you to leave this place for some distant town in a foreign land, which I will indicate. I give you the sum of 6000 francs for your journey; and you will remain *ten* years either in the town to which I shall direct you, or in any other, you may yourself select, provided you continue in the country in which it is situated. But you will first proceed hence, to Paris, where you will await my arrival; then, I will insure you the possession of another 6000 francs, to be paid you, on your return from your expatriation, provided you have strictly complied with my conditions. At this price, understand, whatever you may be called upon to do this night, must remain for ever *secret*. For you, Rosalie," he continued, turning towards her as he spoke, "I will settle 10,000 francs on you, the day of your marriage with Philippe: but, mark me, this promise is made on the sole condition of your marrying *him*."

At this moment, the comtesse's voice was heard calling to Rosalie; and the comte, turning away, proceeded quietly to pace the apartment, apparently watching the movements of his wife, Rosalie, and the mason, but without allowing any indications of suspicion to be discernible. Philippe, meanwhile, in pursuance of the task imposed on him, made a considerable degree of noise; and, seizing this chance of her voice not reaching the ears of the comte, who had just attained the further end of the chamber, the comtesse hurriedly addressed Rosalie, in a tone that was scarcely above a whisper, "A hundred crowns yearly, for thy life, are thine," she said, "if thou canst only obtain one *crevice* there, pointing to the door of the oratory, which Philippe had commenced building up with brick and plaster. Then, in a louder voice, and with a fearful calmness as her husband approached she added, "Go, Rosalie, to the assistance of Philippe."

The husband and wife, as by a sort of tacit agreement, remained mutually silent during the time employed in filling up the doorway. This silence might perhaps have been assumed, on the part of the comte, to prevent the comtesse from having it in her power to convey any double meaning in her words; while, on her side, it might have been pride, or prudence, perhaps, which prevented her from breaking it. By this time, the wall being about half-way completed, the artful mason, seizing his opportunity when the comte's back was turned towards the scene of his operations, struck a blow on the door of the cabinet which shattered one of the panes of glass. This action gave Madame de Mersset to understand the success of the intelligence which subsisted between Rosalie and her lover; and casting a glance of intense anxiety towards the now darkened aperture, the mason, as well as

herself, beheld within it, the dark and handsome countenance of a man, whose intrepid look of courage and devotion fell upon her pale and guilty countenance. Ere her husband turned again in his walk, she had made a hasty sign to the stranger, which seemed to say, *There is yet hope!*

It was near day-break, that is to say, about four o'clock, for it was the month of May, ere the construction was completed; and the mason having been delivered to the care of Louis, the comte and comtesse retired to rest.

The next morning, on rising, the comte seized his hat, and making a step towards the door, said, with the utmost appearance of indifference, he must go to the mayoralty for a passport. Then, suddenly turning back, as his eye chanced to rest upon the crucifix, he took it from the chimney-piece, and, as he did so, a thrill of satisfaction passed through the bosom of the comtesse. "He is going to Duvivier's," she thought, "and will be the longer absent."

Scarcely had he left the apartment, when she rang the bell violently, to summon Rosalie; and in a voice that was rendered fearful by excess of agitation, cried, "to work! to work!" Then frantically seizing an iron bar which Rosalie, by her direction brought for the purpose, commenced demolishing the yet undried work of Philippe. Desperate were her efforts, in the hopes of being able to repair the destruction of the walled-up doorway, before the dreaded return of the comte. Despair lent her energy, and a voice within, which penetrated to her sharpened and her nervous ear alone, encouraged her to proceed. Already a part of the brickwork had yielded, and she was in the act of applying a yet more vigorous blow for the removal of the remaining impediments, when the comte, pale and menacing, stood before her. She shrieked not—spoke not—but fell insensible on the floor.

"Place your lady on her bed," M. de Mersset coldly said. The truth was, he had foreseen the probable result of his absence; and had accordingly laid a snare, into which his wretched wife had but too surely fallen. He had written to the mayor, and sent for Duvivier; who arrived just as the comtesse's apartment was again restored to order, and herself recovered from her swoon.

"Duviviers," said the comte addressing the unconscious jeweller, "Did you receive this crucifix from any of the Spanish officers who passed through this town as prisoners of war, on their way to the frontier, a short time since?"

"I did not, monsieur, nor have I ever seen it before," was the reply.

"Enough—I thank you," rejoined the comte, calmly restoring the relic to its former place; then, as the jeweller left the room, he desired Louis to see that his repasts were served regularly in the apartments of the comtesse, "who is too ill," continued he, "for me to think of leaving her till her health is in some degree re-established."

And for *fifteen* days, did the Comte de Mersset continue to keep watch over her. During the first six, a noise was from time to time heard in that closed-up cabinet, which struck terror to the

soul of the guilty woman, and horror and despair crept through her veins; but, when she would have thrown herself at his feet to implore for mercy on herself and the stranger that was dying there, without allowing her to give utterance to the agonised prayer which rose to her parched lips, with a fierce and cruel emphasis, he checked her, saying, "You have sworn on *that* crucifix, there is *no one* there."

From the Asiatic Journal.

MAHOMEDAN FESTIVALS IN INDIA.

The poor remnants of splendour still possessed by the court of Delhi, are mustered and displayed with some approximation of former pomp at the annual celebration of the *Buckra Eade*; but it is at Lucknow that the most opposing spectacle takes place at this festival. The followers of Mahomed claim to be descendants of the patriarchs, through his son Ishmael, who they aver to have been chosen for the offering of the Almighty, and not Isaac: thus differing from the belief of Jews and Christians, and supporting their assertion, in contradiction to the authority of the Bible, by writings which, in their opinion, contain sufficient evidence in favour of their claims. The offering thus made to Heaven, is commemorated by the sacrifice of particular animals, camels, sheep, goats, kids, or lambs, according to each person's means; this is supposed to answer a double purpose, not only honouring the memory of Abraham and Ishmael, but the sacrifices assisting in a time of great need. It is supposed that the entrance to paradise is guarded by a bridge made of a scythe or some instrument equally sharp, and affording as unstable a footing. The followers of the prophet are required to skait or skim over this passage, and it will be attended with more or less difficulty, according to the degree of favour they have obtained in the sight of heaven. The truly pious will be wafted over in safety, but the undeserving must struggle many times, and be often cut down in the attempt, before they can gain the opposite side. In this extremity, it is imagined that the same number and kind of animals, which, being clean and esteemed fitting for sacrifice, they have offered up at the celebration of the *Buckra Eade*, will be in waiting to convey them in safety along the perilous passage of the bridge. Under this belief, the richer classes of Mahomedans supply their indigent brethren with goats and sheep for the sacrifice: a work of charity incited by the purest motives, and which, if not possessing all the efficacy ascribed to it, at least furnishes the poor man's house with an ample and a welcome feast; for though poverty compels the lower classes of Mussulmans to imitate the Hindoos in the frugality of a vegetable meal, they never refuse meat when it is procurable.

Great preparations are made at Lucknow for the celebration of the *Buckra Eade*; a busy scene takes place upon the river, where the elephants are sent to bathe for the occasion. One at least of these animals being kept by every person who can afford to maintain them, the multitude of elephants, in a population estimated at three

hundred thousand persons, may be imagined. Since our acquaintance with the interior of South America has increased, we have become familiar with the appearance of beggars on horse-back; but it is only, we believe, at Lucknow, that one of the fraternity aspires to an elephant. A few years ago, a mendicant, who went by the name of Shah Jee, being in high favour with the king, to whom, it is said, he had predicted things which afterwards came to pass, was permitted to levy contributions through the city, and, mounted upon an elephant, demanded five cowries daily of every shopkeeper. The tax upon each individual was very small, it taking four-score of these shells to make up the value of a half-penny; but the sum, when collected throughout all the bazaars of the place, amounted to a very considerable revenue.

After the elephants have been well washed in the river, their skins are oiled, and their heads painted with various devices; they are then decorated in their embroidered jhools, many of which have gold borders a quarter of a yard in depth, and these are surmounted by howdahs, either painted to resemble enamel, or formed entirely of silver. The caparisons of the horses are not less magnificent; the saddles and stirrups are of solid silver, and large silver necklaces, composed of pendant medallions, spread over the chest, have a very beautiful effect, and give out a tinkling sound, as the animal, proud of his trappings, prances along. The tails are dyed of a bright scarlet, and some have stars and crescents painted on their haunches. Gold is sometimes substituted for silver in the caparisons of these animals, and where ornaments of this kind are too costly for the purses of the owners, decorations not so rich, but equally gay, are substituted. The necklace is composed of beads, and the head is adorned with tufts of variegated silk, which have a very picturesque effect. Camels are usually decorated in the same manner, it not being very often that, with the exception of the bells attached to their collars, silver ornaments are bestowed upon animals more esteemed for their utility than for the beauty of their appearance, or as an appendage of state. The camel is perhaps underrated, for, as an adjunct to an oriental pageant, he is of great importance; the nodding heads, arched necks, and conical backs of these animals, though grotesque in themselves, add greatly to the effect of a mingled body of elephants, horses, and men; an Asiatic group never being perfect except when camels form a portion of it. The animals intended for sacrifice, at the celebration of the *Buckra Eade*, are conveyed to a place at some distance from the city, built for the purpose of containing them, and called the *Eade-Gaah*, a court or quadrangle, surrounded by a bastioned wall, and entered by lofty gateways. The processions at Delhi and Lucknow are particularly imposing, that of Delhi owing the greater portion of its splendour to the retinues of the Omrahs and great men of the court, while at Lucknow the *cortège* of the king renders every attempt at imitation hopeless. All his troops appear upon this day in new clothing, and the *coup d'œil* is rendered more effective

by an attention to minute particulars generally neglected in native arrangements; Asiatics paying little regard to consistence. The van of the cavalcade is formed of fifty camels, carrying swivels, each accompanied by a driver and two gunners, in white uniforms, with turbans and cummerbunds of red and green, the colours of the cloth composing the housings of the camels. A park of artillery succeeds, the gunners being clothed in blue uniforms; next two troops of cavalry, in the picturesque vests worn by suwars, of scarlet cloth, with pointed caps of black lamb-skin. After these, a regiment of foot, only half-clad, in wild barbaric costume, the trowser scarcely extending mid-way down the thigh, where it is vandyked with black points: they have red jackets, and small turbans of black leather, and the warlike, but dissonant, music of the *dunkah*, or kettle-drum, assimilates well with the strange fantastic display made by these troops. The nujeebs are closely followed by the most gorgeous portion of the spectacle, the elephant-carriages of the king and his court; the great satrap himself sits enthroned in a sort of triumphal car of silver, canopied and curtained with crimson velvet, embroidered and fringed with gold, and drawn by four elephants exactly matched in colour, height, and size. The others have only two elephants each, but all glitter with gold and silver, and the gallant company, so proudly borne along, shine from head to foot in gems and brocade. Their turbans are adorned with costly aigrettes of jewels; clasps, studs, belts, rings, and bracelets, of the most precious treasures of the mine, appear in the greatest profusion, down to the gem-enameled slipper, and these are set off by the graceful flow of drapery composed of the most beautiful woven tissues, and shawls of the finest fabric. Round these chariots, chobdars (mace-bearers), chuprassies, hurkaras, and other state attendants, some brandishing sheathed scymetars, and others fanning the air with chowries, shout out the titles of the illustrious and puissant personages to whom they belong, while a cloud of irregular horse hover on either side, tilting and curveting apparently with disorderly recklessness, yet in reality conducting their evolutions with the most consummate skill. The king's led horses follow to swell the pomp and the parade; they are all richly caparisoned, and attended by grooms in handsome liveries. The royal paalkie and palanquin next appear; these native vehicles are of the most splendid description, constructed entirely of wrought gold, each carried by bearers clad in long scarlet vests, embroidered with gold, their turbans ornamented with the emblems of royalty. The state-carriage also forms a portion of this part of the show; it is of English make, drawn by eight black horses, driven in hand by a European coachman in scarlet livery, or rather uniform. The English gentlemen composing the foreign portion of the king's suite appear in their court-dresses, mounted upon elephants, and after them a long train of the native nobility, also mounted in the same manner, the whole being closed by horse and foot soldiers, those belonging to the India Company marching with

their colours unfurled, and their bands playing, while hundreds of banneroles, of gold and silver tissue, flaunt in the air in every direction.

Notwithstanding the want of order and discipline, which seems essential to the movement of so large a body, the procession arrives at its place of destination without being materially disarranged by the apparent confusion, which is considerably augmented by the clashing of instruments, those of Europe striving, with hopeless efforts, to vie with the clang and clamour of the native trumpet and drum. The cavalcade being drawn up at the place appointed, the superior priest or moollah, after going through the usual religious service, presents a knife to the king, who, repeating a prayer, plunges his weapon into the throat of a camel, the victim selected for sacrifice. The artillery-men are all in readiness, and when the signal is given of the completion of the ceremony by the king himself, a general discharge of musketry and cannon announces the circumstance to the whole of the city. The religious part of the festival is then ended; and the rejoicings begin. The camel thus slaughtered is served up at the royal table, on the only occasion in which the flesh of this animal is eaten in Hindostan; portions are sent as presents, a gift which is supposed to confer no small degree of honour, and the European residents, both at Lucknow and at Delhi, are often complimented with a share. The feasting is universal, for it being an essential duty on the part of the Mahomedans to dispense to others the bounties and blessings which they themselves receive, the poor on this day partake of the luxuries of the rich man's table. Upon his return to the city, the king of Oude holds a court, and the Buckra Eade is often chosen as the period of conferring honour and titles. Formerly it was the custom for Europeans to receive regular patents of nobility from native courts; but this does not appear to be common at present, the honour is little coveted by people who affect to look down upon Asiatic dignities. On the presentation of a khillaut, titles of honour are always included, and the heralds are very liberal in their proclamations, especially at Delhi, where it is cheaper, and consequently more expedient to substitute high-sounding words for more solid marks of royal favour. Many governor-generals and commanders-in-chief have been made omrahs, khans, or nawabs, by the king of Delhi; yet it is very questionable whether any have thought it worth their while to have these titles confirmed according to the etiquette practised concerning those conferred at European courts, and both the khillaut and the title seem now to have degenerated into an idle ceremony, which, as far as Europeans are concerned, means nothing but an empty compliment. With natives, however, the rank and consequence of each individual materially depend upon the degree of estimation in which he is known to be held at court; certain distinctions are withheld from the multitude, which are eagerly coveted, and made the subject of much cabal and intrigue. The rank of a party is known by his equipage, palanquins of a peculiar construction being only permitted to

privileged persons, who receive them, with the grant of their titles, from the king.

The festivities of the Buckra Eade are concluded by nautes and fire-works; every palace throughout the city of Lucknow is illuminated; the river is covered with boats, filled with musicians and dancing-girls, and though the rejoicings are more strictly private in the zenanas, they too have their share; the ladies, sumptuously attired, and laden with jewels, congregate together; dances of a more decorous nature than those exhibited to male eyes are performed before them, and after a luxurios banquet, they indulge with never-failing zest in the hookah and paan.

Notwithstanding the time occupied in the procession to the Eade-Gaah, or in the court or durbar held after it, the king contrives to devote a portion of the day to the favourite spectacle, the wild-beast fights, at which, strange to say, many European ladies submit to be present. A public breakfast also to the members of the residency forms a part of the entertainments. In so anomalous a proceeding as the appearance of females at an Asiatic court, there can of course be no established rule respecting their dress; convenience more than etiquette is consulted, and the ladies do not scruple to attend these breakfasts in morning dresses, and in bonnets. During the reign of those enormous hats, which scarcely fell short of a carriage-wheel in circumference, the king of Oude experienced considerable difficulty in the investiture of the haahr, or necklace; the tinsel garland, on more than one occasion, stuck half-way, producing no little embarrassment on the part of the lady, and compelling the king to abandon the hope of performing his part of the ceremony with his accustomed grace.

Few things surprise the natives of India more than the changes in European fashions; no sooner has an unfortunate dirzee (tailor) mastered the intricacies of a folded body, than he has to exert his bewildered faculties upon the production of another, without plait or pucker; some ladies, who are unable to afford any instructions to their work-people, exhibit prints of fashions to the wondering eyes of these poor men, who gaze upon them with amazed and hopeless countenances, honestly acknowledging their inability to follow such a guide. The mysterious phraseology, in which the milliners of Paris and London are wont to envelope their descriptions, are equally puzzling to the ladies themselves, and strange indeed are some of the articles produced by the joint efforts of the mystified dirzee, and his equally perplexed mistress. This state of things is not very propitious to feminine display; and, accordingly, it must reluctantly be said, that the court at Lucknow does not derive any additional lustre from the ladies of the residency when they make their appearance at it, the effect being rather diminished than heightened by the contrast of the somewhat plain, if not dowdy, apparel of the fair visitants, with the gorgeous show of the Asiatic groups.

The king of Oude is often present at the celebration of European marriages, and upon one occasion, at least, gave the bride away; a strange

office for a Mahomedon monarch to perform to a Christian lady. The rigid laws made and enacted by the British government, are in a slight degree relaxed when such a circumstance takes place, and the bride is permitted to retain the string of pearls, with which the king encircles her neck. At other festivals, the situation of English ladies is exceedingly tantalising; they see trays laid at their feet, containing shawls such as had haunted their early dreams, dazzling brocades of silver, and necklaces of glittering gems. These are offered to their acceptance with flattering compliments, in which they are told that all the riches of the kingdom shall be at their disposal. They are content with the portion assigned to them, but see—and sometimes the sight brings tears into their eyes—the tempting treasures seized by a government chuprassy, and restored to the place from whence they came. It is necessary that the resident should be made of very stern stuff to resist the pleadings of young ladies, who implore him to make an exception in their particular case from the general rule so despotically enforced, and resistance is rendered more difficult by the good-humoured endeavours of the natives to second the fair damsels' wishes. Confidential servants sometimes contrive to rescue a shawl or two from the hands of the Philistines, and after the whole *nuzzur* has been hopelessly surrendered, a part has been clandestinely conveyed, under cover of the night, to the private apartment of the disconsolate fair one, who, if unmarried, and therefore not implicating any one but herself, does not feel bound to respect the ordinances of the government, and accepts with as little scruple as if she were purchasing some piece of contraband goods in England.

The celebration of the Mohurrum, in all large Mahomedan communities of the Sheah sect, though, strictly speaking, a fast of the most mournful kind, is accompanied by so much pomp and splendour, that strangers are at some loss to distinguish it from festivals of pure rejoicing. In no part of India is this interesting anniversary of the Moslem year commemorated with more zeal and enthusiasm than at Lucknow.

It is certain that the Sheah sect, who are settled in Hindostan, are in some degree obnoxious to the charge brought against them by their enemies, of introducing rites and ceremonies almost bordering upon idolatry in their devotion to the memory of the Imaams Hossein and Houssein. Imbibing a love of show from long domestication with a people passionately attached to pageantry and spectacle, they have departed from the plainness and simplicity of the worship of their ancestors, and in the decorations of the *tazees*, and the processions which accompany them to the place of sepulture, display their reverential regard for Ali and his sons in a manner which would be esteemed scandalous if thus accompanied in Persia and Arabia, where the grief of the sheah is manifested more quietly and soberly, without the admixture of those theatrical exhibitions, which so wonderfully excite and inflame the mind at the celebration of this festival all over India.

Several processions take place during the celebration of the Mohurrum. At Lucknow, on the

fifth day, the banners are carried to a celebrated shrine, or durgah, in the neighbourhood, to be consecrated, it being supposed that the standard of Hossein, miraculously pointed out to a devout believer, is preserved at this place. The veneration in which this sacred relic is held, nearly equaling that which in some places in Europe is displayed towards pieces of the true cross, affords another proof of the corruption of the Mahomedan religion by the Sheah sect of India. The durgah at Lucknow is not only visited at the commemoration of Hossein's obsequies, but prayers and oblations are offered in its holy precincts, upon recovery from illness, or any other occasion which calls for praise and thanksgiving. The gifts deposited at the durgah, consisting of money, clothes, and other valuable articles, become the property of the officiating priest, who is expected to disburse the greater portion in charity. All the Moslem inhabitants of Lucknow are anxious to consecrate the banners employed at the Mohurrum, by having them touched by the sacred relic, and for this purpose they are conveyed to the shrine with as much pomp and ceremony as the circumstances of the proprietors will admit. A rich man sends his banners upon elephants, surrounded with an armed guard, and accompanied by bands of music; these standards are pennant-shaped, and very long, some fumed of silver or gold tissue, and all richly embroidered; they are followed by a procession on foot, clad in mourning. The arms and accoutrements, representing those worn by Hossein, are carried in some of these processions, and one of the most important features, is Dhull Dhull, the horse slain with his master on the fatal field of Kurbelah: his trappings are dyed with blood, and arrows are seen sticking in his sides. Multitudes of people form these processions, which frequently stop while the moolahs recite the oft-told, but never-tiring story, or the tragic scene is enacted by young men expert at broad-sword exercises; and as Hossein is surrounded and beaten down, muskets are fired off, and shouts and beatings of the breast attest the sincerity with which his followers bewail his untimely end.

The celebration of the Mohurrum is not confined to the higher classes; every person who has a small sum to spare subscribes, with others of the same means, to purchase the necessary articles for the purpose. Tazees and banners of all sizes, prices, and denominations, are sold in the bazaars, and group after group are seen upon the roads and public avenues, some accompanied with the most splendid decorations, and others content with a very humble display, but all impressed with the same desire to do honour to the martyrs. One of the most curious effects of these multitudinous assemblages, is produced by the umbrellas, or chatahs, which are generally very gay, and formed of various colours; they are seen in moving masses, like the billows of the sea, and have a more singular appearance when carried by persons on foot, than when they canopy the howdah, to which, however, they form a very magnificent appendage.

The open plains of India are calculated to show off these processions to great advantage; and as the Mohurrum takes place during the rainy season,

there is no dust, and cloudy weather enables European spectators to gaze upon the pageant without danger of being blinded by the glare of a noon-day sun. On the seventh night of the Mohurrum, the marriage of Hossein's daughter with her cousin, a faithful partisan of the house of Ali, is celebrated with much pomp and show. This event really took place on the day of the battle on the plains of Kurbelah, where Hossein was surprised in his camp and compelled to combat with his enemies at the greatest disadvantage. The marriage procession repairs to some celebrated tomb or mosque in the neighbourhood; and at Lucknow it is sometimes directed to the Imaumbaareh, the magnificent cathedral-like edifice, in which Asoph ud Dowlah, its founder, and the first king of Oude, lies buried. The interior, when fitted up for this purpose, is gorgeous beyond imagination; and though, if examined in detail, the display will be found to resemble the gew-gaw frippery of theatric pomp, yet when lighted up at night, and accompanied by the florid beauties of Asiatic architecture, and the picturesque assemblages of its crowds, the splendid effect of the whole disarms criticism, and the spectator abandons himself wholly to the enchantments of the scene. The tazee belonging to the kings of Oude, which, strange to say, was manufactured in England, forms one of the most striking ornaments. It is formed of green glass, mounted with brass mouldings. Models in silver of holy places at Mecca are supported upon stands of the same metal, in recesses made for their reception; the royal emblem, the fish, appears in all directions; and selections from the armoury of the king form some of the most costly of the decorations. Few monarchs are in possession of a more valuable collection of offensive and defensive weapons. The fire-arms are of unrivaled beauty, inlaid and set with gold and gems; while the swords and daggers, of the finest polish, have belts of agate, lapis lazuli, chrysolite, or blood-stone, and are ornamented in relief or in intaglio, with an immense variety of figures and foliage of the most delicate patterns, wrought in gold and silver. These and other ornamental devices are reflected from numerous mirrors, and the whole is bathed in floods of light from multitudes of wax tapers, and lamps of various colours. The quadrangles of the Imaum-baareh are similarly illuminated, and their vast dimensions, the beauty of the proportions, the rich grouping of the pinnacles and domes, the long arcades, lofty gateways, and tall minars, can seldom, if ever, be seen to such advantage as when the dazzling resplendence of artificial light imitates the blaze of day, without its heat and glare, and when the darkness of the surrounding atmosphere throws each illuminated building into bright relief. The procession of the marriage of the unfortunate Cossim and his ill-fated bride, is distinguished by trays bearing the wedding-presents, and covered palanquins, supposed to convey the lady and her attendants, the animals employed in the cavalcade, with the exception of the favoured Dhull Dhull, are left outside the walls; but the trays containing sweetmeats, &c., a model of the tomb of Cossim, and the palanquin of the bride, are brought into the

interior and committed to the care of the keepers of the sanctuary, until the last day, when they make a part of the final procession to the place of interment. Dhull Dhull, trained and educated with the same attention devoted to the champion's horse at the coronation of the kings of England, is conducted round the tazea, and his performance, which is somewhat difficult (the polished pavement being very slippery), usually excites a proportionate degree of admiration in the spectators. Money is distributed amongst the populace, as upon the occasion of a real wedding, and when it is considered that a strict fast is maintained during the whole period of the Mohurram, the least devout relinquishing the greater portion of their usual indulgences, the immense sums of money lavished upon the mere parade of quiet seems almost incredible. Many of the followers of Ali, in addition to the austerities practised at the Mohurram, will stint themselves in clothes and food during the whole year, in order to launch forth with greater éclat at this time: privations partly induced by the enthusiastic affection cherished by all classes of Sheahs for their murdered Imaums, and partly by the passion for display common to the Asiatic character. The most extraordinary feature, however, in the commemoration of Houssein's and Houssein's death, is the participation of the Hindoos, who are frequently seen to vie with the description of Ali in their demonstrations of grief for the slaughter of his two martyred sons; and in the splendour of the pageant displayed at the anniversary of their fate, a very large proportion of Hindoos go into mourning during the ten days of the Mohurram, clothing themselves in green garments, and assuming the guise of fakeers. A Mahratta prince of Gwalior was distinguished for the ardour with which he entered into all the Mahomedan observances of the period. He appeared at the Durbat attired in green, wearing no ornaments except eight or ten strings of magnificent emeralds round his neck, even discarding his pearls, though the favourite decorations of his person, and worn in such profusion as to entitle him to the designation to which he aspired, *Mot-e-wallah*, "man of pearls." Amongst the Mahrattas, the brahmins alone decline to join in the rites and ceremonies practised at the Mohurram, many of the wealthy sirdars constructing tazees at their own expense, and joining with true Mahomedan zeal in the lamentations poured forth at the recital of the melancholy events at Kurbalah. The complaisance of the Hindoos is returned with interest at the Hoollee, the Saturnalia, in which the disciples of the prophet mingle with the heartiest good will, apparently too much delighted with the general license and frolic revelries of this strange carnival, to be withheld from joining it by horror of its heathen origin. In many points there is a blending between the two religions, which could scarcely be expected from the intolerant disciples of Mahomed and the exclusive followers of Brahma; the former are no longer the furious and sanguinary bigots, carrying fire and sword into the temples of strange gods, and forcing conquered tribes to conform to their opinions upon pain of death. Their zeal has relaxed, and they have become vitiated by the examples

around them. The courtesy of the Hindoo is more consistent, for he is of opinion that the numerous modes of worship, practised by the different nations of the earth, all emanate from the Deity, and are equally acceptable to him, who prescribed various forms to suit various persons; and, under this impression, he pays respect to the holidays prescribed by the *Koran*, or distinguished for the commemoration of remarkable events in the life of the prophet or his apostles. Political experience has had some effect in producing this toleration. Hindoos have found it advantageous to their interests to assist at Mussulman ceremonies, and the faithful have not been backward in the sacrifice of religious prejudices upon occasions of great importance. Conversions have also been extremely imperfect; many of those who conformed to the creed of Mahomed, retaining ceremonials and observances little less than idolatrous; while others, of purer descent, have found it almost impossible to withstand the corrupting influence of example. Yet, amidst this harmonious accordance between persons professing such opposite religions, there are occasional outbreaks, in which the Moslem and the Hindoo display all the fierceness and animosity which formerly distinguished them against each other. Insults are offered at festivals which neither party are slow to return or avenge; and when, as it sometimes happens, the holidays of the Hindoo and the Mussulman fall together, it requires no small exertion on the part of the authorities to prevent a hostile collision. At Allahabad, on the celebration of the Mohurram, some of the leading persons repaired to the judge to request that the Hindoos, who were about to perform some of their idolatrous worship, should not be permitted to blow their trumpets, and beat their drums, and bring their heathenish devices in contact with the sad and holy solemnity, the manifestations of their grief for the death of the Imaums. They represented, in the most lively manner, the obligation which Christians were under to support the worshippers of the true God against infidels, and were not satisfied with the assurance that they should not be molested by the intermixture of the processions, which should be strictly confined to opposite sides of the city. The Hindoos were equally tenacious in upholding their rights, and it became necessary to draw out the troops for the prevention of bloodshed.

The pomps and ceremonies which preceded it, are nothing to the grandeur reserved for the display on the last day of the Mohurram, when the tazees are borne to the place of interment. This pageant represents the military cavalcade of the battle of Kurbalah, together with the funeral procession of the young princes, and the wedding retinue of the bride and bridegroom, divorced by death upon their nuptial day. The banners are carried in advance, the poles being usually surmounted by a crest, composed of an extended hand, which is emblematic of the five holy personages of the prophet's family, and a symbol particularly designating the Sheah sect. Many make a declaration of their religious principles by holding up the hand; the Soonnee displays three fingers only, while the Sheah extends the

whole five. The horse of prince Hossein and his camp-equipage appear, attended with all the attributes of sovereignty; some of the tazees, of which there is a great variety, are accompanied by a platform, on which three effigies are placed,—the ass Borak, the animal selected by Mahomed to bear him on his ride to heaven,—and two houries, the latter, generally speaking, being frightful figures, more closely resembling demons than the idea they are intended to convey of the beauties of the Moslem paradise. The tomb of Cossim, the husband of Hossein's daughter, is honoured by being carried under a canopy; the bridal trays, palanquins, and other paraphernalia, accompany it, and the whole is profusely garlanded with flowers. When numbers of these processions, all composed of the same emblematic devices, differently ornamented, join together, the effect is exceedingly imposing, forming a spectacle of which it is impossible to give an adequate description. Thousands and tens of thousands are frequently assembled, with long trains of horses, camels, and elephants; a certain number of the two latter are laden with cakes of the finest wheaten bread, which, at every place where the tazees are rested, are distributed amongst the populace; large pitchers of sherbet are also provided for the same purpose; and numbers of water-carriers are in full employment, paid by the rich and charitable to administer to the wants of the poor followers of Ali. These processions take the field at break of day, but there are so many pauses for the reading of the poems dedicated to this portion of the history of the events of Kurbelah, and such numerous rehearsals of Hossein's dying scene, that it is night before the commencement of the interment.

Devout Mussulmans walk, on these occasions, with their heads and their feet bare, beating their breasts, and tearing their hair, and throwing ashes over their persons with all the vehemence of the most frantic grief; but many content themselves with a less inconvenient display of sorrow, leaving to hired mourners the task of inciting and inflaming the multitude by their lamentations and bewailments. The zeal and turbulence of the affliction of Ali's followers, are peculiarly offensive to the Soonnees, who, professing to look upon Hossein and Houssein as holy and unfortunate members of the prophet's family, and to regret the circumstances which led to their untimely end, are shocked by the almost idolatrous frenzy displayed by their less orthodox brethren, and the expression of this feeling often leads to serious disturbances, which break out upon the burial of the tazees. Private quarrels between the rival sects are frequently reserved for adjustment to this period, when, under pretext of religious zeal, each party may make an assault upon his enemy without exposing the real ground of his enmity: amongst the Mussulman sepoys in the company's service such feuds are but too common, and it is sometimes found expedient to march the Soonnees off to a distance during the period of the Mohurrum. In a few places, which border the Ganges or Jumna, the tazees are thrown into the river; but generally there is a large piece of ground set apart for the purpose of

the burial. It is rather a curious spectacle to see the tombs themselves consigned to earth, with the same ceremonies which would attend the inhumation of the bodies of deceased persons; the tazees are stripped of their ornaments, and when little is left except the bamboo frames, they are deposited in pits. This ceremony usually takes place by torch-light, the red glare of innumerable flambeaux adding considerably to the wild and picturesque effect of the scene. A mussaulchee, or torch-bearer, is, generally speaking, one of the most demoniac-looking apparitions that can be imagined. Those who follow this occupation are a poor and low class of people, burthened with a small quantity of clothing, and that stained and smeared by the greasy implements of their trade; the *mussaul* itself is merely a piece of wood entwined with filthy rags, and fed from a cruise containing a coarse thick oil, which gives out an impure and lurid flame. The swart countenances, dark limbs, and uncouth drapery of men so withered and so wild in their attire as to be easily mistaken for beings of a lower sphere, assume an even fearful aspect under the flickering light of the torches, which they brandish with strange gestures, as they rush with wild halloos along the plains. In such an illumination, the whole pageant becomes confused and indistinct; here and there some bright object catching the light comes forth—glittering arms or the blaze of gold and gems—but the rest is one black phantom,—a moving mass strange and indefinite, and rendered almost terrific by the shouts of highly excited men and the continual discharge of musketry.

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WILLIAM PITT.

The history of Pitt substantiates in the clearest manner two principles, of the highest importance to the British statesman of every period—that the nation eminently honours political manliness; and that no rank of ability, destitute of moral worth, can possess a permanent ascendancy in the general mind. As an illustration of those principles, the remembrance of this first of British ministers is of immeasurable value. The minister who shall emulate him in his steady intrepidity, pure patriotism, and stainless life, may scorn the assaults of party. The statesman who reposes his popularity on the strength of his talents, while he insults public feeling by the license of his life, must see in the humiliation of Pitt's brilliant rival the prognostic of his own decline.

The circumstances under which Pitt assumed the ministry in 1783 have been already remarked, as bearing the most singular likeness to those of the present hour. The strength of his antagonists, their connection with the proudest part of the aristocracy on one side through North, and with the most violent part of the democracy on the other through Fox; their influence over the chief organs of public opinion, their power in the cities and boroughs, their great abilities, and their submissive majorities in the house of commons, raised a mass of obstacles, before

which the boldest courage, or the most practised wisdom of earlier polity would have recoiled. No minister of former times had ever found such a rampart to storm, or, if he had found, could have stormed it. Perhaps no cabinet, gifted with whatever variety of powers, could have broken down the prowess of the opposition which in this memorable year marshaled itself against the young minister. It was the combination of talents in Pitt alone, the extraordinary possession by an individual of "the various faculties of statesmanship," that gave him the triumph; great eloquence, the coolness of age with the fire of youth, the circumspection of experience with the impetuosity of enthusiasm, the fine dexterity of a consummate knowledge of mankind with the straight forward plainness of language which, disdaining all artifice, forced its way to conviction.

Pitt's public speaking has been charged with duplicity. The charge is a calumny of the most palpable order. The character of his speaking was clearness. Of all the great parliamentary speakers, he least appealed to the passions; he never floated away on the wings of the imagination; he never laboured to raise a cloud between himself and the truth, and either blind his opponents or bewilder them with airy splendours and fantastic beauty. His early triumphs in the house of commons had shown with what mastery he could wield those customary weapons of the orator. But, from the moment when he ascended to the higher region of power, he assumed arms and armour of a nobler temper—logic, vivid and resistless; lofty scorn, that withered where it smote; knowledge, purified from all that was frivolous, or temporary; and language of a simplicity and strength, that struck its meaning direct into the mind.

He had refused to dissolve the coalition parliament. So far his policy differed from the measures of our contemporaries. That lesson is now past. But the more important lesson of his triumph over a refractory parliament remains to guide later firmness, if the trial is still to be encountered. The whole period has the spirit and moral of a great dramatic scene, the powerful struggle of vigorous capacities, stimulated by the highest prize of human ambition, the government of a free people; the efforts of the erring side growing more violent as they grew more hopeless; calmness, moderation, and dignity on the one hand, repelling every successive assault of passion, rashness, and personal resentment on the other; the assailant at length exhausted, feeling his strength hourly fail before the imperturbable front of his adversary, at length yielding utterly, and seeing that adversary advance from his citadel, break down the last remnants of resistance, and take full and final possession of the field.

The expectation of the empire never was more awake than on the day of the meeting after the recess, on the 12th of January, 1784. On that day Pitt was to reappear in the house as member for Appleby; and on that day Fox, at the head of the opposition, was to fulfil all his old prognostics, that no power in the constitution could withstand the will of the commons of England.

On that day Fox attended early in his place, and to the universal surprise, at an hour when the house was usually occupied by routine, at half-past two in the afternoon, moved the order of the day for the committee on the state of the nation. His purpose was to get possession of the house, and prevent any business being brought forward until he had carried his own motions. But his speech was shortly interrupted by the arrival of the new members to be sworn, and, among the rest, of the man who was so soon to meet him in the most extraordinary struggle of ability and influence that the country had displayed.

After the members had taken the oaths, Fox and Pitt rose, both presenting themselves at the same moment, and demanding to be heard; Fox on the right of having been already speaking, Pitt on the right of delivering a royal message. The speaker declared that the right lay in Fox, unless he thought proper to waive it. Fox vehemently declared that he would not waive it, contemptuously adding, that the king's message might be delivered *after* other business which was of *great importance* to the house was done. He concluded by moving the order of the day. The manœuvre of silencing Pitt was shortlived, for on this motion he, of course, was entitled to speak, and he spoke with dauntless determination. To the violent charge of secret influence, he replied in the loftiest manner, "defying calumny to bring a shadow of proof that he went up back-stairs, that he knew of secret influence; his own integrity would be his guardian against that danger, and the house might rest assured that, whenever he discovered any, he would not remain a moment longer in office."—"I have neither," said he, exalting his voice, and fixing his eyes on the heads of opposition, "the *mean-ness* to act under the concealed influence of others, nor the hypocrisy to pretend, where the measures of an administration in which I had a share were blamed, that they were measures not of my advising. *This is the only answer I shall ever deign to make on the subject*, and I wish the house to bear it in their mind, and judge of my future conduct by my present declaration." After a succession of motions by Fox, Lord Surry moved, that "It is the opinion of this committee, that, in the present situation of his majesty's dominions, there should be an administration which has the confidence of the house and the public." This resolution was carried without a division. Lord Surry again moved, "That it is the opinion of this committee, that the late changes in his majesty's councils were immediately preceded by dangerous and universal reports; that his majesty's sacred name had been unconstitutionally abused, to affect the deliberations of parliament; and that the appointments made were accompanied by circumstances new and extraordinary, and such as do not conciliate or engage the confidence of this house." Dundas moved, that "the chairman do leave the chair." An active debate followed; his motion was negatived by 232 to 193, and Lord Surry's passed without a division. It was not till the close of the debate that the king's message was allowed to be heard. It related to the transfer of

some German troops from America. The house did not adjourn until half-past seven in the morning.

To the general eye this debate was decisive. On the first day of his reappearance in the house, Pitt had been left in two minorities of 39 and 54, and beaten in five motions, two of which were directly against his tenure of office. As a minister, he seemed on the brink of ruin. With a house of commons raging against him—totally unrestrained without doors—as totally destitute of official assistance within, except in the person of Dundas, who stood by him with fearless steadiness—Pitt was left alone to meet the most practised debaters, the most subtle intrigue, the whole weight of patrician influence, and the whole oratory of popular partisanship. We have no example furnished by the history of senates of such a mass of political influence being resisted successfully by any minister, however mature. Yet this was the trial of Pitt before he had attained his twenty-fifth year. Panegyric may be lavished on public abilities, but when was it ever so deserved? His eloquence might have found its equal in some of those extraordinary instances of precocious faculties which strike the eye in the history of popular assemblies; but where is to be found the moral courage totally unmingled with rashness, the judgment seconding the ardour, the almost intuitive knowledge of the workings of the political mind, the combination of the loftiest coolness with the most indignant and inflexible scorn of all that was mean, double, and hypocritical in party? We may search the pages of public life in England in vain for a rival or a second, from the first day of its legislation to his own. We may equally in vain revolve the records of Greek and Roman statesmanship for a man so gifted to save his country, and so eminently performing the great duty for which he was made.

Of this day of disaster, Pitt wrote a brief detail to the king at Windsor. His majesty immediately answered him in language which a defeated minister has seldom heard from his king—language of firmness, dignity, and unshaken confidence. The royal letter was in these words:

"Mr. Pitt cannot but suppose that I received his communication of the two divisions in the long debate, which ended this morning, with much uneasiness, as it shows the house of commons much more willing to enter into any intemperate resolutions of desperate men, than I could have imagined. As to myself I am perfectly composed, as I have the self satisfaction of feeling I have done my duty. Though I think Mr. Pitt's day will be fully taken up in considering with the other ministers what measures are best to be adopted in the present crisis, yet, that no delay may arise from my absence, I shall dine in town, and, consequently, be ready to see him in the evening, if he should think that would be of utility. At all events, I am ready to take any step that may be proposed to oppose this faction, and to struggle to the last period of my life. But I can never submit to throw myself into its power. If they in the end succeed, my line is a clear one, and to which I have fortitude enough to submit."

This manly and intelligent declaration of the royal mind, is a sufficient reply to those idle conjectures which represented the king's personal faculties to be inferior to his station. Nothing more forcibly expressed, or conceived more in the spirit of high deliberation, could have proceeded from any statesman in his dominions. Its results not less gave an answer to the equally idle notion that the king is constitutionally a cipher in the state. On this letter of the king the whole future turned. If he had made a pusillanimous communication to the minister, that minister must have given way. If he had even hinted at compromise, the minister must have felt the ground crumbling under his feet, and have considered thenceforth only how he might fall without degradation. But the king's solemn avowal that he felt the struggle as one in which there was no alternative between victory and disgrace—the pledge that he would resist the faction to the last moment of his being, and the noble fortitude of his concluding words—words in which he evidently contemplated exile or the scaffold—instantly fixed Pitt's determination, and in that determination fixed the fates of England down to this hour.

It is, fortunately for us, now a mere matter of speculation—what might have been the results of Fox's mastery of power on that occasion. He must have come to the ministry as no minister had ever come before; with the consciousness, that having vanquished the monarch, corrupted the house of commons, and overawed the people, he could have no antagonist in his wildest schemes of aggrandisement. We may perhaps not load him with the intentional guilt of conspiracy against the constitution. It is even possible, that from the moment of his assuming unqualified power, he might have desired to repair the breach through which he had stormed the constitution. But who shall tell how far this feeble recompense might be then within his means? He too had his pledges. He had heaped responsibilities on himself, from which escape was impossible. He must have given additional power to the house of commons which had achieved the victory for him. He must have diminished the authority of the lords, of which the commons were always jealous, and which had exhibited an actual spirit of resistance to himself. Thus, the king reduced to the mere registrar of his will, and the peers amerced of their privileges, the constitution must have broken down before his march, and the commons have been his body-guards. He would have become dictator at the head of a republic—a civil Cromwell. But Cromwell, though he overthrew the throne, had left the elements of the constitution behind him. He had not altered the constituency. Fox, the public advocate of a general change of the representation, must have altered the constituency, thrown the representation into a more popular form, and thus far prohibited the resurrection of English liberty. His first measure also would naturally have been that daring act, by which he had already attempted to master the throne, and which would now be essential to his mastery of the people. The infinite treasure of public corruption which lay open to his hands in the purse of India, could not have

been suffered to lie idle. The dictator would have felt that he was laying the foundation-stone of his perpetual supremacy in an Indian Directory. The bill would have been passed, and the principles of the nation have been purchased by the lawless profusion of this lord of Hindostan. While this system was maturing and polluting—while every interest of the country was gradually gathered under the shade of a government which spread its branches over them only to turn the common nutriment of national freedom into poison, and drop death on all that reposed within its circle, the French revolution would have come. Through what scenes of rival horror England might have been destined to pass—or to what fearful consummation she might have hurried, while all the protecting powers of her constitution slept or were disabled—her king a captive—her legislature factious and corrupt—her popular strength fettered or frenzied, may exceed all limits of language. To what final and universal ruin all Europe might have been condemned by its own alternate weakness and violence, when the great restrainer of evil, England, was helpless, or leading the way to inflammation—a slave bleeding away in every vein under the task-master, or a maniac tossing its torch at the head of European faction and rapine, to set fire to the last memorials of government and religion. Those scenes are terrors which must now rest in the contemplation of that high Providence above, which sees the future as the past, and spares men the misery of seeing the impending possibilities of a determined course of national crime. But once more, without the slightest desire to charge the memory of Fox with the willing purchase of supremacy at this hideous prodigality of ruin, what is there to be found in his habits, character of heart, or public declarations, capable of affording security against its most startling extremes? Glowing, bold, ambitious in every feature of his mind—rash and intemperate beyond all the decorums of debate in his speeches—and the unhesitating and avowed slave of pleasure in every shape—self-indulgent, contemptuous of public opinion in his personal gratifications—what political purity was to be expected from Fox, in the possession of boundless rule with measureless wealth at his command, the patronage of an empire spreading over half the world awaiting his distribution, and but one care remaining, how to make this prodigious prosperity his own for ever?

Can it be thought the work of accident that, in the very hour when this extraordinary man commenced the most daring portion of his extraordinary career, another individual should have been summoned to the public councils, the direct reverse of him in all but vigour of genius? Grave, decorous, pure, too lofty in character to be reached even by libel—too manly to be shaken by the most imminent hazards—eminently honouring the decencies of private life—immeasurably superior to the temptations of public gain—severe, strenuous, and almost sacred in every view of personal conduct and national obligation; yet, instead of being fettered and frozen down by those grave qualities, bearing within his frame a

spirit of fire, a noble elevation of mind which could soar with the highest, an ambition which spurned all things beneath the consummate glory of England, and a heroic devotion of heart, which, if the trial had come, would have rejoiced to mingle its ashes with the ashes of her last altar. In this language there is no exaggeration. It is substantiated by his labours, his councils, the impress of his whole policy—his life, his death. Pitt stamped his image and superscription on all that was sound and solid in the policy of his own day. There is not a great work of subsequent statesmanship existing, under whose foundations we should not find the coinage of that most gifted, most honoured, and most permanent name.

Pitt, on the evening for which the royal letter appointed the interview, received in person a renewal of the king's determination. His own had never wavered, and now, with additional confidence, he proceeded to combat the arts and force of faction. On the 14th, he introduced his bill for the government of India, placing the political interests of the company under the management of a board of control; but leaving the patronage and commerce in the hands of the company. But the commons were still in the hands of Fox; and the bill, after proceeding a few stages, was thrown out at his dictation. But this question was rapidly merged in another, more, "home to the hearts and bosoms" of the time. In allusion to some phrases in a speech of Mr. Powis, expressing his wish for an united government, Fox, speaking to Lord Charles Spencer's motion for the removal of ministers, pronounced, "that though he neither courted nor avoided union with any party, and thus had coalesced with Lord North, yet that the present ministers had got into office by a conspiracy against the constitution;" qualifying this charge, however, with the personal compliment,—"I venerate the character of the young man who holds the reins of government at present; I admire his virtues, and respect his ability." In this debate the most remarkable speech was made by Dundas, a speech curiously and importantly applicable to the question which still so strongly presses on the English mind, the right of the king to choose his ministers. After congratulating the house on the judicial temper in which they were evidently about to treat this great question at last, and denying, with contempt, the old charge of secret influence, he seized on the main question with singular force and directness.

"His majesty's present ministers have, I assert, been constitutionally chosen by him who has the sole right to choose them. But, by this resolution, they are to be instantly turned out. Sir, I ask, is it for their incapacity and insufficiency that you would overthrow them? (Hear, hear). Then, sir, I insist that their incapacity and insufficiency shall be named in the motion. Let the house know on what grounds they give their vote. Let me tell you, sir, our constituents will ask to know; the people of England will ask to know why ministers, named by his majesty, are instantly turned out by the house of commons—turned out before they are tried—condemned before they are accused!

"Sir, if this resolution means any thing, it is in the spirit of an address, requesting the king to appoint a new set of ministers. I beg, therefore, the house will go with me in considering how the royal mind must feel, and what sort of language his majesty must hold to himself upon such an address. 'You send me back the ministers I have just chosen. *Have I not then a right to choose my ministers?*' 'Certainly; yes,' you will say. 'But then what crimes have they committed? certainly not one act of their administration is yet passed. Are they, therefore, without the confidence of the house of commons? Are they men so unpopular, so incapable, so insufficient, that you will not bear with them even for a moment? Is the minister who devotes himself to the house of commons particularly so unpopular and incapable? I had chosen him, I had singled him out, as a man of talents the most astonishing, of integrity the most incorrupt, of a reputation the most extraordinary. I had imagined him the favourite of the house of commons. I had been taught to fancy, that in celebrating his name, all my people joined in one voice of praise. Is it for this, therefore, that the house of commons thus instantly condemn him? Is it on account of his unexampled reputation, that I am desired to withdraw my public confidence from such a man? It follows, no doubt, that you wish me to substitute characters as opposite as possible to his. You wish me to name some man or men in whom I can place no confidence, some man or men whom my people execrate, and in whom I myself, in perfect unison with my people, cannot confide. If such men are to be my only choice, if unpopularity, hatred, and distrust, are to be the great characteristics that form a minister in these days, it would be matter of the sincerest joy to me if the house of commons would permit me to waive my choice. Let the house of commons *name their minister*—let them search out persons suited to their purposes. Only let me not be forced to play the farce of naming to them men whom they have singled out, whom my conscience condemns on public grounds, and whom my people tell me they do not approve.'

"Such would be the natural answer of a king, allowing him to be a man of feeling and a man of honour like ourselves, on such an unheard of address as this. This must necessarily be his private sentiment and soliloquy on the occasion. Therefore, I would beseech the house at once to name the men in whom alone they are determined to confide. We know their names already. Let us bring in a bill naming the right honourable gentleman and the noble lord *exclusive ministers* of this country for a term of years; for that, sir, is the plain English of the resolution. Except, indeed, that by the present motion, the house of lords is exempted from any share in the nomination. Whereas, if it were a bill, it would not be the house of commons alone that would name the ministers of this country."

To the statement made by Fox, that this was not a question, who should be minister? but a great constitutional question, Dundas irresistibly replied—"I meet the house on that ground, and

I request no more favour than this, that every man who thinks with the right honourable gentleman, that this *is not* a question, who shall be minister? will vote with him, and I am content that only the rest shall vote with me. I feel on this ground perfectly sure of finding myself to-night in a most respectable majority. I have no personal objections to the noble lord, or the right honourable gentleman. It is upon clear constitutional grounds that I resist this vote; and I call upon the independent part of the house to stand forth, and maintain the character, the moderation—for thus, I will venture to say, they will most effectually maintain the true consequence—of the British house of commons. Let the house look well to its conduct this night; for this night it is about to decide *what is the constitution of this country*. The assumption of power and privileges which did not belong to it has once proved the overthrow of this constitution. We are verging towards the same precipice again—we are claiming to ourselves the right of appointing ministers,—we are disclaiming the nomination of his majesty, without cause and *without trial*."

On this day Pitt was again defeated; the resolution was carried by 205 to 184. On the Friday following he was defeated once more; and the commitment of his India bill was thrown out by 222 to 214. On the strength of this victory Fox moved the same night for leave to bring in a bill for the regulation of Indian affairs, which he declared to be similar to his former one. Leave was given; and Fox, flushed with success, peremptorily demanded of the minister whether it was the intention of the cabinet to dissolve parliament, and prevent the progress of the bill. A new and curious scene was now exhibited. Pitt, with all his promptitude to speak, showed that he could not be *compelled* to answer. Fox, at the close of his speech, haughtily called on the minister "to rise and declare explicitly what was the true construction to be put on the king's language as to the continuance of the session." Pitt did not rise. Sir Grey Cooper then assailed him, declaring that, "if Mr. Pitt persisted in his silence, the house should come to some resolution on the subject." A loud and general cry was now uttered from opposition for Pitt to rise. He was immovable. Fox then started from his seat, and, after a violent harangue, pronounced "that he could not speak of the sulky silence of the right honourable gentleman in any other terms than those of indignation." Pitt still made no reply. Mr. Dempster next attacked him, and declared against a dissolution. No notice was taken of the new assailant. The house was now in an uproar; and the most vehement cries called on the minister to submit. Still he merely smiled, and did not condescend to utter a word. General Conway then rose in great warmth, and, after upbraiding him for the contemptuous nature of his silence, exclaimed that "Ministers had come into power in secrecy, and were determined on retaining it by corruption." Adding, "that they were now about to dissolve parliament, after sending their agents through the country to bribe the electors." Pitt now rose; but it was to call Conway to order; desiring him to specify the in-

stances where corruption had been attempted; and telling him that he could not prove his assertion, and that the assertion which he could not prove he *ought not to have made*. "No man," said he, loftily, "by whatever artifice,—by affected warmth or real anger,—shall draw me aside from that purpose which on mature deliberation I have formed. Individual members have no right to call to me for replies upon questions involving in them great public considerations. Nor is it incumbent on me to answer interrogatories put in the harsh language that has been used." Then, turning to Conway, and sternly rebuking him for the intemperance of his expressions, he electrified the house with one of those fine remembrances of the classics which never failed him. Slightly touching on that obvious disparity of their years, which might have justified intemperance on his side, while it should have produced gravity, wisdom, and moderation on that of the old general, he said in the words of Scipio to Fabius—"Si nulla alia re, modestia certe, et temperando linguam, *adolescens senem vicerio*."

All the leading members of opposition now successively repeated the demand; some with dexterity, some with violence, all urgently, and all in vain. At length, Fox, hopeless of vanquishing his determination, rose, for the fourth time, "to express his astonishment at the right honourable gentleman's silence, which he felt to be an insult to the house;" and, at two in the morning, moved an adjournment to the next day, when "he hoped members would attend, to take proper measures to vindicate the honour and assert the privileges of the house." The next day was Saturday, an unusual day for debate, but no time was to be lost in discharging the full wrath of the commons on the imperturbable minister. The threatened debate, however, produced nothing more than a tearful speech from Mr. Powis, who, though a grave and able man, had the ridiculous habit of weeping on all occasions when he was much excited, and a promise from Pitt that the house should not be dissolved "before Monday." So trifling was the result of a menace which was to have swept the ministry into oblivion.

But other causes were now beginning to operate. The contest between the two great rivals had already awakened public attention. On one side was seen Pitt standing alone; on the other the whole force of opposition. The national admiration grew night after night at the bold resistance of the young minister, at the extraordinary and various ability of his defence, his readiness to meet every new shape of difficulty, and the matchless resources of eloquence, argument, and information, which every debate exhibited only more and more. The subject of a dissolution was again urged on him by his friends, and even by the highest authority. The king, convinced of the irreclaimable spirit of opposition, strongly recommended the measure. In a letter of the 25th of this month, he said—"The opposition will certainly throw every difficulty in our way. But we must be men; and, if we mean to save the country, we must cut those threads which cannot be unraveled. Half measures are ever puerile, and often destructive."

If additional evidence of Pitt's judgment were required, it would be given in the highest sense by his decision in this instance. The dissolution would palpably have relieved him of difficulties sufficient to overcome any steadiness but his own. It would have shown to all men the resolute temper of the king; would have largely diminished the number of his opponents, and in all events would have respite the minister from that perpetual contest which impeded the whole business of the country. He now pondered the question again. He came to no hasty decision; gave full weight to every circumstance against his own opinion, and finally reverted to his former determination of waiting till a more fitting time. His reasons were these; he felt that the country, though awaking, was not yet sufficiently awake; that the conflict between the house and the constitution was not yet sufficiently understood to produce any effective loss of power to the opposition; that Fox must be left to take his course in those precipitate measures which would inevitably alienate the national feeling; and that, when those things were done, and not till then, would be the time. Then a dissolution would displace the strength of the combined party for perhaps a long period of years.

During this deliberation, an effort which excited great attention was made by a meeting of country gentlemen at the St. Alban's tavern, headed by Powis, Marsham, son of Lord Romney, and Grosvenor, member for Chester, to form a union of the leaders on both sides, and pacify the house. This attempt, founded much more on zeal than on discretion, soon fell to the ground. Pitt answered the proposal by saying, "that he should be happy to co-operate with the wishes of so respectable a meeting in forming a more extended administration, if it could be done with principle and honour." The Duke of Portland, as the organ of the opposition, answered in a more imperious tone—"That he should think himself happy in obeying the commands of so respectable a meeting; but the greatest difficulty to him, and he imagined, the greatest difficulty to Mr. Pitt, *was Mr. Pitt's being in office!*"

This answer should have been regarded as settling the question at rest; for no man of common sense could have expected that Pitt would divest himself of his authority merely to give his opponents an advantage; and, after thus acknowledging his inability to sustain himself, hope to gain from his weakness what he could not obtain by his strength. On a further application, Pitt proposed to the king, that, to gratify the wishes of the St. Alban's meeting, he should be permitted to have an interview once more with the Duke of Portland, "for the purpose of forming an united ministry." The proposal was received by his majesty with surprise and agitation. But he replied, next morning, by the admirable letter, which it is due to his memory to give:—

"QUEEN'S HOUSE, 30 m. past 10, A. M.
February, 15, 1784.

"Mr. Pitt is so well apprised of the mortification I feel at any possibility of ever again seeing the heads of opposition in public employments, and

more particularly Mr. Fox, whose conduct has not been more marked against my station in the empire than against my person, that he must attribute any want of perspicuity in my conversation last night to that foundation. Yet I should imagine it must be an ease to his mind, in conferring with the other confidential ministers this morning, to have on paper my sentiments, which are the result of unremitted consideration since he left me last night; and which he has my consent to communicate, if he judges it right, to the above respectable persons.

"My present situation is perhaps the most singular that ever occurred in the annals of this or any other country; for the house of lords, by a not less majority than near two to one, have declared in my favour; and my subjects at large, in a much more considerable portion, are not less decided. To combat which, opposition have only a majority of twenty, or, at most, of thirty, in the house of commons, who, I am sorry to add, seem as yet willing to prevent the public supplies. Though I certainly have never much valued popularity, yet I do not think it is to be despised, when arising from a rectitude of conduct, and when it is to be retained by following the same respectable path; which conviction makes me esteem that of duty, as calculated to prevent one branch of the legislature from annihilating the other two, and seizing also the executive power, to which it has no claim.

"I confess I have not yet seen the smallest appearance of sincerity in the leaders of opposition to come into the only mode by which I could tolerate them in my service—their giving up the idea of having the administration in their hands, and coming in as a respectable part of one on a broad basis. And therefore I, with a jealous eye, look on any words dropped by them, either in parliament or to the gentlemen of the St. Alban's Tavern, as meant only to gain those gentlemen; or, if carrying further views, to draw Mr. Pitt, by a negotiation, into some difficulty.

"Should the ministers, after discussing this, still think it advisable that an attempt should be made to try whether an administration can be formed on a real, not a nominal basis; and that Mr. Pitt, having repeatedly, and as fruitlessly, found it impossible to get even an interview on what opposition pretends to admit is a necessary measure, I will, though reluctantly, go personally so far as to authorise a message to be carried in my name to the Duke of Portland, expressing a desire that he and Mr. Pitt may meet to confer on the means of forming an administration on a wide basis, as the only means of entirely healing the divisions which stop the business of the nation. The only person I can think, from his office, as well as personal character, proper to be sent by me, is Lord Sidney. But should the Duke of Portland, when required by me, refuse to meet Mr. Pitt, more especially upon the strange plea he has hitherto held forth, I must here declare, that I shall not deem it right for me ever to address myself to him again.

"The message must be drawn on paper, as must every thing in such a negotiation, as far as my name is concerned. And I trust, when I next

see Mr. Pitt, if, under the present circumstances, the other ministers shall agree with him in thinking such a proposition advisable, that he will bring a sketch of such a message for my inspection.

"GEORGE R."*

In this transaction another evidence was given of Pitt's matchless judgment. It is not to be supposed that he could ever have voluntarily sought an union with Fox. Their habits, principles, and views were so palpably irreconcilable, that the one must have been master and the other slave. Pitt, by making the first concession, must have been regarded as prepared to sink still lower, and the king and the minister must have been finally in the chains of Fox. This was the result to which his majesty evidently looked, and which influenced his strong dislike to the interview. It is no dishonour to the sovereign to have conceived his penetration only second to that of the great minister. Pitt's resolve was fixed. He reasoned, that a compliment paid to the country gentlemen would not be thrown away; that the nation would be pleased by seeing him stubborn only to his antagonists in the house, but complying to his wellwishers without. He equally felt that opposition was totally insincere; that nothing would content it but the entire power of the state; and that the negotiation, commenced how it might, must be short lived. The advantages of moderation, sincerity, and success, would be then on his side, and the national feeling would finally be still more amply turned in his favour.

The result, step by step, realised the prediction. The king's message was delivered on the same day to the Duke of Portland, signifying "his majesty's earnest desire that his grace should have a personal conference with Mr. Pitt, for the purpose of forming a new administration, on a wide basis, and on fair and equal terms." The blunders of opposition in this crisis seem to have been laid on them by a spell. They actually considered this message as a virtual resignation of ministers, and a virtual abandonment of them by the king; and proceeded with the arrogance of men assured of triumph. Before he would even condescend to an interview, the Duke of Portland haughtily demanded what was the meaning of the word "*equal*," in the message. The word "*fair*," said he, might stand, as any arrangement they should come to might be *fair*. But he required of Mr. Pitt to inform him what he understood by the word "*equal*." Pitt's answer was, naturally, that the meaning of the word might be best explained in a personal meeting. The duke persisted, "that he could not meet Mr. Pitt until the word were explained." But Pitt was not to be thus brow-beaten into preliminary submission; and the treaty broke off at once. The St. Alban's meeting, evidently chagrined, passed a final resolution—"That this meeting, having heard, with infinite concern, that an interview between the Duke of Portland and Mr. Pitt is prevented by a doubt respecting a *single word*, are unanimously

* Tomline.

of opinion, that it would be no dishonourable step, in either of the gentlemen, to give way, and might be highly advantageous to the public welfare." The resolution was, of course, unnoticed by both parties: the meeting had exhausted their powers of persuasion, and the country gentlemen went their way. Pitt gained all the laurels of this abortive negotiation. An outcry was attempted against his sincerity; but the transaction was too clearly before the public. All the readiness had been shown on his side: all the reluctance on the other. He had made the proposition: the other had rejected it. He had offered the explanation and the interview: the other had insisted on the explanation as the price of the interview. The proof was complete, and the calumny was heard of no more.

The house of lords took but a slight share in these personal conflicts, but it had already shown itself the bulwark of the constitution. On the 4th of February, on the Earl of Effingham's two motions,—“That an attempt in any one branch of the legislature to suspend the execution of law, by separately assuming to itself a discretionary power, was unconstitutional; and, that the undoubted authority of appointing to the great offices of the executive government is solely vested in his majesty, and that the house had every reason to place the firmest reliance on his majesty's wisdom in the exercise of this prerogative,” the former was carried by a majority of 47; the numbers being 100 to 53. The latter passed without a division! And an address founded on the latter, was immediately carried, also without a division. The king answered the address shortly, but expressively; declaring with marked emphasis, that he had no object in the choice of ministers, “but to call into his service the men *most deserving of the confidence of his parliament*, and of the public in general.”

Those who regard the higher stations of life as unmixt felicity, may learn from the condition of the monarch of the most prosperous and powerful dominion of the earth, how far from a bed of roses the royal couch may be. Probably there was not an individual beneath the throne, apart from guilt, who might not have been an object of envy to George the Third during the greater part of his reign. With what natural, though manly, solicitude, he looked to the course of this trying time may be estimated from his letter to Pitt on the *morning of the day* when those motions were to come before the lords. After again lamenting the lengths to which the house of commons had gone, “I trust,” said he, “that the house of lords will this day feel that the hour is come for which the wisdom of our ancestors established that respectable corps in the state, to prevent either the crown or the commons from encroaching on the rights of each other. Indeed, should not the lords boldly stand forth, this constitution must soon be changed; for, if the two only remaining privileges of the crown are infringed—that of negating bills which have passed both houses of parliament, and that of naming the ministers to be employed—I cannot but feel, as far as regards my person, that I can be no longer of utility to this country, nor can with honour continue in

this island.” The melancholy dignity of the latter part of this communication, shows with what strong sensibility the monarch felt his situation, and not less distinctly shows the infinite hazards into which the violence of opposition was on the point of precipitating the country. The retreat of the king would have unquestionably been the result of their first successes, for no man was firmer in his resolution when it was once formed; and the result must have been either a regency under Fox, with all the evils of a dictatorship, or a republic, or a civil war.

This was the period to have seen the celebrated leader of opposition in his full prowess. Fox was now in the vigour of life, of capacity, and of ambition, and all stimulated to the highest pitch. The prize of all almost within his grasp; a single step would place him in the highest rank of an European statesman, the king his viceroy, and all that was substantial in sovereignty his own. The character of his mind, too, was loftier, more expanded, more commanding, less absorbed in details, and more abounding in great principles of government legislation, and action, than in the later times of his parliamentary life. In the French revolution he appeared only as the advocate of a cause, the desperate advocate of a fallen cause; speaking still with extraordinary power, but throwing his power palpably away; labouring fruitlessly, and with consciousness of his failure, to make the worse appear the better reason; gradually abandoned by every man of eminence on his own side, struggling against the declared voice of England; blazoning as virtues what he himself could not deny to be crimes, though he pronounced them crimes of necessity; day by day dragged down by the weight of a cause execrated more and more by mankind; and forced to defend the abominations of the bloodiest of all democracies, in contradiction to every native impulse of his own birth, habits, and feeling, until he was overwhelmed by his fatal advocacy, and shrunk, self-expelled, from the walls of parliament.

But in his palmy day, he was the leader, less of a party, than of all that constituted the rank, opulence, high blood, and popular pretension of the empire; with a crowd of men, each exhibiting the finest faculties—each now a historic name—the Burkes, Sheridans, Erskines, Norths, and a long succession of daring, intelligent, and devoted adherents, all shouting after his triumph, and all ready to drag his chariot wheels to the temple of victory. No man of his day, or of any other on the records of the legislature, held a station of such acknowledged and actual mastery. The years 1783 and 1784 were the true golden hours of Fox. “Hope elevated, and joy brightened his crest.” Yet even in these hours, the original defect of his character for the highest honours of statesmanship might have been discoverable. The blaze of parliamentary wonder which surrounded him,—all the clouds of popular incense which were continually ascending before him,—could not conceal that the idol was but the work of human weakness after all. His unhesitating grasp at power wherever it came within his reach,—his self-confidence in his fortunes,—his rash reliance on the distinction paid to his great

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abilities, his still more hasty calculation on his unchangeable popularity,—and his disastrous and unprincipled contempt for those graver and nobler qualities,—that respect for political honour and personal virtue, which no political change has ever been able to erase from the breasts of the British nation, obviously and inevitably prepared the way for his fall. His whole course during this period was one continued blunder. Nothing can be clearer than that he assailed the administration before he could lay down any ground for the assault but that they were in possession of the power which he coveted. A judgment less rash would have waited until the new cabinet had been hurried into some precipitate measure, or had been forced by circumstances into some unpopular one. By the contrary conduct, he gave them the strong advantage of appealing to the national justice, and pleading that they were condemned without trial. His next error was the perpetual obtrusion of the votes of parliament as paramount to the authority of the king. He was here combating, in the mere pride of power, a doctrine which every man who heard him knew to be a principle of the constitution. He farther reduced the question to a struggle, not between the house and the ministers, but between the house and the throne; and he made the hostility irreconcilable, by the still grosser error of indulging his petulance in personalities to the king himself. Having thus rendered all compromise impossible, and put all conciliation at a measureless distance, he committed the further and extraordinary blunder, of giving his antagonist an occasion for throwing the whole charge of inveterate hostility, individual arrogance, and party insatiability, on his head. The Duke of Portland's haughty correspondence settled that portion of the subject.

The consequences of this tissue of errors were rapidly felt. Political blunders are never barren. Fox found their offspring in perhaps the most immediate decline of popularity ever known. As if the nation had waited but till the moment when his recovery was hopeless, the whole storm of wrath and ridicule burst upon him at once. Public meetings denounced his ambition on every side,—public speakers held him up to scorn, as the very embodying of national evil; "armed with abilities only to delude, and successful only to ruin,"—pamphlets poured an incessant hail of accusation against him,—while the eloquence of Pitt, animated into vividness, tore his cause to pieces,—sometimes smiting him with lofty indignation, at others pouring the more remorseless pungency of his unrivaled sarcasm into the wounds of the astonished and overwhelmed dictator of party. Pitt's talent for the keenest expression of scorn, free from all the rudeness of phrase which degrades it into virulence—a talent among the rarest of public life—may be exemplified by a slight and single instance, given under all the imperfections of the parliamentary reports of that day. Fox, finding that the public spirit was rising against him, had begun to speak contemptuously of "popular movements and mob impulses," and charged the ministry with defying the will of the house, on the strength of opinion

in the streets. Such are the reckless changes familiar to public protestation. Opposition had lately suffered strong marks of contumely in their attempts to win over the multitude, and they were now universally writhing under a sense of popular defeat. Pitt did not suffer this fact to be forgotten. He flung it against the adversary in every shape into which it could be moulded,—it was calm contempt,—it was scoffing commiseration,—it was grave wrath,—it was stinging ridicule. "The right honourable gentleman," said he, "has appeared to-night in a character perfectly new to him; he is to-night the champion of the majority of this house against the voice of the people. 'Imposture' was the word used by his learned friend. The right honourable gentleman improves upon the idea, and tells you that 'imposture' was used by 'way of civility.' It is then by way of complimenting the people of England that the right honourable gentleman says, their opinions are founded in 'imposture,' and then, by way of libeling those addresses, and libeling this reign, he recalls to your minds the infamous reign of Charles II. * * * 'But,' says the right honourable gentleman, 'how should the people understand the India-bill? Do they know all the abuses in India?' True, sir, the people may not have read all your voluminous reports; neither, perhaps, have one half of the members of this house read them; but they know, that no correction of abuses in India, not even rescuing India from loss or annihilation, could compensate the ruin of this constitution. The plain sense of the country could see that objection to the India bill;—they could see that it raised up a new power in the constitution,—that it stripped at once the crown of its prerogative, and the people of their chartered rights,—and that it created that right honourable gentleman the dictator of his king and country."

After having gravely exposed the hypocrisy of opposition, he thus burlesqued their discomfiture:—"But, sir, the honourable gentleman still ventures to deny that the addresses have sufficiently marked what is the opinion of the people. He talks of battles at Reading, at Hackney, and at Westminster. At Reading, sir, there was no battle; the county addressed unanimously, in the face of its members, though the honourable member, (Major Hartley,) tells you, how he exerted his oratory to deprecate the address. As for Hackney, I behold over against me a most valiant chieftain, (Mr. Byng, member for Middlesex,) who is just returned from that field of Mars, whose brow, indeed, is not, as before, adorned with the wreath of victory; but from whose mouth, I doubt not, we shall hear a faithful, though, alas! sir, a most lamentable history of his unfortunate flight and defeat. Whether at Westminster, it is sufficient proof of victory to say, 'the people would not even hear me;' whether that right honourable gentleman, (Fox was then member for Westminster,) who once could charm the multitude into dumb admiration of his eloquence, and into silent gratitude for his exertions in the cause of freedom; whether he, once emphatically named the 'man of the people,'

is now content with the execrations of the multitude, who once, perhaps, too much adored him; whether, in short, the sonorous voice of my noble friend (Lord Mahon) was a host in itself, those are points which I shall not decide. But sure I am, that the right honourable gentleman will not honestly expect to persuade me that the voice of the people is with him, if Westminster is his only example."

Then, in allusion to Fox's boast of the high names which adorned his party, he turned to Lord Camden, and gave a brief but striking panegyric to his eminent character. "Sir, I am not afraid to match the minority against the majority, either on the score of independence, of property, of long hereditary honours, of knowledge of the law and constitution, of all that can give dignity to the peerage. Mr. Speaker, when I look round me; when I see near whom I am standing, (Lord Camden was present at the debate,) I am not afraid to place in the front of that battle—for at that battle the noble peer was not afraid to buckle on his armour and march forth, as if inspired with his youthful vigour, to the charge—I am not afraid to place foremost that noble and illustrious peer—venerable as he is for his years,—venerable for his abilities,—venerated throughout the country for his attachment to our glorious constitution,—high in honours,—and possessing, as he does, in these tumultuous times, an equanimity and dignity of mind, that render him infinitely superior to the wretched party spirit with which the world may fancy us to be infected."

While the house was in admiration of this fine change from the language of the keenest scorn to generous and lofty praise, he burst upon it by a sudden and powerful rejection of the terms proposed by Fox for his alliance, that he must resign office and break up the ministry before any negotiation could be entered into. Those he pronounced, and rightly, terms which would instantly reduce him to a condition of ignominy. "Sir," he exclaimed, "I have declared again and again, only prove to me that there is but a reasonable hope—show me even but the most distant prospect—that my resignation will at all contribute to restore peace to the country, and I will instantly resign. But, sir, I declare, at the same time, I will not resign as a preliminary to negotiation. I will not abandon this situation, in order to throw myself on the mercy of the right honourable gentleman. He calls me now a nominal minister,—the mere puppet of secret influence. Sir, it is because I will not consent to become a merely nominal minister of his creation—it is because I disdain to become the puppet of that right honourable gentleman, that I will not resign. Neither shall his contemptuous expressions provoke me to resignation. My own honour and reputation I never will resign. That I am now standing on the rotten ground of secret influence, I will not allow; nor yet will I quit this ground in order to put myself under the right honourable gentleman's protection,—in order to accept of my nomination at his hands, to become a poor, self-condemned, helpless, and unprofitable minister in his train;—a minister, perhaps, in some way serviceable to that right honourable

gentleman, but totally unserviceable to my king and to my country. If I have indeed submitted to become the puppet and minion of the crown, why should he condescend to receive me into his band? * * * * Admit, that I have more than my share of the king's confidence, how is my being out of office two days to make any diminution of that confidence? The right honourable gentleman, therefore, every moment contradicts his own principles. But he knows, that if I were first to resign, in the forlorn hope of returning as an efficient member into administration, I should soon become the sport and ridicule of my opponents; nay, and forfeit the good opinion of those by whose independent support I am now honoured."

The whole aspect of public affairs at the time when this eloquent and manly exposition of feelings was made, bears so close a resemblance to the present day, that the speech might be put into the lips of any leading member of the existing cabinet; but the resemblance is as close in the details as in the principle. The proposal of stopping the supplies, which the country has lately heard with so much astonishment—a proposal which would effect a virtual bankruptcy in the funds, throw the army and navy into necessary mutiny for bread, pauperise nine tenths of the empire, and break up the whole system of government at a blow—was threatened by the great leader of disaffection exactly fifty years ago. Yet his consciousness of the infinite evil of the attempt, confined even him to a menace, and the public outcry of alarm and indignation made him as suddenly and hopelessly labour to clear himself from the stigma of having been sincere, even in the menace. But he was in hands which were strong enough to tie him to the stake. "The right honourable gentleman," said Pitt, in his loftiest tone, "tells you, sir, that he means not to stop the supplies again to-night, but that he shall only postpone them occasionally. He has stopped them once, because the king did not listen to the voice of his commons. He now ceases to stop them, though the same cause does not cease to exist. Now, sir, what is all this but a mere bravado? a bravado calculated to alarm the country, but totally ineffectual to the object. I grant, indeed, that if the money destined to pay the public creditors is voted, one great part of the mischief is avoided. But, sir, let not this house think it a small thing to stop the money for all public services. Let us not think, that, while such prodigious sums of money flow into the public coffers without being suffered to flow out again, the circulation of wealth in the country will not be stopped, nor the public credit affected. It has been said, 'How is it possible that parliament should trust public money in the hands of those in whom they have expressly declared that they cannot confide?' What, sir, is there any thing then in my character so flagitious? Am I, the chief minister of the treasury, so suspected of alienating the public money to my own, or any other sinister purpose, that I am not to be trusted with the ordinary issues?" (A cry of no, no, from the opposition,) "Why then, sir," he exclaimed, seizing on the admission with instant

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effect, "if they renounce the imputation, let them also renounce the argument."

On the all-important topic of dismissing the ministers, simply because a majority of the house of commons may think fit to disapprove of the royal appointment, he again speaks in language, at once of the most forcible logic and of the clearest constitutional wisdom. "I will not shrink from avowing myself the friend of the king's just prerogative. Prerogative, sir, has been justly called a part of the rights of the people. Grant only this, that this house has a negative in the appointment of ministers, and you transplant the executive into this house!"

* * * * * Let this house, above all, beware of suffering any individual to involve his own cause, and interweave his own interests, in the resolutions of the house of commons. The dignity of the house is for ever appealed to—let us beware that it is not the dignity of one set of men. * * *

If the constitutional independence of the crown is thus reduced to the very verge of annihilation, where is the boasted equipoise of the constitution? where is the balance among the three branches of the legislature which our ancestors measured out to each with so much precision? where is the independence? where is even the safety of any one prerogative of the crown, if its power of naming ministers is to be usurped by this house; or if, which is precisely the same thing, its nomination of them is to be negated by us without stating any one ground of distrust in the men, and without suffering ourselves to have any experience of their measures? Fearful, therefore, as the conflict is, my conscience, my duty, my fixed regard for the constitution of our ancestors, maintain me still in this arduous situation. It is not any proud contempt, any defiance of the constitutional resolutions of this house—it is no personal point of honour, much less is it any lust of power, that makes me still cling to office. The situation of the country requires it of me; and I will add, the country calls aloud to me, that I should defend this castle. I am determined, therefore, and *I will defend it*." But no appeal to either their reason or their public feeling could break down the stubbornness of a house inflamed with faction. Pitt was again defeated by 197 to 177. Fox, pursuing his victory, immediately moved an address, to be presented to the king upon the throne by the whole house, calling on him to throw out the ministry. A long debate ensued, and Pitt was again defeated by 177 to 156. The house did not adjourn until between five and six in the morning.

But the king still exhibited the admirable firmness which had rendered him so worthy of the growing confidence of the people. He answered the address by manfully stating, that he had heard no valid charge against the ministers of his appointment—that all proposals for an united administration had been rendered abortive, though seconded by himself—and that he could not discover any public object as likely in the smallest degree to be advanced by the dismissal of the cabinet. "Under these circumstances," concluded his majesty, "I trust my faithful commons will

not wish that the essential offices of executive government should be vacated, until I see a prospect that such a plan of union as I have called for, and they have pointed out, may be carried into effect."

This answer instantly produced a farther advance in the hazardous career which Fox had prepared for his party. Under the name of considering the supplies, the ordnance estimates had been already postponed, and a motion was now made for an adjournment, which would necessarily postpone the navy estimates; thus the fleet was to be left to chance. Pitt resisted this violent measure, and so clearly stated the alarming results, that, though he was, as usual defeated, it was only by a majority of seven, the smallest against him hitherto, the members being 175 to 168. Fox was so startled at this change, that, though it was universally believed that his original determination had been to stop every branch of the supplies,* he gave up the object from this moment, and no more ventured to touch upon their obstruction.

The nation had not looked upon this memorable struggle with indifference from the beginning. But its feelings were now daily shaping themselves more visibly into action. London took the lead, and, on the 28th, the day after this debate, a committee of the corporation, formally preceded by the city-marshal, and accompanied by the sheriffs, went to Berkeley square, where Pitt then resided with his brother, Lord Chatham, to present him with the freedom of the city, in a gold box of one hundred guineas value. The reason of the gift was of still more importance than the honour. It was—"As a mark of gratitude for, and approbation of, his zeal and assiduity in supporting the legal prerogatives of the crown, and the constitutional rights of the people." He had been invited to dine on that day with the Grocers' Company, to whom the committee were to conduct him. Great crowds were assembled in Berkeley square from an early hour, and a prodigious concourse of people joined the procession on its way. From Temple Bar the colours of the city, and of the Grocers' Company, were carried before the carriages to Grocers' Hall, in the midst of perpetual acclamations. On his arrival and taking the oath, Wilkes, then chamberlain of the city, addressed him in a speech of unusual length, and lavishing the most unbounded, yet discriminating praise, on the young minister. It ended with a direct and not inelegant allusion to the conflict going on in parliament,—*"I know, sir, how high you stand in the confidence of the public. Much is to be done; but you have youth, capacity, and firmness. It is the characteristic of a true patriot never to despair. Your noble father, sir, annihilated party, and I hope you will, in the end, bear down and conquer the hydra of faction which now rears its hundred heads against you. I remember his saying, that, for the good of the people, he dared to look the proudest connections of this country in the face. I trust that the same spirit animates his son, and as he has the same support of the crown and of*

* Tomline.

the people, I am firmly persuaded that the same success will follow."

An incident which occurred on this day, and which might have been attended with the most unhappy consequences, showed the folly and the fury into which men may be betrayed by faction. On Pitt's return from the dinner, still attended by a prodigious number of people, who were dragging the coach in which he, Lord Mahon, and Lord Chatham, were seated, a rush was made from a club house in St. James's Street frequented by his political opponents, and, just as the carriage was passing the door, it was surrounded by a party, among whom were distinguished several members of the club. They were armed with bludgeons and broken chair-poles, forced their way through the people, attacked the carriage, which they forced open, and aimed several violent blows at Pitt, whose life would probably have been the sacrifice, but for the exertions of his brother, who threw himself before him. At length those in the carriage sprang out, and made their escape, though with great difficulty, to a neighbouring house; but their servants were severely injured, and the carriage was nearly destroyed.

Fox's parliamentary resources were not yet exhausted. He had felt the hazard of stopping the supplies, and this bold step was not to be repeated. But it seemed more essential to his interests than ever that the house should not be sent back to their constituents in the present change of the public mind, and he resolved to render this impossible, by a *short mutiny bill*. A mutiny bill, passed from month to month, would necessarily forbid a dissolution. Against this desperate measure, which would overthrow the discipline of the army, Pitt reasoned with his usual power, and with his now habitual ill success. He was defeated on a motion for an adjournment, whose purport was to impede the regular yearly mutiny bill, by 171 to 162. But so small a majority as nine was menacing; and this measure, like the stoppage of the supplies, was summarily abandoned.

This was the last blow. The contest could be protracted no longer. The king's firmness was evidently not to be shaken. The minister's talents were as evidently not to be overcome. The public opinion was too rapidly rising, from admiration at Pitt's defence, into wrath at his rival's attack, and the decrease of the majorities told Fox that the days of his supremacy were at an end. He now determined at least to leave behind him a record on the journals of the house of the principles of his long and singular resistance to the royal authority and the national will. As it was known that he was to make his last motion on public affairs, the house was crowded for many hours before the beginning of the debate. He spoke with his usual ability; but with more than his usual violence, against what he pronounced the insulting and unconstitutional conduct of ministers; concluding with a motion for an address to the king, representing, at remarkable length, the disapprobation of the house at the continuance of ministers in office to whom the house of commons had refused its sanction. Nominally admit-

ting the right of the prerogative, but denying its exercise; asserting the right of the commons to stop the supplies, but admitting the perils which rendered it criminal; pronouncing the power of the commons to demand the removal of the cabinet for unfitness, yet acknowledging that no instance of unfitness had been alleged, nor had any distinct charge of the kind been even thought of. Such was the tissue of alternate truisms and contradictions, which he was rash enough to place on the journals. Nothing could have been a more direct testimony against his own capacity for every function of public life. As a parliamentary leader, it exhibited him committing his party to a creed that courted instant confutation; as a candidate for office, throwing out a personal defiance, which must make his ministry directly obnoxious to the monarch; and, as a senator, proclaiming principles which had already been contemporaneous with the extinction of the throne.

Pitt had now triumphed; and he, of course, sent an account of the night to the king. His majesty's answer was equally prompt and intelligent. "Mr. Pitt's letter is, undoubtedly, the most satisfactory I have received for many months. An avowal on the outset that the proposition held forth is not intended to go farther lengths than a kind of manifesto, and then carrying it by a majority of only one; and the day concluded with an avowal that all negotiation is at an end, gives me every reason to hope, that, by a firm and proper conduct, this faction will by degrees be deserted by many, and at length be forgotten." The letter terminated with a tribute as strikingly expressed as it was justly due to the extraordinary man by whom the victory was achieved.

"I shall ever with pleasure consider, that by the prudence as well as rectitude of one person in the house of commons this great change has been effected; and that he will ever be able to reflect with satisfaction, that, in having supported me, he has saved the constitution, the most perfect of human formation."

Pitt's feelings, with that letter in his hand, might be envied.

All struggle was closed henceforth; and the house waited, at its last gasp, for the blow which was to end its existence. On the day after the acknowledged defeat of opposition, the mutiny bill was carried for its usual duration of a year; Sir Matthew Ridley, a strenuous Foxite, taking occasion from its passing to exonerate, so far as declarations would go, his party from measures which they virtually acknowledged to be on the verge of high treason—"By our conduct this day," said he, "I and those with whom I vote will prove how false the reports are, that we intended to stop the supplies, throw out the mutiny bill, and plunge the nation into anarchy and confusion." After this *amende*, it was unnecessary to press him with the facts that the leader of opposition had actually made the attempt in both instances, had as distinctly avowed his right to make it, and was driven from it only by the evident fear of his party to lose all hold upon the nation. The debate was long talked of for a new instance of Pitt's sarcastic skill. Mr. Powis, who had originally voted for the minister, but who subse-

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quently, from some affectation of exhibiting his independence, had gone over to Fox, rose after Ridley, and with that curious and absurd alternation of praise and blame which he thought an evidence of his daring to have an opinion of his own, pronounced his habitual sorrows that "the house of commons had been conquered; that the minister held his place in defiance of their addresses; and that, though a vote of the commons could once bestow a crown, it could not now procure the dismissal of a minister." This reference to the revolution of 1688 was of course laughed at; the orator having forgotten to add the important distinction of the cases, that in the former the nation was with the commons, in the latter against them. He then said, that "often as he had been charged with inconsistency, he would expose himself again to the charge, by voting for a long mutiny bill, which would enable the minister to dissolve parliament," for "he was willing to let ministers run their mad career; he was convinced that a dissolution would be ruinous; *but the commons were conquered!*" He then proceeded to give a description of the "troops that surrounded the treasury bench," whom he divided into the premier's body-guard, light young troops, who shot their little arrows against all who refused allegiance to their chief. The second were, the "corps of royal volunteers, staunch champions for prerogative." The third was "a legion of deserters, who, having no other object than interest, and having deserted to the minister, would be equally ready to desert from him."

The last topic was a peculiarly unfortunate one to have suggested itself to this changer of sides, and Pitt gave him some of those passing lashes which must have singularly galled a haughty and ostentatious declaimer. "As the mutiny bill is the subject before the house," said Pitt sportively, "I am ready to admit that the military picture which the honourable member has been pleased to draw is peculiarly proper for exhibition on this day; he is certainly quite in the right to display that talent for which he is so well qualified; for having once described the opposite army while he opposed it, it is now fit that he should describe that which he at present opposes, but *with which he formerly fought.*" Having thus awakened the house to the line which he was about to pursue, he then fell on Powis again. "The honourable member," said he, "like all men of ability, cannot help delighting a little in its exercise; and his *forte* being to alter his mind, he is resolved to show how clever he can be on *either side* of the question, and with what powers of eloquence he can, without any visible cause, oppose an administration which he had once supported." He then followed him keenly through his military catalogue. "The first corps, the house was told, was composed of light archers, who shot their little arrows with great dexterity. Probably the honourable member's armour had not been so strong as to be proof against the arrows of those archers, for those weapons which he seemed so much to despise, had evidently galled him. As to the prerogative volunteers, who formed the second band, I am proud of their support; because neither they

nor I can be fond of the prerogative, without being fond of the constitution, of which the prerogative is a part; nor can I, for the same reason, be an enemy to the house of commons, which is a part of the constitution, and, consequently, to me an object of veneration. As to the third band, I cannot conceive why the honourable member should call them deserters, merely because they did not think proper to go the length to which others were hurrying the house. But the honourable member certainly must be admitted to be something of an authority on the subject. He had peculiar opportunities of knowing the secrets of the enemy; for, having served in *both armies*, and having undertaken the task of negotiating, he was able to do his friends signal service, by the information which he might *collect as a spy*, while he enjoyed the immunities of an ambassador."

We may conceive with what cheers and laughter this *exposé* was received by the house. But the discipline was not yet done. "The honourable member," said Pitt, "has stated what he calls the debtor and creditor side of the account, in the negotiation for an union of parties. It may, perhaps, suit *his* ideas to state the business as a *matter of barter*. But, as the only object I had in the transaction was the public good, I considered, *not what men would give or gain*, but what would promote the prosperity of the country!"

The speech struck home to Powis, who by this time had found ample reason to regret his searching for counsel on both sides of the house, and equally ample to consider the imprudence of provoking his punishment from so formidable a hand. He fastened on the word "spy," and, rising in great wrath, demanded whether, "by applying the word to him, the minister meant to charge him with dishonourable conduct?" The question seemed sufficiently unnecessary, after the denouncement of his tergiversation. But the minister had more important objects in view than to heal the wounded fame of Mr. Powis; he simply replied, that he had charged them with nothing, that he merely intended to convey the idea, that the honourable gentleman, "having served in both armies, knew the secrets of both, *as well as any spy could.*" With this repetition of the phrase, Mr. Powis was forced to be content, and to take with him the lesson, that political trimming is always despised, and deserving to be despised.

The fall of faction was complete. The whole country was in a tumult of rejoicing at the overthrow of a parliamentary despotism, which, in its progress, must have usurped every power of the state, turned the throne into a cipher, and renewed the bloody era of the civil war. In its exultation, the pre-eminent individual, whose ability had fought the battle in the house of commons, was loaded with every testimony of national homage. A long succession of addresses from public bodies in all parts of the country were presented to the minister, containing the highest praises of his conduct, and urging him to unflinching firmness in rescuing the principles of the constitution.

But there was one individual, and but one, to whom still higher gratitude was due, who, exhi-

biting from the beginning of the struggle a sagacity no less profound, and a courage not less intrepid, than the great minister, had, with more to lose, evidently prepared him to hazard all for the safety of England. That individual was the king. During that most anxious period, the humblest instrument of office did not labour more indefatigably, or the highest counsellor of the crown advise with more knowledge of the spirit of the constitution. He almost alone saw, from the commencement, the true nature of the contest, that it was not a competitorship for office, but a trial of the whole principle on which was built the prosperity of the empire. It was for this reason that he openly spoke of the probability of his withdrawing from the government, and the country, or from life. This determination, he foresaw, would be a matter of course, if the coalition ministry gained the day. Their principles were fatal to the security of the constitution. An all-powerful house of commons must be only the delegate of an all-powerful mob; every establishment of the state, the liberty of individuals, the rights of hereditary property, and of all property, would be at the mercy of a vote from the house of commons from hour to hour, that vote at the mercy of a majority, however composed, that majority at the command of the first demagogue who might combine the power of speaking with every excess of the most profligate ambition, and that orator essentially at the dictation of the rabble by whom he had been made, by whom he was sustained, and from whose violences he daily gathered fresh intimidation for the legislature.

The king saw this inevitable result, and he disdained to be dragged at the chariot wheels of faction. He knew, from the experience of all history, that the dungeon of a monarch has but one door, and that door opens to the scaffold. Thus the sentiment was not the result of an unmanly melancholy, still less of an unmanly impatience; it was the deliberate conclusion from the known facts of popular supremacy.

And what is the difference between that hour and this? The whole difference consists in our being much the stronger, more palpable, and perilous case of the two. In Fox's day, there might have been some honourable mask of party, disguising to the general eye the visage of the fierce and foul spirit of parliamentary dictation. Fox and North were both persons of unquestionable eminence, the highest rank was the natural object of their pursuit. They had formed strong connections with public men and public affairs, in the course of a long, showy, and powerful public career. They severally possessed great talents. Of such men, it might be plausibly conjectured by the superficial class of politicians, that they could have no design beyond the conquest of office; that they had too much to lose and to honour in the constitution, to be capable of throwing it into peril; that if their ambition were headlong, they were hurried into the excess only by the very force and ardour of their faculties; but what similitude to this leadership exists now? What ground for the strong muster of opposition is discoverable in the characters of those who exhibit this formidable and violent following? At

this moment even the few who displayed any semblance of public ability on the fallen side have disappeared, and the actual leader of the opposition is one of the youngest and least experienced of the late ministry. What, then, is it that unites so large a number of the representative body, binds them in such strong confederacy, and urges them forward with such precipitate resolution? Unquestionably something altogether different from the old ties or stimulants of party. Neither generous attachment to distinguished individuals, nor old political connection, nor the natural and justifiable homage with which men honour great abilities. For all the occasions that give birth to those impulses have passed away. Unable to solve this problem on old principles, can we refuse the solution offered by new? Are not a wild determination to innovate, a reckless love of desperate experiments, and a sanguine view of consequences, which every man can conjecture, and all good men must deprecate, the ingredients of that new cup of intoxication which the French "Three days of July" prepared for the lip of England, and which, if but touched, fills the heart with alternate fatuity and frenzy?

George the Third, during this entire crisis, saw it in its true point of view, an assault on the liberties of England. The India bill was instantly felt by him to be a scheme of a powerful demagogue to make himself master of the state for life, and to render it hereditary in his party. The king was no lazy depository of a crown, of which the jewels were left to be plucked out to wreath round the brow of the libticide. He lingered under no shield of ministers. He boldly came forward—constantly assisted at councils—constantly advised with ministers—cheered, confirmed, and sustained them by perpetual correspondence—and under their heaviest defeats invigorated them by new assurances that he would stand by them to the last. He seems to have been awake to every change in the circumstances of ministers, the house, and the people; and in all to have formed and delivered opinions which do equal honour to his principles and his understanding. On the 18th of February, on the eve of one of the greatest debates of the period, the king, anxious to strengthen Pitt's confidence for the night, wrote to him—"Mr. Pitt may depend on my being heartily ready to adopt vigorous measures, as I think the struggle is really no less than my being called on to stand forth in defence of the constitution against a most desperate and unprincipled faction." These vigorous measures were a dissolution, which Pitt, though beaten on that night by 208 to 196, postponed until he should have vanquished opposition on their own ground. On the 20th, Pitt had been beaten by two successive majorities of 20 and 21, and a most insulting address had been carried. The king wrote his directions for the spirit of the answer. "I trust that while the answer is drawn up with civility, it will be a clear support of my own rights, which the addresses from all parts of the kingdom show me the people feel essential to their liberties." He even took cognisance of the style of his ministers, and felt evident pleasure in gratifying Pitt with the well deserved praise of superior

grace of language. On the morning after one of the debates in which he had peculiarly distinguished himself by the elegant dexterity of his satire, the king wrote to him, after alluding to some matters of business—"I cannot conclude without expressing my fullest approbation of the conduct of Mr. Pitt on Monday. In particular, his employing a *razor* against his antagonist, and never condescending to run into that rudeness, which, though common in that house, certainly never becomes a gentleman. If he proceeds in this mode of oratory, he will bring debates into a shape more creditable, and correct that, as well as, I trust, many more evils, which time and temper only can effect."

The time was now come for that appeal to the nation, on which the minister had determined from the beginning, but which neither the art nor force of opposition was to precipitate or retard. He obtained the supplies without compromise, and compelled the heads of opposition either to fly from the debates, or to sit in sullen silence. To the last he exhibited the same superiority to the tamperings or threats of his antagonists. On the 22d of March, on bringing up the report of the committee of supply, he was eagerly questioned on the probability of a dissolution. Lord North, Mr. Eden, and General Conway, successively animadverted on it as unjust, severe, impolitic, &c.; but no answer could be obtained from the minister. He did not condescend to utter a syllable. He had already fixed his determination, and he did not think it necessary to gratify his querists by explaining. He continued contemptuously silent through the night, and left the answer to be given by the event. That answer was not long delayed. In two days after, (the 24th,) the king went down to the house and delivered this decisive speech from the throne:—

"My lords and gentlemen,—On a full consideration of the present situation of affairs, and of the extraordinary circumstances which have produced it, I am induced to put an end to this session of parliament. I feel it a duty, which I owe to the constitution and to the country, to recur, as speedily as possible, to the sense of my people, by *calling a new parliament*. I trust that this measure will tend to obviate the mischiefs arising from the unhappy *divisions and distractions* which have lately subsisted, and that the various important objects which will require consideration may be afterwards proceeded upon with less interruption and with happier effect. I can have no other object than to preserve the true principles of our free and happy constitution, and to employ the powers intrusted to me by law for the only end for which they were given, the good of my people."

The Parliament was dissolved on the 25th of March, and the new parliament summoned to meet on the 16th of May.

We have in this detail the narrative of a period pregnant with the fates of half a century,—that half century itself pregnant with the most fearful perils, the most overwhelming catastrophes, and the guiltiest national corruptions within the last thousand years. In that period the principles were established by Pitt and his sovereign which

bore the country in unexampled triumph through those perils, and placed England at the head of Europe. The battle in 1784 was fought in parliament only preparatory to its being fought in the streets. If the projects of Fox were confined to outrageous personal aggrandisement, his principles extended to national ruin. The violence of opposition was of the most daring, arrogant, and grasping order. They looked upon the king as already at their feet, all the honours and offices of the state at their mercy, and their seizure of them not only certain but permanent. Their addresses to the throne were not supplications, but menaces. Those petitioners for the royal grace came to storm the royal fears. No language that haughty assumption of power ever used was forgotten, in those rescripts of a tyrannical house of commons, to its sovereign. Delicacy, decorum, and even the respectful formalities of language to a king, were equally abjured in their appeals to the throne. They demanded and defied; yet this whole array of practised, inflamed, and arrogant hostility was totally put to the rout by steadiness, fortitude, and persevering principle. The success of Fox would have inevitably plunged the country into a revolution. He would have felt himself rapidly so dependent on the multitude—his temperament was so incapable of refusing the prizes of popularity, let the purchase be what it might—his moral nature was so self-indulgent, feeble, and vitiated, that, in the first trial of his virtue against his passions, he must have given way to the grossest political temptation. The constitution would have been yielded, perhaps with an eloquent speech on the painful necessity of circumstances, perhaps with a contemptuous smile at the human absurdity of expecting public self-denial from the gorged voluptuary of private life; but the evil would have been done, and the British name turned into a warning for nations too confident in the patriotism of profligates—or the constitution, after being plunged into a sea of blood, would have been left to the hands of posterity to draw it up from its darkness, mutilated, disfigured, and almost beyond the hope of breathing again.

The lofty perseverance of the minister was among the great qualities which gained this most memorable triumph. He fought the opposition for eleven weeks *alone*; and during that time he never allowed the most dexterous of his antagonists to gain the slightest advantage over him. He was never betrayed into a rash expression, never inflamed into unbecoming wrath, never entrapped into undue disclosure. He sat, night after night, the same imperturbable depository of government, suffering the storm to rage on, until it was his pleasure to check its ravings. But when he rose, he poured out the same torrent of eloquence which dashed and withered his enemies; at once caustic and generous, graceful and daring, classical and vigorous, it was equally unrivaled in the discussions of polity domestic and foreign, in the more general contests which turned on political principle, and in those powerful, and sometimes most pathetic appeals, in which he addressed himself to the native-born feelings of honour and patriotism in the breasts

of Englishmen. For nearly two months he was constantly repelled, defied, and insulted by the house. He never in a single instance obtained a majority. In the long succession of debates, from the time of taking his seat on the 12th of January, 1784, to the time when opposition finished their career of violence by a manifesto almost of treason, March the 8th, he was defeated in fourteen great debates—the result of any one of which might have sent him from the treasury bench to the tower. Still he persevered, with a manliness which conferred the highest panegyric on his nature, a penetration which placed his ability in the highest public point of view, and a confidence in the national character, which nothing but singular nobleness in the heart of the minister could have dictated, and nothing but singular virtue in the heart of the people could have sustained. From the beginning, he took his stand against the ignorant principle, which we again hear asserted, that, “*the house of commons has the right to declare who shall be the ministers of the country.*” He proved that this power, once established, would be effectually the establishment of a democracy. He was not to be answered by the trifling pretence that the commons admitted the king’s right to nominate; he showed that the royal nomination must be a burlesque, where the right of the house of commons to annul it day by day was assumed as a privilege; that this privilege would make government a mockery of the hour; that while the votes of a thing so palpably dependent on chance as a majority, were to exercise the actual control over the appointment of the royal counsellors—all that belongs to the stability of public council, all foreign connection, all the security of laws, must be blown loose to the winds; that the very conception went to defraud the house of peers of their constitutional share in the public interests; that it would leave the king but in the situation of a head clerk of the house of commons, and, as the natural consummation of all, that the commons themselves would be crushed by some burst of national anger, as they had been before—the soldier would, as he had done before, finish what the demagogue began, and the liberties and name of England would of necessity merge in either a rabble republic, an iron despotism, or a helpless slavery to some continental power, provoked by its insults, or tempted by its exposure to invasion.

In our further view of this most formidable period, when the foundations of English freedom were all but shaken by the hand of faction, and all but laid anew by the hand of this pre-eminent patriot, minister, and man of genius, we shall observe the happy consequences of his triumph to the constitution—the vigour which it communicated to the royal councils, and the general security, strength, and contentment, which were its first fruits, to the people.

Lord Stanley has his tail, Mr. O’Connell has his tail, and Mr. Joseph Hume has his tail, so that any minister supported by the three leaders, might be fairly called a *bashaw with three tails*.

TEXAS.

General Wavel, an English officer, whose account of Texas is contained in the appendix to *Ward’s Mexico*, gives the following interesting description of that fine country:—

Texas contains about one hundred and sixty millions of English acres. In the northern part, the climate differs but very little from that of the south of Europe, of Buenos Ayres, and the Cape of Good Hope. To the south the white settlers of the United States experience no ill effects from exposure to the sun. Few countries possess so large a proportion of rich land, or are so capable of supporting a dense population.

The coast is low, and during the rainy season, it becomes unhealthy. It is skirted by a number of islands, separated from the main land by narrow straits. The most considerable of these is San Luis or Galveston, the easternmost point of which shelters the harbour of that name.

The bay of Espiritu Sante is the next harbour of importance; and this, from the numerous shoals, cannot be frequented by vessels drawing more than eight or ten feet of water.

The anchorage is generally good, and as the water shoals gradually, vessels approaching the coast may be guided entirely by the lead.

Few countries are better supplied with navigable rivers, streams and rivulets, than Texas. The rivers, at a short distance from their mouths, are generally narrow, deep and clear, with a moderate rapid stream.

They abound in fish, to which the North American settlers have given the English names, trout, carp, tench, &c. although what I saw differed widely from the fish of the same name in Europe.

Steamboats run from New Orleans to Natchitoches, 300 miles above the junction of the two rivers, once or twice weekly; except during the autumn, when a chain of rocks prevents their passing higher than Alexander, 120 miles lower down. About 150 miles above Natchitoches, is the Great Raft, i. e. an accumulation of drift timber, which for many miles forms one connected mass all across the bed of the river, and obstructs the navigation except when the water is very high. Keel boats already proceed some hundreds of miles above the raft; and there appears to be no doubt, that, when this obstacle is removed, the river will be navigable to a very considerable distance; indeed, it is generally believed, almost as far as New Mexico. The government of the United States directed Captain Birch, together with another officer, to examine accurately the Great Raft, and to ascertain the possibility of removing or avoiding it.

From their report, it appears that by merely cutting a canal at an estimated expense of 30 or 40,000 dollars, boats may pass through the Caddo, a chain of smaller lakes, not only avoiding the raft, but also a distance of 100 miles. The object which the government of the United States had in view, was to open a channel for communication with New Mexico, and for the Indian traffic.

Some branches of this trade have already proved very lucrative; for in addition to small quantities of precious metals, copper, wool, and very valuable hides and peltries, have been obtained, in exchange for articles of little value. The Indians require but few things; beads, small looking-glasses, common guns and rifles, a kind of baize, red and blue, called by the North Americans, *strouding*; knives, awls, vermilion, and ammunition.

Of spirits they are passionately fond, and will make any sacrifice to obtain them; but to supply them with these, which act almost as a poison, and have not unfrequently given rise to assassinations and other atrocities, is prohibited by law. The hides, and skins, and peltries, obtainable, are those of the buffalo, horned cattle,

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horse, panther, leopard, bear, deer, antelope, racoon, black fox, musk rat, and beaver; and they are of the best quality.

The Nueces, Trinidad, and San Antonio, are fine streams, and in size about equal to the Sabine, which forms the boundary. The Navasite, Angelina, and Neches, San Jacinto and Arroyo de Cedros, are navigable to a great extent, except at certain periods; and the Arroyo de la Vaca, (or Lorilace river,) which runs but a short distance into the interior, has, it is stated, nine feet of water upon its bar. The rivulets and minor streams are innumerable. As in Devonshire, almost every valley has its stream or brook; and judging from the small fish which I observed in them, I should conceive the greater number to be perennial. The low lands, which extend along the coast, are admirably adapted to the cultivation of rice. In some parts, sugar, and in others cotton, may be produced similar to that of the sea islands. The central part of Texas is prairie, nearly level, and abounding with a most luxuriant vegetation; the banks of the rivers being lined with timber are skirted by ground gently undulating, and covered with trees. Here the depth of rich alluvial soil is very considerable: and cotton, wheat, barley, rye, Indian corn, indeed every production, both of more temperate climates and of Europe, is raised in equal abundance and perfection. The prairies, in their natural state, afford a constant supply of excellent pasture.

The valley of the Red River is stated by the numerous North American settlers, to contain some millions of acres, exceeding in fertility even the celebrated Mississippi bottom, the valley of the Roanoke, or indeed any lands to be found in the United States. They have styled it the "Garden of the West," and the cotton which it already produces, far excels the Alabama, Tennessee, or indeed any, excepting that of the sea islands. I here ought to remark, that growing cotton possesses one great advantage. Children, so young as to be unable to engage in any other occupation, can be employed in picking cotton, and at the age of nine or ten, probably do fully as much as grown up persons. Every species of grain thrives admirably in this fertile tract, and it is thought that the ribbed sugar cane, lately introduced from the Philippines, and which arrives at maturity a month sooner than the common sort, would answer well there. In the valleys is found the red, or pencil cedar of the largest growth, also a great quantity of the Bois-d'arc, of which the Indians make their bows. It is of a beautiful yellow colour, susceptible of the highest polish, not heavy, but exceedingly tough and elastic. In addition to these, trees of all varieties which flourish in the United States are to be met with—white, red, dwarf, or scrub, and post oaks (of the former of which staves are made; while the latter is so strong, hard and tough, that it is frequently employed in lieu of iron to make the screws of cotton presses); together with iron-wood, hickory, and many other woods admirably adapted for the lathe. The sugar-maple is also very valuable. An auger hole being bored in its trunk, in the spring of the year, a small spout is inserted, and the liquor, which is subsequently evaporated to a consistency, is caught in a vessel.

A single tree has been known to yield one hundred and fifty pounds of sugar; the average daily produce being from three to four or six pounds. I found its flavour very pleasant, but do not think it is nearly so sweet as the common sugar.

Humboldt's prediction, that carriages would pass from Washington to the city of Mexico, has been verified.

North Americans have, in their convenient and light dearborn or Jersey wagons, repeatedly passed into the interior of Mexico from the United States. Roads are very easily made through Texas, as the country is either flat or gently undulating.

To clear away the wood costs little trouble; and al-

though the rivers are numerous, being generally narrow and deep, they oppose no obstacles but such as can be easily surmounted.

The fact that Mr. Couci, an enterprising Frenchman, with about forty others, nearly all his countrymen, passed through Texas with several large wagons laden with goods, in June, 1826, is the best proof of the facility with which every difficulty, such as those which are usually met with in a new country, is here overcome. The dearborn or Jersey wagon, just mentioned, is admirably calculated to journey through countries where rivers or other natural impediments may render it necessary that each part be speedily reduced to a small size or weight, so as to be rendered portable, and taken to pieces with the greatest ease, and a raft formed of a few trunks, or the larger branches of trees, which suffice to convey it across the rivers, or the whole is progressively passed by hand over any other obstacle.

Those who have settled in Texas a few months, really enjoy more comforts (and these in addition to the opportunity of realising a handsome property) than any peasantry with which I am acquainted. One act of liberality and hospitality, which is constantly practised by all his neighbours towards a new comer, whose character is found unexceptionable, would do honour to the most highly civilised people. They all assemble at the spot which he has fixed upon for his residence, with their axes and draught oxen, fell the timber, and build for him his log-house. This generally consists of three apartments, one for sleeping, another for eating, both closed in all round, while in the centre, which is left open on both sides, he keeps his saddles and tools, and takes his meals during the hot weather.

The kitchen (also a log hut) is separated from the house, and so is also the smoke-house, where the meat is smoked and kept.

The log-house is by no means an inconvenient residence; indeed, some of them are roomy, neat and durable, very strong, and well calculated to afford protection from every inclemency of the weather.

The wild animals to be met with in Texas, are the buffalo, or the bison, known in this country as the bannassus, which enter Texas from the north in vast herds during the winter; the panther, leopard, bear, otter, beaver, antelope, deer, racoon, black fox, &c. Turkeys abound: there are two species of the partridge; swans often arrive in great numbers, together with immense flocks of wild ducks and geese. The flesh of the buffalo, especially its hump, is excellent, and generally prized far above beef; the bear's ham is also considered a great delicacy.

But by far the most interesting animal is the wild horse from Barbary, which the Arabs transplanted into Spain, passing from thence to the new world, and being turned loose by the first European settlers, it has peopled the rich plains of Texas with droves innumerable. The mustang, or wild horse, is not often large or heavy, but shows blood; it is well made, hardy, active, and if caught young, very docile, although, whenever an opportunity offers, it is apt to rejoin its wild brethren. The piebald, light brown, chestnut and dun colours prevail.

Their defect is the tenderness of the hoof, which is too frequently to be met with amongst them, as they are bred on soft ground; whereas, throughout Mexico, those which are reared on a hard rocky soil, have a solidity of hoof which renders shoes unnecessary even to the fore feet; the hind feet are seldom shod. The mode of catching them is similar to that by which wild elephants are caught in India.

A space sufficiently large to contain a drove is enclosed with stakes, trunks, and branches of trees; the entrance is narrow, but gradually widens outwards, and a herd is driven or becoyed into it by a horse trained for the purpose. I have seen instances of attachment, on

the part of a young colt thus caught, to a careful master, far stronger than any that I ever before witnessed in a horse.

The country of the Comanches is the mountainous district of San Saba, which they cross both in the spring and autumn, and where they deposit their families occasionally during their long expeditions. These Indians generally kill the buffalo with their bow and arrow, their horses being trained to carry them close to it, and on its right side. Sometimes they pursue, and, with a sharp iron (crescent shaped) passing its left flank, sever the ham string of the right leg, when the animal falls away from the horse; they sometimes almost shoot it with the rifle. The scent of the buffalo is, however, so acute, that it can be only approached from the leeward side; it is timid till wounded, but then its impetuosity is irresistible, and its attacks are repeated until it falls. Being both active, and from its vast bulk very powerful, the charge of an old bull is described as tremendous. The long shaggy hair which covers its head and breast, gives it a terrific appearance, and it rushes headlong at whatever it perceives (after the smoke of the rifle), blowing and snorting with astonishing loudness.

Should it discover and throw down its antagonist, it goes and tramples upon him until (if desperately wounded) it falls dead by his side. The horns of the buffalo are short, but very sharp pointed, although thick at the base. Being very hard and black, they are highly prized for cups and other purposes. Its flesh when fat, is excellent, especially the hump; the skins, covered with an excessively thick hair, nearly approaching to wool, are much used in the northern parts of the United States, more especially as a wrapper upon traveling in the sledges or sleighs over the ice or snow. The Indians give a softness and pliability to these skins greater than that of the buck or even doe-skin of Europe. The following is, I believe, the process adopted. After tanning with sumac and bark, the skin is stretched over a hole in the earth and smoked; the brains of the animal and alum are also rubbed into it. It is subsequently painted in chequers, diamonds, and similar figures, the colours being very durable.

The first person who took effectual measures to carry into effect extensive schemes of colonisation in Texas on their own private account, was Mr. Austin, an inhabitant of Louisiana; and after he had traversed this vast country near the coast, he fixed on the spot between the Brazos and Colorado, where he obtained a very extensive grant from the Spanish government. Embarrassments, owing to the failure of a large proportion of the banks of the western states, together with the revolution, prevented his reaping the fruits of his exertions.

His eldest son, Stephen Fuller Austin, succeeded to the claims, and to the indefatigable and enterprising spirit of his father who died about the year 1820 or '21. In 1823, he obtained from the first independent congress the recognition of the grant; and though inundations, which there were no reasons to anticipate, have twice done serious injury to the infant colony, he has the merit of having succeeded in peopling a wilderness, and providing a number of industrious families with an ample subsistence, as well as with the means of acquiring not only comforts, but wealth.

The only persons who have examined the country, or indeed, it may almost be said, have visited it, except momentarily, are settlers from the United States. So very considerable a proportion of the population of the adjacent districts has flowed into Texas from the United States, that there are now at least ten times as many inhabitants as there were only four years ago. Indeed, from the neighbouring territory (Arkansas) alone, as one of its most respectable land proprietors assured me, 16,000 out of 46,000 persons have quitted it in order to establish themselves there. Along a very considerable part of the

road that leads from Natchitoches to San Antonio de Bezar, better lodging and provisions are obtained, in greater abundance, and at a lower price, than on many of the principal roads in Spain. The hospitality of all is most meritorious, and the usual price of each meal (which consists almost invariably of pork, eggs, bacon, butter, maize cakes, hot coffee, and sometimes venison and other meats), is only one shilling. This country might easily absorb the whole of the surplus population of Great Britain, a nucleus being formed by the settlement of about one hundred industrious agriculturalists, who, after the first year, might supply grain for at least ten times their own number. Cattle, and more especially pigs, will increase most rapidly, almost without any care or trouble, in the woods. Thus each successive year would, by affording increased sustenance, allow the number of settlers to be tripled, at the least.

Nature has evidently given to Texas commercial advantages, which she has denied to almost every other part of Mexico; indeed, few countries, if any one, are more favourably situated for carrying on an extensive and lucrative foreign and domestic traffic.

The principal export doubtless will be cotton, which grows in the greatest abundance, and is in quality inferior only to that of the sea islands. As the capital employed in raising it is very inconsiderable, the Texas colonist will be able to undersell every competitor in foreign markets. His healthy lands, cultivated by free and cheap labour, cost him comparatively nothing; whilst the North American and West Indian require an interest on a large sum employed in the purchase of property and slaves, subject to many contingencies.

Pot and pearl asher will be obtained in clearing the lands.

Texas will supply the West India islands with timber, salted provisions, flour, and whatever else they now require from the United States, at least equal in quality, and at a lower price, than they can be obtained from thence. Mules and horses will also be exported to Cuba and the Antilles. The southern parts of the United States are already supplied from thence, and from Coahuila, with both; but more especially the former, which are sometimes embarked at the Brazos de Santiago, close to the mouth of the river Bravo del Norte, but more generally conveyed by land. It is thought that Texas may prove well suited for the growth of the merino wool, both on account of the climate, and the extent of uncultivated land, over which they may be allowed to graze at liberty. The North Americans have exported wool from Coahuila, but I have been informed, that although the staple is long, it is by no means fine, and there is a burr in it, which it requires much trouble to extract. The latter disadvantage will not be met with in Texas, except possibly among the mountains of San Saba, for I have observed throughout Mexico, that wherever the land is arid, burrs and thorny plants of every description abound; although wherever water is abundant, they are scarcely to be found.

Swamps, stagnant water, and a rank vegetation, together with the disorders arising from marsh-miasmata, render a large portion of the southern parts of the United States little better than a sickly desert. A circumstance that I have nowhere else observed increases the inundations, which are the real causes of these evils, to a very great extent. The ground is so level that not only do the more considerable rivers overflow, but by their reflux into the smaller tributary streams, produce the same effect on both sides to a very considerable distance. This I remarked more particularly when ascending the Red River. A current from the Mississippi ran up it, not much less than one hundred miles. Nearly all the rivers of Texas, on the other hand, are "encased," and except near their mouths, seldom, if ever, produce inundations prejudicial either to property, or health.

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Nevertheless, during the rainy season, there is a sufficient rise in the rivers of Texas to render even the smaller branches navigable, and afford opportunities of conveying the produce of the interior by water carriage to the coast.

From the London Athenæum.

DE LAMARTINE'S VISIT TO LADY ESTHER STANHOPE.

The following is from a highly interesting forthcoming work written by M. Alphonse de Lamartine, the poet, and member of the *Académie Française*. We presume the publication is delayed, that a translation may appear simultaneously in Paris and London—as such translation is, we observe, announced by Mr. Benley to appear immediately.

M. de Lamartine precedes the account of his visit by a sketch of her ladyship's life, the particulars of which are generally known in this country; at the conclusion he says:

"After a wandering life, in all the countries of the East, Lady Esther Stanhope fixed her residence in an almost inaccessible solitude, upon one of the mountains of Lebanon, adjoining Said, the ancient Sidon. The Pacha of Saint Jean d'Acre, Abdallah Pacha, who entertained a high respect for, and was devotedly attached to her, bestowed upon her the remains of a convent and the village of Jioun, the inhabitants of which are Druses. Her ladyship built several houses there, surrounded by a wall, similar to our fortifications of the middle ages;—she planted a delightful garden after the Turkish fashion; a garden of flowers and fruits, arbours formed of vines, kiosks enriched with sculpture and arabesques; the water flowing through marble trenches; fountains playing in the centre of the pavement of the kiosks, shaded by orange, fig, and lemon trees. There Lady Stanhope resided for several years in perfectly Oriental luxury, surrounded by a great number of European or Arab dragomans, a numerous suite of female attendants and black slaves; and keeping up amicable, and even political, connections, with the Porte, Abdala-Pacha, the Emir Beschir, sovereign of Lebanon, and, above all, with the Arab Shieks of the deserts of Syria and of Bagdad.

"Her fortune, however, became diminished by the derangement of her affairs, which suffered from her absence from England; and she found herself reduced to an annuity of 30 or 40,000 francs (from 12 to 1600*l.* sterling), which is still sufficient, in that country, to keep up her establishment. However, the persons who had accompanied her from Europe either died or left her; the friendship of the Arabs, which cannot be retained without presents and illusion, cooled; communications became less frequent, and Lady Esther fell into that completely isolated state in which I found her; but then 'twas that the heroic stamp of her character, the energy, constancy and resolution of her mind were fully displayed. She never thought of retracing her steps; she did not heave one sigh of regret for the world or the past; she did not succumb under the abandonment of friends, the perspective of old age, and the oblivion of the living; she remained alone, where she still is, without books, without newspapers, without letters from Europe, surrounded merely by a few negroes, some black children, her slaves, and a certain number of Arab peasants to take care of her garden and her horses, as well as to watch over her personal safety.

"It is generally believed in the country, and my communications with her justify me in sharing this belief:

that the source of the supernatural strength of her mind, and her resolution, is to be attributed not only to her natural character, but also to strongly excited religious ideas, in which European illuminism is mingled with certain Oriental tenets, and, above all, with the marvels of astrology. At all events, Lady Stanhope has a great name in the East, and is an object of astonishment in Europe. Finding myself so near to her, I was anxious to see her; there was such an apparent sympathy between her ideas of solitude and meditation, and my own feelings, that I was very anxious to ascertain to what extent we might be agreed. But nothing can be more difficult than for a European to gain admittance to her presence; she declines all communication with English travellers, with women, and even with members of her own family. I had, therefore, but little hope of being presented to her—I had no letter of introduction. Knowing, however, that she kept up some distant connection with the Arabs of Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that a recommendation under her hand to those tribes might be extremely useful to me in my future perambulations, I made up my mind to send an Arab to her with the following letter:

"My Lady,—A traveller, like yourself, a foreigner, equally with your ladyship in the East, has come hither, as you did, purposely to observe its nature, its ruins, and the works of God, I have just arrived in Syria with my family. I shall reckon among the most interesting days of my journey, that on which I may become known to a lady who is herself one of the wonders of that East which I came to visit.

"If you will be so kind as to receive me, let me know the day which will suit you, and also whether I am to come alone, or if I may introduce to you some of the friends by whom I am accompanied, and who would not prize less highly than myself the honour of being presented to you.

"I beg, my lady, that this request of mine may not, in any way, infringe upon your politeness, by inducing you to grant me ought that would be repugnant to your habits of decided retirement. I but too well understand, myself, the value of liberty, and the charm of solitude, not to comprehend and to respect your refusal.

"Accept, &c. &c.

"I had not long to wait for the answer; on the 30th, at three in the afternoon, Lady Stanhope's equerry, who is, at the same time, her physician, arrived at my dwelling, with orders to accompany me to Jioun, the residence of this extraordinary woman.

"We set off at four; I was accompanied by Doctor Léonardi, M. Parseval, a servant, and a guide; we were all on horseback. I passed, at half-an-hour's distance from Bayruth, a wood of magnificent fir-trees, which were originally planted by the Emir Fakar-ed-din, upon an elevated promontory, whence the eye ranges, on the right, over the stormy sea of Syria, and, on the left, over the magnificent valley of Libanus, an admirable point of view, where the riches of the vegetation of the West, the vine, the fig-tree, the mulberry, the pyramid-like poplar, are mingled with some lofty columns of the palm-trees of the East, the broad leaves of which waved to and fro by the action of the wind, like a vast plume of feathers, in the clear blue firmament. At a very short distance from this spot we entered upon a sort of desert of red sand, formed with immense waves, in motion, like those of the ocean. There was a strong breeze that evening, and the wind furrowed and channelled this sandy waste, in the same manner as it raises up and agitates the waves of the sea. This spectacle was new to me, and was a gloomy foretaste of the real and vast desert I expected to traverse ere long. There was no trace of man or animal on this undulating arena; our only guides were the roaring of the waves of the sea on one side, and the ridges of the summits of Lebanon on the other. We

soon entered upon a sort of road or path, with enormous blocks of angular stone scattered here and there. This road, which borders the sea as far as Egypt, conducted us to a house in ruins, the remains of an ancient fortified tower, where we passed the gloomy hours of the night, lying upon rush mats, and with our cloaks wrapped around us. As soon as the moon had risen, we remounted our horses.

"It was one of those nights in which the firmament is all glittering with stars, when the most perfect serenity seems to reign in those ethereal voids which we contemplate from so great a distance, but in which the natural scene around us seems to groan and to be tortured by sinister convulsions. The desolate aspect of the coast, for some leagues, added to this painful impression. We had left behind us the beautiful shady slopes, and the verdant valleys of Lebanon. Rugged hills covered from top to bottom with black, white, and gray stones, the remains of earthquakes, appeared before us; on our right and left the sea, which had been agitated since the morning by a tempest, rolled forward its heavy and menacing waves, of the approach whereof we were warned from afar, by the shadows they cast before them, and which afterwards struck the shore: each one making its thunder-clap, and then shed their broad and bubbling foam even as far as the moist sandy border on which we were traveling, inundating our horses' feet after each wave, and threatening to wash us away; a moon as brilliant as a winter's sun, shed a sufficiency of rays upon the sea to enable us to see how furious it was, yet not bestowing enough light upon our road to give sufficient confidence to the eye as to the perils of the way. The flames from some building on fire cast their reflection on the ridges of Lebanon, and mingled with the morning mists, spreading over the whole scene a false and van tint which was neither day nor night: neither the brightness of the one, nor the serenity of the other; an hour which was painful both to the eye and the mind, a struggle of two opposite principles, of which nature sometimes presents the afflicting image, and of which we still more frequently find the echo in our own hearts!

"At seven in the morning, the sun being already scorching, we left Said, the ancient Sidon, which advances into the sea like a glorious *souvenir* of past dominion, and climbed some chalky, naked, rugged hills, which, rising insensibly, led to the solitude which we looked out for in vain. As soon as we had reached the top of one hill we discovered another, still higher, which we must either turn, or climb; the mountains were linked to each other, like the rings of a chain huddled together, leaving between them nothing but deep ravines, without water, and blanched, whilst here and there lay broken masses of gray-coloured rocks. These hills are completely destitute of vegetation, and are not covered with any earth. They are the skeletons of hills which, for ages past, have been eaten away by the action of the waters and the winds. This was not the kind of spot where I expected to find the dwelling of a woman who had visited the world, and who had the universe before her for a choice of residence. At length, from the summit of one of these rocks, my eyes fell upon a valley which was deeper, wider, and surrounded on all sides by more majestic, but not less barren hills than the others. In the middle of this valley, like the base of a large tower, the mountain of Jioun takes its rise, and is rounded by terraces of circular rocks; which, becoming narrower as they approach the summit, form at length an esplanade some hundreds of toises wide, which is covered with a beautiful vegetation. A white wall, flanked by a kiosk at one of its angles, surrounds this mass of verdure: this is the residence of Lady Esther. We arrived there at noon. The house bears no resemblance to what is so called in Europe; it is not even what is designated as a house in the East. It is a confused and

strange assemblage of ten or twelve small buildings (*maisonnettes*), each containing only one or two rooms on the ground-floor, without windows, and separated from each other by little court-yards, or small gardens; an assemblage exactly similar to the aspect of those poor convents which are to be seen in Italy and Spain upon the high mountains and belonging to the mendicant orders.

"According to her usual custom, Lady Stanhope was not visible until three or four o'clock in the afternoon. We were each of us conducted into a sort of narrow cell, devoid both of light and furniture. Breakfast was brought to us, and we reclined on divans whilst waiting for the levee of the invisible hostess of this romantic dwelling. I was sleeping, when, at three o'clock, I was awakened by a knock at my door, and an announcement that her ladyship was ready to receive me. I traversed a court-yard, a garden, an open kiosk overspread with jasmine; and, after passing along two or three gloomy corridors, I was introduced by a little negro child of six or eight years old into the cabinet of Lady Esther.

"This room was so extremely dark, that it was with difficulty I could distinguish her noble, grave, mild, and majestic features. She wore the oriental costume. Rising from her divan, she advanced towards me, and offered me her hand. Lady Esther appears to be about fifty; her features are of that caste which years cannot alter: bloom, colour, grace, depart with youth; but, when beauty exists in the form itself—in the correctness of the lines—in the dignity, the majesty, the *thought* stamped upon the countenance of a man or a woman, that beauty may undergo changes at the different periods of life, but it does not pass away. Lady Stanhope's beauty is of this class. She wore a white turban, and a woollen *bandelette*, of a purple colour, crossed her forehead, and fell from each side of her head, on to her shoulders. A long yellow Cashmere shawl over an ample Turkish robe of white silk, with loose sleeves, enveloped the whole of her person in their simple and majestic folds, and it was only by means of an opening in the front of this outer tunic, that one could perceive another robe of Persian stuff embroidered all over with flowers, which reached as high as the throat, where it was fastened by a clasp of pearls. Turkish half-boots (or buskins) of yellow morocco leather, embroidered with silk, completed this beautiful oriental costume, which she wore with the ease and grace of one who had not been accustomed to any other kind of dress from youth upwards.

"You have come from a great distance to visit a hermit," she said; "you are welcome; I receive very few strangers, scarcely one or two in the course of a year, but your letter pleased me, and I was desirous of knowing a person who, like myself, loves God, nature, and solitude. Besides, something told me, that our stars were of the same class, and that we should suit each other. I see, with pleasure, that my presentiment has not deceived me, and your features which I now see, as well as the sound of your feet, as you traversed the corridor, have given me sufficient indications as to yourself, to cause me not to repent of having wished to see you. Let us sit down and converse; we are friends already."

"How! my lady," I replied, "you so speedily honour with the name of friend one whose name and life are completely unknown to you? you do not know who I am."

"'Tis true," she replied, "I neither know what you are according to the ideas of the world, nor what have been your actions whilst you were living among men; but I know already what you are in the eyes of God. Take me for an insane person, as I am often called in the world; but, I could not resist my inclination to open my heart to you. There is a science which is now lost in your Europe,—a science which originated in the East, and has never decayed there—it still exists. I am ac-

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quainted with it, I read in the stars. We are all children of one of these celestial lights which presided at our birth, and whose happy or malignant influence is written in our eyes, upon our foreheads, on our features, in the lines of our hands, in the form of our feet, in our gestures, our walk. I have only seen you for a few minutes; well! I know you as perfectly as though I had lived with you for a century. Shall I reveal you to yourself? Do you wish me to predict your destiny?"

"By no means, my lady," I replied with a smile: "I do not deny that I am ignorant thereof. I will not affirm that the visible and invisible nature, in all things are not connected and linked together; that beings of an inferior order—such as men—are not under the influence of superior beings, such as stars or angels; but I have no need of their revelations, in order to convince me that I am, myself, corruption, infirmity, and misery!—and as to the secrets of my future destiny, I should consider it to be a profanation of the Divinity, by whom they are concealed from me, if I made enquiries concerning them of a created being. With regard to the future, I believe only in God, liberty, and virtue."

"No matter," she said, "I see clearly that you were born under the influence of three happy, powerful, and good stars, which have endowed you with analogous qualities, and which are conducting you towards a point which I could even now indicate to you if you wished it. It is God who has led you hither to enlighten your soul; you are one of those men of aspiration and of good-will, whom he requires, as instruments, in the performance of the marvellous works he will soon accomplish among men. Do you believe that the reign of the Messiah has arrived?"

"I was born a Christian," said I: "this will serve for my answer."

"Christian," she replied, faintly smiling—"I am also a Christian; but he, whom you call Christ, has he not said, 'I still speak to you in parables; but he who is to come after me, will speak to you in the spirit and in truth'? Well! he it is whom we are expecting! That is the Messiah who has not yet arrived—who is not far off, whom we shall see with our eyes, and for whose coming all is preparing throughout the world! What answer can you make? and how can you deny or explain one of the very words of your gospel, which I have just repeated?"

Here De Lamartine entered into a sort of confession of faith: but as the interest of the narrative attaches to the opinions and feelings of Lady Stanhope, we think it well to abridge this discussion.

"Her eyes, which had been occasionally clouded by a slight expression of displeasure, whilst I was confessing my Christian *rationalism*, now brightened up with a tenderness of expression, and almost supernatural luminousness."

"Believe what you will," she replied, "you are not the less one of those men whom I expected, who are sent to me by Providence, and who have an important duty to accomplish in the work in preparation. You will shortly return to Europe; Europe is worn out: France alone has still a grand mission to fulfil; you will participate therein; I know not as yet in what way, but I can tell you this evening if you wish it, after having consulted your stars. I do not at present know the names of all of them: I see more than three now; I distinguish four, perhaps five, and, who knows! perhaps more. One of them is certainly Mercury, who gives lucidity, colour, and intelligence to speech: you must be a poet—that is to be read in your eyes, and in the upper part of your face; in the lower part you are under the influence of entirely different stars, almost opposed to

the former: there is an influence of energy and of action—there is also sunshine," she said, all at once, "in the hair of your head, and in the manner in which you throw it back over your left shoulder. Be thankful to God! there are few men who are born under more than *one* star; few whose star is a happy one; still fewer whose star, even if favourable, is not counterbalanced by the malignant influence of an opposite one. You, on the contrary—you have several, and the whole are in harmony to do you service—all aid each other in your favour. What is your name?"

"I told her."

"I had never heard it before," she replied, with the accent of truth.

"You see, my lady, what glory is! I have composed some verses in my time, which have caused my name to be repeated a million of times by all the literary echoes of Europe; but these echoes have proved too faint to traverse your sea and your mountains; and here I am quite a new man—a being completely unknown—a name which has never been pronounced! This renders the kindness you display towards me the more flattering; I am only indebted for it to you and myself."

"Yes," she said, "poet or not, I love you, and place my hope in you; we shall meet again, be assured! You will return to the west, but it will not be long ere you return to the east; that is your country."

"It is, at least, the country of my imagination."

"Do not laugh," she replied, "it is your real country; it is the country of your ancestors. I am sure of it now; look at your foot!"

"I see nothing there," said I, "but the dust of your roads with which it is covered, and of which I should be ashamed in a *salon* of old Europe."

"Nothing! it is not that," she resumed, "look at your foot! I had not noticed it before myself. Look! the instep is very elevated, and there is between your heel and your toes, when your foot is placed on the ground, sufficient space for water to pass underneath without wetting you. This is the Arab foot! it is the foot of the east!—you are a son of these climates, and the day is approaching, when each man shall return to the land of his fathers! We shall meet again."

A black slave now entered, and, prostrating himself before her, his forehead being on the carpet, and his hands raised above his head, he said something to her ladyship in Arabic.

"Go," she said, "your repast is ready; dine quickly, and come back soon. I am going to occupy myself concerning you, and to examine more clearly into the confusion of my ideas as to your person and destiny. As for me, I never take refreshment with any one: I live too soberly; some bread and fruits at the moment nature dictates, suffice for me: I must not put my guest upon my diet."

"I was conducted along a trellised walk, overshadowed with jessamine and *laurier rose*, to the gate of her ladyship's gardens. The table was laid there for M. Parseval and myself; we dined very quickly, but she did not wait even until we had risen from table, and sent Leonardi to tell me she was waiting for me. I hastened to attend the summons; I found her ladyship smoking a long oriental pipe; she ordered one to be brought for me. I had already been accustomed to see the most elegant and beautiful women of the East smoke: I had ceased to feel any repugnance to this graceful and *nonchalant* attitude, or to see the odoriferous vapour escaping in slender columns from the lips of a beautiful woman, and interrupting the conversation, without allowing it to cool. We conversed for a long time in this way, and always upon the favourite subject—upon the unique and mysterious theme of this extraordinary woman—this modern enchantress, who was the exact type of those of antiquity; the Circe of the Desert!

"It appeared to me, that the religious doctrines of Lady Esther were a clever, though confused, *mélange* of the different religions in the midst of which she had condemned herself to live. Mysterious, like the Druses, whose mystic secret is perhaps known to none but herself in the whole world—resigned, like the Mussulman, and a fatalist as he is—with the Jew looking after the Messiah, and with the Christian professing the adoration of Christ, and the practice of his charitable morality! Add to all this, the fantastic colours and the supernatural reveries of an imagination tinged with orientalism and excited by solitude and meditation, some revelations, perhaps, from the Arabian astrologers, and you will have an idea of that sublime and singular compound, which it is more convenient to designate as insanity, than to analyse and comprehend. No! this lady is not insane! Insanity, which is written but too clearly in the eyes of those afflicted therewith, is not perceptible in her beautiful and open look; insanity which is invariably betrayed in conversation, the link of which it always interrupts involuntarily, by brisk, disorderly, and eccentric flights, is in no way perceptible in the elevated, mystic, shadowy, yet well connected and sensible conversation of Lady Esther. If I were called upon to pronounce on the case, I should rather say, that hers is a voluntary and studied illusion, which is well known to herself, and to which, for certain reasons, she gives the appearance of insanity. The powerful influence of her genius which has existed, and still exists, among the Arab tribes, by whom the mountains are surrounded, sufficiently proves, that this pretended insanity is but a means employed to bring about some end. To the people of that land of prodigies, to those men of the rocks and deserts, whose imaginations are more highly coloured and more hazy than the horizon of their sands, or their seas, the words of Mahomet, or of Lady Stanhope are necessary! They look for communion with the stars, prophecies, miracles, and the second sight of genius. Lady Stanhope has comprehended this state of things; first, by the extent of her truly superior intelligence; and next, perhaps, as is the case with all those beings, who are endowed with powerful intellectual faculties, she has finished by bringing an illusion on herself, and by being the first neophyte of the symbol she has created for others. This is the impression she had produced upon me. She cannot be judged of, or classed all at once; she is a statue of immense dimensions! She can only be judged of from her own point of view. I should not be surprised if, at no distant day, a portion of the destiny she looks forward to should be accomplished: an empire in Arabia, and a throne in Jerusalem. The slightest political commotion, in the region of the East which she inhabits, might raise her to that height!

"I have," said I, to her, 'but one reproach to make to your genius, on this subject: namely that you have been too timid with events; and that you have not, by this time, pushed your fortune so far as it might have conducted you.'

"You speak," she answered, 'as a man who still places too much faith in the human will, and not sufficient in the irresistible empire of destiny alone: my force lies there. I wait for it, I do not appeal to it; I am becoming old, I have considerably diminished my fortune; I am now alone and abandoned to myself upon this barren rock, a prey to the first hardy bandit who might break open my gates; surrounded by a band of faithless domestics, and ungrateful slaves, who plunder me daily, and sometimes threaten to take my life. Very lately even, I was indebted for my life to this poniard alone; of which I was forced to make use, to defend my own breast against the dagger of a negro slave whom I had brought up! Well, in the midst of all these tribulations I am happy; I reply to all by the sacred expression of the Moslems, *Allah Kerim!*—the Will of God!—and

I wait with confidence for the future, of which I have spoken to you, and with which I would fain inspire you.'

"After having smoked several pipes, and drank several cups of coffee, which were brought to us every quarter of an hour by negro slaves, she said:

"Come! I will conduct you to a sanctuary, into which I never allow any of the profane to enter: my garden.'

"We descended into this garden by a few steps, and I wandered about with her ladyship, in a complete state of enchantment, in one of the most beautiful Turkish gardens that I have seen in the East. Dark trellised walks, the verdant arches of which bore, like millions of lustres, the glittering grapes of the land of promise; kiosks in which the sculptured arabesques were interwoven with the jessamines and creeping plants of Asia; basins in which water was artificially brought from a league off, and which spouted and gurgled from marble fountains; walks bordered by all the fruit trees of England, of Europe, and of those fine climates; green grass-plats adorned with flowering shrubs and flowers which were perfectly new to me, surrounded by compartments of marble: such is this garden. We rested ourselves in several of the kiosks by which it is adorned; and in no one instance did the inexhaustible conversation of Lady Esther lose the mystic tone, and the elevation of subject by which it had been distinguished in the morning.

"Since destiny," she said at last, 'has sent you hither, and as so astonishing a sympathy between our stars allows me to confide to you, what I would conceal from so many of the profane, come! I will let you see with your own eyes a prodigy of nature, the destination of which is only known to myself and my adopted: the prophecies of the East had foretold it for many ages, and you shall judge yourself, as to whether those prophecies have been accomplished.'

She threw back a gate, which opened from the garden, into a small court-yard, where I perceived two magnificent thorough-bred Arabian mares, and of the most perfect formation.

"Approach," said her ladyship, 'and examine this bay mare; see whether nature has not accomplished in her, all which is written as to the mare which is to carry the Messiah—namely, that she should be foaled ready saddled.'

"In fact, I perceived a freak of nature with regard to this beautiful animal, which was sufficiently uncommon to serve as an illusion for the vulgar credulity of a semi-barbarous people; the mare had, instead of shoulders, a cavity, so wide and so deep, and imitating so well the form of a Turkish saddle, that it might truly be said that she was foaled ready saddled; and excepting as to stirrups, the animal might have been mounted without the want of an artificial saddle being felt. This beautiful mare seemed to be accustomed to the admiration and respect bestowed upon her by Lady Stanhope and her slaves, and to have a presentiment of her future mission. No person had ever mounted her, and two Arab grooms attended to, and watched over her continually, and did not lose sight of her for an instant. Another mare of a white colour, and in my opinion infinitely more beautiful, shares with the mare of the Messiah the respect and attentions of Lady Stanhope: this animal has never been mounted. Lady Esther did not tell me, but she gave me to understand, that although the destiny of the white mare was less holy, she had nevertheless a mysterious and important fate also in reserve; and I seemed to comprehend that Lady Stanhope reserved her for her own use, on the day when she should make her entry into reconquered Jerusalem by the side of the Messiah. After having caused these animals to be promenade upon a grass-plot outside the fortress, and admired the elegance of their movements, we returned, and Lady Esther

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yielded to my entreaties, to allow my friend and fellow-traveller, M. de Parseval, to be introduced to her. We all three entered then the small salon I have already described, in order to pass the evening, or rather the night there. Coffee and pipes reappeared in oriental profusion, and the room was soon filled with such clouds of smoke, that the figure of Lady Stanhope no longer appeared, but through an atmosphere similar to the magical vapour of the incantations.

"She spoke with the same force, the same grace, the same fluency, but infinitely less supernaturally, upon subjects less sacred for her: than she had done with me alone in the course of the day."

After relating some conversations upon aristocracy, &c. M. de Lamartine relates some remarkable instances of Lady Esther's powers of divination as to character, as exemplified in her description of two or three travellers of M. Lamartine's acquaintance, who had visited her ladyship in the course of the last fifteen years. Napoleon was also spoken of, and the night passed in this way; when they parted, her ladyship said,

"I do not say adieu! we shall see each other frequently again during this journey, and still more frequently in other journeys, which you do not yet contemplate undertaking. Go and repose yourself, and remember, that you leave a friend in the solitudes of Lebanon."

"She held out her hand to me: I laid mine on my heart, after the manner of the Arabs, and we left the room."

From the London Quarterly Review.

Marie, ou l'Esclavage aux Etats-Unis, Tableau de Mœurs Américaines, par Gustave de Beaumont, l'un des Auteurs de l'ouvrage intitulé Du Système Pénitentiaire aux Etats-Unis, Paris. 2 tomes. 8vo. 1835.

The Stranger in America. By F. Lieber, Editor of the Encyclopedia Americana. 2 vols., 12mo. London, 1835.

New England and her Institutions, by one of her sons. London. 18mo. 1835.

The French book now before us is the most interesting one that has ever yet been published on the subject of American society and manners by a native of the European continent. Indeed, we are of opinion that it is in some respects more curious than any work on the same topics that has lately issued from the British press. M. de Beaumont is fairly entitled to be placed, as regards intellectual powers and accomplishments, on as high a level as any English traveller of our time; and if he has fallen into some trivial blunders and mistakes to which no Englishman could have been liable, he seems, on the other hand, to have resided much longer in America than any one of our authors of the better order whose observations have as yet been made public; and, what is of even more importance, he must be universally allowed to have studied the social circumstances and peculiarities of the United States, not only uninfluenced by the slightest feeling of hostility or jealousy, but with the strongest predisposition to see in them every thing to admire and applaud. M. de Beaumont was in heart a republican when he arrived in the New World, and he has returned as good a republican

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as ever. He announces himself as on principle the enemy of aristocracy and of all aristocratical institutions; and he avows his belief that the democratic system of government, as now established in America, is the best machinery that ever was invented for developing the political independence and happiness of mankind. But here he stops. Admitting, as what sane traveller ever denied?—that in the United States of America there are to be found many gentlemen whose personal qualities would, in every respect, fit them for the most refined of European circles, he tells us, over and over again, that these are remarkable exceptions to the rule—that the merely utilitarian *animus*, all but universally prevalent, is incompatible not only with the graces, and elegancies of social intercourse, but with some of the real solid virtues of the individual character. He affirms, *passim*, that all the defects on which our travellers have expatiated are of trivial importance, when considered along with the political excellences and advantages which have been the nobler fruits of the same soil; but, with regard to those defects themselves, he frankly and decidedly confirms by his own testimony almost every statement that had been denounced as false and absurd, or at all events grossly exaggerated and distorted, by the American censors of our Halls and Hamiltons.

M. de Beaumont has chosen to give his main *tableau* in the form of a novel; but he says in his preface that though his personages are fictitious, every trait of character has been sketched from the life, and that almost every incident in his tale may be depended on as a fact which had fallen under his own observation. The reader, after this statement, will be prepared to find the incidents few, and the commentaries copious; but, nevertheless, the tale is one of considerable interest, and displays in parts a larger share of the true genius of romance than we have recently met with in any production of its class. The composition is now and then deformed with some of those extravagances which the example of the affected novel-wrights now flourishing in Germany—the driveling caricaturists of her dead classics—has of late made popular at Paris; but it is, on the whole, characterised by merits of a distinguished order. In the portraiture both of natural scenery and of human passion the writer has occasionally attained high excellence; and his general strain of thought and feeling must be allowed, even by those who, on isolated points, differ from him the most widely, to be that of a scholar and a gentleman.

"The Stranger in America" is the work of another foreigner—a German, who has, however, lived nearly twenty years in the United States, and writes English almost like an Englishman. His book is a nondescript farrago of shrewd observations, piquant anecdotes, and melancholy sentimentalities; but it is particularly deserving of our attention as proceeding from a professed admirer, not only of the institutions—but of the manners of the Americans. Mr. Lieber had, indeed, shown on a previous occasion his lively sympathy with the people among whom he has domesticated himself; for, if we recollect rightly, in the modification of the *Conversation-Lexicon*,

edited by him at New York, while Julius Cæsar occupies a column, and Napoleon Bonaparte a couple of pages, nearly a sheet is filled with the achievements of Andrew Jackson. On the present occasion we may probably be obliged to this liberal exile for a few extracts in corroboration or illustration of M. de Beaumont.

The outline of *Marie* may be given in few words. A young Frenchman—disgusted with the degraded condition of his own country, under the disappointment of the Three Glorious Days—determines to seek for himself an establishment in the great sanctuary of liberty, equality, and philosophy, beyond the Atlantic. He arrives at Baltimore, and is hospitably received by Mr. Daniel Nelson, a leading citizen of that town, president of its Bible Society, its Temperance Society, and its Colonisation Society, who, after realising a fair fortune in commerce, and aspiring to the first political stations of the republic, had, towards the decline of life, assumed the office of minister in a presbyterian congregation there, and who is throughout represented as a pure and dignified specimen of the genuine descendants of the Puritan Pilgrims. Mr. Nelson's family consists of a son and a daughter, a high-spirited youth and a most enchanting girl, the former of whom becomes the chosen friend of the French stranger, while the latter is, of course, the heroine of his heart and of this novel. The progress of the love-story is energetically sketched; and in due time M. Ludovic solicits the worthy Nelson's consent to his marriage with the charming *Marie*. The father, after much hesitation, avows that this connection would be in every respect agreeable to himself, but that, in justice to Ludovic, he must forbid it. In a word, Mr. Nelson had married, while engaged in commerce at New Orleans, a lady, one of whose ancestors a century back was a mulatto: no one at Baltimore knew this circumstance—no trace of African descent could be detected in the noble features and radiant complexions of the young Nelsons: but still the fact might some day or other transpire, and in that case the French lover must be assured that, though a marriage between him and *Marie* would be perfectly valid according to the laws of the country, the usages of the country, more powerful than any law, would denounce it as an abomination: his wife, his children, to the remotest generation, must be excluded from the society of the *American people* as outcasts and parias.

* The bankrupt of Massachusetts finds honour and fortune in Louisiana, where no one enquires of what miseries he has been the cause in another place. The inhabitant of New York, on whom the fetters of a first wedlock press disagreeably, leaves his wife on the left bank of the Hudson, takes a new one on the right bank, and lives a tranquil bigamist in New Jersey. The thief and the forger, branded by the severe code of Rhode Island, discover, without difficulty, both employment and consideration in Connecticut. There is but one crime of which the culprit carries every where with him the punishment and the infamy; it is that of belonging to a family reputed to be of colour. The colour washed out, the disgrace remains; it seems as if they could divine it long after it has ceased to be visible; there is no asylum so sacred, no retreat so obscure, as to afford it shelter or shade."—*Marie*, vol. i. p. 177.

The youthful enthusiast at first thinks the venerable presbyterian is jesting with him—but by degrees his eyes are opened to a full perception of the tyrannical injustice with which all, in whose veins there is one drop of black blood, are systematically treated by the nation whose first maxim is the equality of all mankind in the sight of God and man. Ludovic, of course, disdains to be thwarted by a prejudice which he considers as alike absurd and cruel—and would either run all risks with his *Mary* in America, or abandon his own original plans and carry her to France. On the latter of these alternatives Daniel Nelson sets at once his determined *veto*. His ancestors had been driven from Europe by religious persecution—he nor no child of his, with his consent, shall ever set foot on the shores of the old world. As to the former scheme, he demands that Ludovic should spend six months in traveling through the different states of the Union, and observe for himself, in city, town, and hamlet, the manners of the people, and most especially the actual treatment of the coloured race, before the negotiation goes farther. Ludovic sets out on his travels accordingly, being accompanied or soon joined by his future brother-in-law, George Nelson. In consequence of the malevolence of a dark half-Spanish scoundrel, whose path in life and love had been many years ago crossed by Mr. Daniel Nelson, the unhappy taint in George's blood is betrayed to the audience of a theatre in Philadelphia, where he and Ludovic are seated together in the pit. *The man of colour* is immediately kicked out of the playhouse with every wantonness of contumely;* and his friend discovers that no court, either of law or of honour, can be expected to afford any redress whatever for such an injury. George parts from his friend—and is mixed up in an insurrection of slaves in South Carolina, which is for a season successful. Meanwhile, Ludovic continues his travels until, the term of his probation being at length expired, he rejoins the elder Nelson, who is now at New York, and, unchanged in his resolves by all the miseries he had witnessed, claims the hand of his affianced beauty. Nelson no longer refuses his consent. The bridal party repair to the catholic church, where the nuptial ceremony is, in the first instance, to be performed, according to the religion of the bridegroom—the presbyterian formula to succeed in the course of the morning. But scarcely has the benediction of the Romish priest been pronounced, when the famous *émence* of August 1834, attains its height. The white population are risen in arms to massacre the people of colour. The rumour that a white man is in the act of espousing a girl of mixed descent somehow reaches the fanatical insurgents, and a general rush is made on the popish chapel.† The

* M. de Beaumont witnessed such an occurrence.

† The details of this scandalous outrage are given in an appendix. The riot, it appears, did begin in consequence of a rumour of a mixed marriage. Several chapels and theatres frequented by the blacks were burnt to the ground, and the clergyman who was to have performed the offensive ceremony had a narrow escape with his life.

heroine's life is only saved by the desperate valour of Ludovic, and of her brother George, who appears, *deus ex machina*, at the moment of utmost peril. Daniel Nelson, having escorted Ludovic and Mary into the forest, bids them fly to the shores of Lake Ontario, where, as soon as he can arrange his worldly affairs, he will join them, never again to revisit the guilty haunts of mankind—but cautions the young couple that, in the mean time, the knot has been only half tied, and they must not consider themselves as spouses, until the presbyterian ceremony also shall have been performed *jure solemn*.

We shall not spoil the interest of the fictitious part of this work by any details of its *denouement*. It must be enough to say, that the stories of the virgin bride and the rebel brother end alike unhappily; that Ludovic is left a solitary creature, while yet in the bloom of manhood, to inhabit a wigwam and watch a tomb amidst the darkest wildernesses of the Canadian frontier; and to repeat that, however bald and naked our imperfect outline may seem, the author has in various chapters of his novel, but especially in some of the forest-scenes towards its close, exhibited very noble passion in language worthy of its energy. Our object has been simply to put the reader in possession of some general notion of the form under which (unfortunately as we think) M. de Beaumont has thought fit to shadow out the narrative of his own travels in the United States. The six months' probationary tour of Ludovic is, in short, that part of the work to which we would call special attention on this occasion: and with our extracts from the chapters which it occupies, we shall not hesitate to intermingle some passages from the notes and appendices given by M. de Beaumont in his own proper person. Indeed, the author identifies himself so openly with his imaginary hero, that we need have no scruples on that subject. The tone, remarks, and reflections, in the text and the notes, are so completely the same, that if we did not label our selections, we believe no reader would be able to guess from which department of the book almost any one of them had been taken.

We do not propose at present to enter at length upon the professed primary object of M. de Beaumont,—his exposition of the one great political crime with which he charges the American nation—viz., the cruel tyranny with which the coloured race are universally treated in the United States. We defer this important subject, because we happen to know that, before our next number sees the light, a very elaborate treatise on it, by a countryman of our own, will be given to the world, and we think it just and proper to wait until we can have the opportunity of confronting the French author with another and a still more recent witness. We may, however, quote a single passage in which M. de Beaumont dwells, with pardonable exultation, on the solitary exception which he could ever discover to the rule of unchristian intolerance.

"In every hospital and in every jail there are distinct wards, in which the sick and the guilty are classed according to their colour: the whites every where receiving care and indulgences denied to the poor negroes. In

every town there are separate burying-places for the whites and the people of colour. But it surprised me, even beyond this phenomenon of vanity, to find the same separation enforced in the religious edifices. Who would believe it? Ranks and privileges in a Christian church! Sometimes the blacks are placed in a dark corner by themselves; sometimes they are altogether excluded. Conceive what would be the disgust of an elegant company, if they found themselves mixed with rude ill-dressed human beings. The assembling at the place of worship is the only amusement which Sunday allows of. For American society the church is the promenade, the concert, the ball, the play—it is there that the women's dresses are to be exhibited—the protestant temple is the *salon* where people say their prayers to God. How shocking would be the intrusion of a black face in this brilliant circle!

"The catholic churches are the only ones which admit neither of privilege nor exclusion: the black population enters there as freely as the white. This tolerance of catholicism, and this rigorous police of protestantism, proceed from no accidental cause, but from the nature of the two systems. The minister of the protestant congregation owes his place to an election, and to keep it he must keep himself in the good graces of the majority of his constituents; his dependence in this way is complete, and he is condemned, on pain of being turned off, to flatter those very prejudices and passions, against which his mission should make him wage immitigable war. On the other hand, the catholic priest derives his authority solely from his bishop, who again recognises no superior but the pope. Chief of a congregation on whom he does not at all depend, he little concerns himself whether he shall give offence by rebuking their errors and vices: he directs them according to his faith—not, like the other, according to his interest. Behold the protestant minister docile and obsequious to those who have given him his post; the catholic priest, the mandatory of God alone, addressing with authority men whose duty it is to obey him. The proud passions of the whites command the protestant pastor to drive these wretches from the temple, and he excludes them—but the blacks, being still men, enter freely the catholic church, because the pride of man does not bear sway there, but the priest of Christ. I was struck, in contemplating all this, with a melancholy truth. Public opinion, so beneficent when it protects, is, when it persecutes, the most cruel of all tyrants.

"This public opinion, all-powerful in the United States, demands the oppression of a detested race, and there is no check upon its hatred. In general, it belongs to the wisdom of legislators to correct manners by laws, which laws are again corrected by manners. This moderating power has no existence in the United States. The people which hates the negroes makes also the laws: the people names the magistrates, and to please the people, every functionary must take part in its passions. The popular sovereignty is irresistible in its impulses; its least hints are commands; it does not mend its indocile agents, it breaks them. It is then the people, with its passions, that governs; the coloured race in America undergoes the government of hatred and contempt: every where I was forced to recognise the tyrannies of the popular will."—vol. i. p. 174.

We are not sufficiently informed concerning the discipline and pecuniary arrangements of the Romish church in the United States, to be able to offer any satisfactory comment on some of the foregoing statements. It is, however, obvious that the catholic priest there stands in a relation to his flock very different from what has recently been described as the rule in Ireland by Mr.

O'Croly; and we need not point out to our readers that what M. de Beaumont denounces as a vice inherent in the very nature of "the protestant system" has nothing whatever to do with protestantism, but springs solely and exclusively from that "voluntary system" of ecclesiastical government and finance, which, as the cases of Ireland and America show, may be adopted with equal facility, and with equally fatal results, in a community whether of catholics or of protestants.

Our reader was probably a little startled by M. de Beaumont's account of Mr. David Nelson's sudden transition from the commerce of Baltimore to the pastoral superintendence of a presbyterian congregation in that city. Such changes, however, appear to be by no means uncommon among the members of more than one of the religious sects now flourishing in the United States; and, indeed, they always will occur where there is nothing *indelible* in the character of the minister of the gospel. Instances, and very disgusting ones, might be pointed out even in our own day in the case of one of the most respectable religious communities in our own part of the world—the established church of Scotland. But public opinion in Scotland, and all over Europe, sets its face against such things—and their occurrence is, accordingly, so rare as to claim little notice. In America, on the contrary, that seems to be the rule, which with any protestant body in Europe is the exception. It appears, however, that the change from the pulpit to the counter is much more common than that exemplified in the history of Mr. David Nelson of Baltimore; and the fact is explained by M. de Beaumont on principles which he seems to have investigated with ample care, and illustrated with shrewdness and ingenuity.

"The facility of reaching the priesthood among the Americans stamps a very peculiar character on the protestant ministry: every man may, without any preparation or study worth speaking of, become a minister. The priesthood, in short, is a line of business into which one may enter at any time of life, in any rank of life, according to one's notions of convenience. He whom you behold at the head of a respectable congregation began by keeping a *store* in the next street—he was unfortunate in his *store*, and took to the new trade of a minister. This gentleman, again, began with the priesthood, but as soon as he had cleared a certain sum, he left the pulpit for the counting-house. Nothing binds him to his congregation, the moment his interest calls elsewhere. *Nothing is more rare than to see a protestant minister with a hoary head.* The principal object which an American has in view in his sacred office is the worldly fortune of himself, his wife, his children. When he has materially improved his pecuniary condition, his end has been attained, and he then shuts up shop. The reader will of course understand that I do not apply all this to every protestant minister in America: by no means; I met with several whose sincere faith and ardent zeal were only equalled by their charity and contempt of all temporal interests: I give the traits which characterise the great majority."—vol. ii. p. 187.—*Note.*

We are inclined, after all, to suspect that M. de Beaumont found most of his examples of this kind of *transition* among the unitarians of America—a sect, if it deserves to be called one, which

he seems to have pretty well appreciated; for he says—

"The unitarians are the *philosophers* of the United States. Public opinion in America demands that every one shall belong to some religious sect or body, and unitarianism is in general the religion of those who have none. In France, the philosophy of the eighteenth century attacked, without any disguise, both religion and the ministers of religion. In America it labours at the same work, but is obliged to veil its operations under a cloak of religion. Its mantle is the unitarian doctrine."—vol. ii. p. 197.—*Note.*

M. de Beaumont, however, has a passage elsewhere on the subject of professions in general, which it may be well to consider in reference to these statements about the facility of assuming and dropping the pastoral gown.

"The professions, of which the diversity is so great, do not create among their various followers any difference of social position. I am not speaking here of Pennsylvania merely, where the influence of the quakers has taught men to consider the equality of all professions as a dogma of religion—but of all the states of the union. Every where professions, employments, trades—commerce, literature, the bar, public office, the ministry of religion, are walks of industry: those who take to them may be more or less fortunate, more or less rich, but they are equals—they do not follow the same pursuits, but pursuits of the same nature. From the foot-boy to the president at Washington, from the man-machine whose animal force turns a wheel, to the man of genius who creates a sublime idea, all are at work in their vocations—all performing analogous duties. This explains why the white domestic is the *aid* or *help*, but not the *servant* of his employer; and this also explains the style in which all commercial business is carried on. The American trader gains, to be sure, as much money of you as he can—I even believe that he often cheats the purchaser—but in no case would he receive a farthing beyond his demand, were he but the poorest keeper of a pot-house. It is just so with the workman, the messenger, the waiter of an hotel; all ask their legitimate salary, the price of their labour, but to accept more than what is due would be to receive *alms*—to confess *inferiority*. We now understand why the President of the United States receives every man who approaches him on a footing of the most perfect equality, and begins by shaking him cordially by the hand. I have often heard men in the most eminent posts, a chancellor, a secretary of state, the governor of a state, talking, without any apparent sense of incongruity, about 'my brother the grocer,' and so on."—vol. i. p. 385.—*Note.*

The author of "New England by one of her Sons" has a passage at p. 336, part of which may, at first sight, be considered as at variance with all these views and assertions of M. de Beaumont.

"We Americans," he says, "have our *preferences*. We think it an innocent and a convenient thing to draw arbitrary lines of distinction between different professions. It is a pleasant employment, too, to clamber over these distinctions in life. Perhaps there is not a country in the world where professions are so often changed as in America. We are restless and proud, and, since our civil institutions have established no permanent artificial gradations among us, we have devised them ourselves."

We were puzzled for a moment when we chanced to open the book at this paragraph; but matters were cleared up somewhat when we dis-

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covered that the particular instance of changing a profession which had called forth the author's remarks, was neither more nor less than the case of a journeyman mechanic folding up his rule and betaking himself to college with a view to the clerical line! And then the writer, proceeding at p. 337 to analyse "the aristocratical leaven among us," decides that "various degrees of softness and whiteness of the hands are perhaps as good criterions as any thing!"* This is perhaps enough.

To return to M. de Beaumont. As he has mentioned literature among the daily interchangeable lines of business in America, we may as well quote next a more detailed passage which he bestows upon that singular subject.

"All the world being engaged in business, that calling is esteemed the first in which most money is to be made. The business of an author being the least lucrative is, of course, the lowest. Talk to an American of Homer, or of Tasso, he cuts you down at once by asking if they did not both of them die poor? The sciences, indeed, are more valued; but merely as applicable to the utilitarian concerns of life.

"You will find here neither classical school nor romantic school—there is but one school, the commercial, that of the gentlemen who get up newspapers, and pamphlets, and advertisements, and who sell ideas exactly as their brothers do broadcloth and cotton-goods—whose study is a counting-house—whose intelligence brings so much per cent. Every one who supposes himself a man of superior genius betakes himself to some higher profession—the weaker brothers find refuge in the petty concern of literature.

"Yet, few as are the authors, no where does so much printing go on. Newspapers are, in fact, the sole literature of the country. People engaged in business and of moderate fortunes demand a species of reading which costs little either of time or of money. It is really rather an affair of stationery than one of literature.

"But, though properly speaking there is no such thing as literature among them, do not suppose that the Americans are without literary vanity. The poor writers themselves have it not, but the country has. Literature, after all, is a branch of business, and America maintains that she excels in that as well as in all the rest.

"Well," says some one, "give this society time, and by and by you will see great authors and great artists spring from its bosom. Rome did not in her early days produce a Horace or a Virgil—France had been France for fourteen centuries before she gave birth to her Racine and Corneille." Those who make use of this language confound two things which are very distinct—political society and civilisation. The political existence of America is in its infancy—her civilisation is as old as that of her parent England. The first is in progress, the second in decline. The society of England regenerates itself in the democracy of America—her civilisation is dwindling there."—vol. i. p. 264.

Whether the Americans are really exhibiting at this time an improvement upon the old political organisation of their parent country is a question which we do not presume to argue with M. de Beaumont; but we rather apprehend that the "dwindling civilisation," of which he every where perceives the traces in this new world, may perchance be somehow connected with that

political system which he every where so vehemently extols—and of which he thus describes some of the most important results:—

"In the United States the masses rule every thing and for ever—and they are constantly jealous of any superiority that indicates itself, and prompt to break down any that has succeeded in making itself to be recognized. Middling understandings reject great minds, just as weak eyes abhor the broad light of day."—vol. i. p. 242.

"Neither in the journals nor in their legislative assemblies is there any attempt at the art of style. Every body speaks and writes, not without pretension, but without talent; and this is not the fault of the orators and writers themselves. These last, by any display of classical taste or elegant phraseology, would compromise their popularity. The people asks of its mandatories just that quantity of literature which is requisite for the clear exposition of its affairs—any thing beyond this is of the pomps and vanities of aristocracy."—*Ibid.* p. 263.

"Of all nations this is perhaps the one whose government affords the least scope for glory. None has the burden of directing her. It is her nature and her passion to go by herself. The conduct of affairs does not depend upon a certain number of persons; it is the work of all. The efforts are universal, and any individual impulse would only interfere with the general movement. In this country political ability consists not in doing, but in standing off and letting alone. Magnificent is the spectacle of a whole people moving and governing itself—but no where do individuals appear so small.

"The United States do great things: their inhabitants are clearing the forests of America and introducing the civilisation of Europe into the depths of savage solitude; they extend over half an hemisphere; their ships carry every where their name and their riches; but these great results are due to a thousand isolated exertions which no superior power directs, to a thousand middling capacities which never invoke the aid of an intelligence superior to themselves.

"That uniformity which reigns in their political world is equally apparent in their civil society. The relations of man with man have but one object—money; one sole interest—to get rich. The passion for money is born along with the dawning of intellect, bringing in its train cold calculations and the dryness of cyphers. It grows, it develops itself, it establishes itself in the soul, and torments it without ceasing, as a burning fever agitates and devours the feeble frame of which it has gained possession. Money is the god of the United States, just as glory is the god of France, and love of Italy. But at the bottom of this violent passion it is impossible to discover any moral sentiment. Restricted to the relations of mere interest, American society is grave without having the imposing character of virtue. It inspires no respect—it chills all enthusiasm."—*Ibid.* p. 64.

"I had always thought that, as one withdrew from the great towns and approached the solitude of the forests, civilisation would be found insensibly decreasing, thus by little and little drawing one, from a state of things framed after the model of European life and intelligence, to the opposite extreme of barbarous existence. But, in American society, from New York to the Great Lakes, I sought in vain for any intermediate degrees of refinement—every where the same men, the same passions, the same manners. The American nation recruits itself from all the nations of the earth; yet no one, take it all in all, presents such an uniformity of character."—vol. ii. p. 58.

We humbly suggest that if the statement in this last paragraph be at all a correct one, the author has himself connected indissolubly the "dwindling civilisation" of the United States,

* "New England, by One of her Sons," is rather an interesting little work, though confused in its arrangement.

with that "political system" in which he calls on us to admire the "regeneration" of "English society." Can he point out any other influence to which we should ascribe this "uniformity of men, passions, and manners, from New York to the Great Lakes?"

M. de Beaumont speaks of himself as having traveled a good deal in England before he visited the United States. Yet in many of his criticisms on their manners and usages, he appears to be quite unconscious that he is expending his ingenuity on circumstances which he might have found in the old country just as well as in the new. The style of female education for example, which he expatiates upon through several chapters, is fundamentally the English one—and we hope no French criticisms will ever induce the Americans to lay it aside in favour of that which M. de Beaumont so sentimentally lauds. If his picture, however, be not grossly overcharged, our descendants have certainly pushed the ancient English plan to a rather hazardous extent, and all our Joe Miller stories about match-making mothers and aunts, and soft-eyed damsels, who, nevertheless, keep an eye on the main chance, must fail to convey any adequate notion of the business-like sayings and doings of an American ball-room. He says:—

"The women of America have in general cultivated minds, but little imagination, and more of sense than of sensibility. The education they receive is entirely different from that which is given to their sisters in France. With us, the young girl remains till the day of her marriage under the entire protection of her parents—she reposes peaceful and unsuspecting, because near her there is a tender solicitude which watches and sleeps not—she has no need to reflect while there is another to think for her; she partakes the occupations and the sentiments of her mother, merry or sad, according as she happens to be at the moment—never beforehand with life, quietly gliding with its natural current. In America, she is free before she is adolescent—with no guide but herself, she treads, as at a venture, paths unknown to her feet. The first steps are the least dangerous—childhood traverses life as a light skiff plays without risk on a sea without rocks. But when the stormy billows of young passions are to be encountered, what is to become of that frail bark, with its swelling sails and its inexperienced pilot? The education of America takes precautions against this danger; the fair maiden receives, at a very early period, full information as to the snares she will have to meet. Her instincts would be poor guardians for her; they place her under the protection of her reason: thus enlightened as to the allurements which are to surround her, she goes forth, trusting in herself alone for the means of escape. Her prudence never fails her. But all this deprives her of two qualities charming above every thing else in early youth—candour and simplicity. The young American female has need of knowledge to be virtuous—but she is too knowing to be innocent. This precocious liberty gives a serious turn to all her reflections, and stamps her character with something of the masculine.

"An excessive coquetry is, however, a trait common to all the young American girls, and it also is a consequence of their education. For every one who has passed her sixteenth summer, the one great interest of life is a marriage. In France, she desires it—in America, she seeks it. In the midst of that all-busy society, where every body has some positive material object in hand, she too has her concern—her business—her indus-

try: it is to find a husband. The men about her are cold, chained to their worldly affairs—she must go to them—a powerful charm must be called in to attract them. Do not let us be surprised, then, if the young girl who lives in the midst of them is prodigal of her studied smiles and tender glances: her coquetry is, to be sure, a well-considered and prudent thing; she has measured the space within which she may play herself off—she knows the limit which she must not pass. Grant that her artifices are not in themselves to be applauded—you must at least allow that her aim is irreproachable—it is only to be married. Coquetry, with us, is a passion; in America, it is a calculation. Even if the young lady who has formed an engagement continues somewhat of her former procedure, this is matter not of taste but of foresight. Her lover may break his faith: she is aware of this, and goes on gaining hearts, from the wish, not to have two at a time, but to have a second in reserve in case the first should fail her."—vol. i. p. 25.

M. de Beaumont, however, if he may be considered as a little too severe on the pretty damsels of the United States, does as ample justice as any other traveller to the admirable and undoubted purity of their matrons. On this head, indeed, the reports of all the recent witnesses agree most completely—and to us most delightfully, for here again, we are proud to say, we recognise the manners of England in those of her descendants. M. de Beaumont speaks, like a Frenchman as he is, about the old societies of Europe, as if they were all as corrupt on this score, as for aught we know the society of Paris may still be—but we need not enlarge upon a blunder which every English reader will at once trace to the right source. He tells us,—

"You may estimate the morality of any population, when you have ascertained that of the women; and one cannot contemplate American society without admiration for the respect which there encircles the tie of marriage. The same sentiment existed to a like degree among no nation of antiquity; and the existing societies of Europe, in their corruption, have not even a conception of such a purity of morals. In America, people are not more severe than elsewhere, as to the disorders and even the debaucheries of single life; one meets with abundance of young men whose manners are notoriously dissolute, and who are thought none the worse of on that account. But society has no toleration for any tampering with conjugal faith; it is as inflexible towards the man who tempts as to the woman who yields: both are banished from its bosom—and to meet this stern award it is not even necessary to be guilty; it suffices to have incurred suspicion.

"The morality of the American women, moreover, is protected by other circumstances. The man there engrossed with positive interests, has neither the time nor the soul for tender sentiments and gallantries; he pays court once in his life—that is when he desires to arrange his marriage. The question then is not an intrigue but—a piece of business. He has not leisure to be in love, still less to be amiable. That taste for the fine arts, which blends so well with the enjoyments of the heart, is forbidden to him. To be suspected of any passion for Mozart or Michael Angelo would destroy him in public opinion. Condemned by the manners of his country to shut himself up within the dry circle of utility, the young American is equally devoid of the wish to please women and of the capacity to seduce them."—vol. i. p. 29.

In a note on this passage he thus qualifies one of his statements:—

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"It is true that one may meet here and there by accident with a young man whom the chances of a hereditary fortune and a polished education have qualified to take part in the intrigues and gallantries of society—but their number is so small that they can do no harm; and if they show but the slightest symptom of a disposition to trouble the peace of a fireside, the whole American world is at once in league to combat and crush the common enemy. This explains why American bachelors with fortune and leisure, never remain in the United States, but come to live in Europe, where they find intellectual men and corrupt women."—vol. i. p. 349.

The majority of his European readers will hardly thank our author for this last sentence. American "bachelors with fortune and leisure" pass rapidly through England—but we never heard of any such "*rara avis*" establishing his European roost elsewhere than at Paris, Brussels, Rome, or Naples.

We are sorry to say that our next extract must be one of a less agreeable description. It refers to that popular indulgence for unfair bankrupts, which has already been adverted to in the discussion about M. Ludovic's proposed marriage with Miss Mary Nelson of Baltimore. M. de Beaumont says, in one of his notes,—

"I don't know if there exists any where so much commercial prosperity as in the United States—yet among no people on the face of the earth are there so many bankruptcies. The commerce of these states is placed under the most favourable circumstances that can be conceived, an immense and fertile soil, gigantic rivers, numerous and well-placed harbours—a people enterprising, calculating, with a natural genius for maritime life—all these conspire to make this a nation of merchants, and to crowd its industry with riches. But for the very reason that success is so probable, men pursue it with an unbridled ardour: the spectacle of rapid fortunes intoxicates the observers, and they rush blindfold to their aim—hence ruin. Shortly after my arrival in America, as I was entering an apartment in which the *élite* of the society of one of the principal cities of the Union were assembled, a Frenchman, an old resident in the country, said to me, 'Above all things speak no ill of bankrupts.' I did well to follow his advice, for among all the rich personages to whom I was presented, not one but had failed at least once in the earlier part of his career.

"All the Americans being engaged in business, and most of them having more or less frequently failed, it follows that to be a bankrupt is nothing. An offence of which so many are guilty ceases to be one. The indulgence for bankrupts springs, then, from the commonness of the misfortune; but its principal cause is the facility with which men there rise from such a fall. If the bankrupt were lost for ever, he would be abandoned to his misery; people are more lenient when they know that he will recover himself. This is not a very generous feeling, but it is in human nature.

"It is now easy to understand why there is no law to punish bankruptcy in these states. Electors and legislators all are alike traders and subject to a failure; they have no wish to punish an universal sin. Such a law, moreover, were it made, would remain inoperative: the people, which makes the laws by its mandates, executes or refuses to execute them in its tribunals, where it is represented by the jury. In this condition of things, nothing protects American commerce against fraud. No trader is compelled to keep any sort of book or register. There is, in short, no legal distinction between the merchant who yields to real misfortune, and him whose bankruptcy has been the fruit of extravagance, dissipation, and fraudulence."—vol. i. p. 363.

We must not conclude without affording our reader a glimpse or two of the interior of the family with whom the hero of M. de Beaumont's narrative is thrown into such intimate relations. The portraiture of Mr. David Nelson has certainly all the appearance of being a study from the life.

"Morning and evening, Nelson called his children and domestics together for family worship: every meal, in like manner, was preceded by a prayer in which he invoked the blessing of heaven on the meats and fruits before us. When Sunday came, we had a whole day of seclusion and piety: the hours not spent in the meeting-house passed silently in the reading and meditation of the Bible. This rigid observance was the same throughout the town, and yet Nelson was continually lamenting over the irreligion and corruption of Baltimore. 'Maryland,' said he, 'is a very different place from New England, and yet even there, in that old domain of morality and piety, even there the general relaxation of manners and principles is making way! Would you believe it?'—he exclaimed with an accent of bitter grief—"persons traveling on Sundays are no longer meddled with! nay, even the mail carrying the despatches of the central government continues its journeys during the Lord's day! If this melancholy course be not arrested, it is all over with virtue, whether public or private. No morality without religion—no liberty without Christianity!"

"This ardent zeal for spiritual things was united in Nelson with sentiments of quite another description: his love of money was indisputable: rarely did it happen that his impassioned discourses to us on the affairs of his church, and his own religious experiences, were not followed up by some discussions touching a new bank establishment, the state of securities, the tariff, a canal, or a railroad. His language on such topics, betraying the old merchant in every tone, denoted that passion for wealth, which, when carried to a certain point, takes the name of cupidity. Singular mixture of noble aspirations and impure affections! But I have found this contrast every where in the United States: these two opposite principles struggle together perpetually in the society of America—the one the source of rectitude, the other of chicanery! They have, however, one result in common, that of producing *staid men*—(*des hommes rangés*)"—vol. i. p. 60.

The author has a note on this passage in which he once more, as our readers will perceive, confounds protestantism with a very different thing. On a former occasion he attributed to the "protestant system" the odious absurdities of the "voluntary scheme"—here he seems not to know that there is some distinction between the orthodox protestant doctrine, as to the observance of the Sabbath, and the sour melancholy rigour of the puritanism of the seventeenth century, which still, it would appear, lingers in the United States, but which, in spite of Sir Andrew Agnew, never will be revived in old England.

"It appears pretty certain that a great number of the Americans, shut up in their houses on the Sundays, give themselves very little trouble about their Bible. Some surrender themselves without restraint to the passion of play; the conscious offender choosing, in his privacy, those games which are the most ruinous;—others get drunk with spirituous liquors;—a large proportion of the labouring class take to their beds the moment the sermon is over. The protestant system, which prescribes for the first day of the week silence and seclusion, and bars all sorts of amusements out of doors, has been framed without due reference to the lower orders of society. That

purely intellectual observance of the sacred day is suitable for cultivated minds—is calculated to elevate above the world, spirits capable of meditation; but you will never bring the man whose body alone has been toiling all the week, to pass the whole of his Sunday in thought. You refuse him public amusements: retired into his obscure dwelling, he abandons himself without restraint to the gross pleasures of sensuality and vice.”—vol. i. p. 357.

When Mr. David Nelson first finds out that his intended son-in-law is a Roman catholic, he is somewhat shocked; but consoles himself with reflecting that the American Bible Society has been, and is, making great efforts to provide the French people with copies of the scriptures in their own tongue, and announces his conviction that at no distant date the mass of so enlightened a nation must needs embrace the doctrines of the reformed churches. On this our Frenchman remarks in these cool and highly characteristic terms:—

“France is less irreligious than indifferent. To pass from catholicism to protestantism demands an exertion of the understanding, and a craving for something to believe, which are both inconsistent with the temperament of indifference. The catholic clergy have been assailed as a political body useful to a civil power which made a tool of it; but as a religious body it is not hated. Hatred presupposes convictions, and of these France has few whether in morals or in religion. Generally speaking, in short, people are either catholics in France or they are nothing; and many are content to call themselves catholics who would by no means give themselves any trouble to become any thing else.”—vol. i. p. 359—*Note*.

We now submit a week-day scene of Mr. Nelson's exemplary *ménage*.

“Every evening we all met at ten-time, and Nelson read to us, with emphasis, the newspaper articles of the day in which America was the most lavishly extolled. Every evening I heard him repeat that General Jackson was the greatest man of the age, New York the finest city in the world, the Capitol at Washington the most splendid palace in the universe, and the Americans the first people upon earth. By dint of constantly reading these exaggerations, he had arrived at believing in them. Every American has an infinity of flatterers to whom he listens. He is flattered because he is sovereign—he swallows the flatteries because he is people. His annual courtiers are those who, at the recurrence of elections, shower their incense on him to obtain votes and places. His daily courtiers are the newspapers, which, eager for subscribers and money, pamper him every morning with the grossest adulations. An American, however strongly you express your admiration of his country, is never entirely satisfied. In his eyes approbation if in any degree measured or guarded, is a hostile criticism—an unpardonable insult.”—vol. i. p. 70.

We are afraid that, after such a passage as the foregoing one, M. de Beaumont himself need hardly expect to maintain much favour among the reading public of the nation whose “political system” appears to him the *ne plus ultra* of human excellence. What then, if a single escapade shall be fatal to the popularity of this wholesale worshipper—what must have been the spleen excited in America by such works as those of Captain Hall, Mr. Hamilton, and, above all, Mrs. Trollope?—But this reminds us that M. de Beau-

mont has himself favoured the world with some very philosophical remarks on the state of feeling towards England in the American Union, and *vice versa*.

“To say that the Americans hate the English, is to give an imperfect notion of their feeling. The inhabitants of the United States were subject to the English government, and the recollection of their conquered independence is blended with that of the wars of which it was the prize. These struggles recall a period of profound enmity towards the English.

“The advanced civilisation of England, also, inspires the Americans with sentiments of a very morbid jealousy. And yet, when the thought of rivalry passes for an instant from their minds, one sees that they have a pride in being descended from a nation so great as England—one detects at the bottom of their hearts that feeling of filial affection which binds colonies to their mother country long after they have become free.

“The recollection of the old quarrels is wearing out daily—but the jealousy is on the increase on either side. The economical prosperity of the United States is regarded by England with an unquiet eye: while America cannot conceal from herself, notwithstanding all her wonderful efforts and progress, her inferiority to the old country. This sort of feeling is legitimate enough in its principle: but national vanity, provoked with equal zeal by the journals of London and New York, is perpetually mixing venom with its operation. There is another cause which leads to a similar effect. The English who travel in America are perfectly well received, for three reasons: first, because the Americans are naturally hospitable to all strangers who can speak their language: secondly, though jealous of England, they have a true satisfaction in being kind to the individual Englishman, in whom they see only a member of the nation from which they are themselves sprung: thirdly, they wish to be well thought of, they and their country, by the English, precisely because these are their rivals: they make great exertions to be polite, on purpose to prove that America is not barbarous; and believing most sincerely that their country has very fine things to exhibit, they consider it as a duty to lose no opportunity of displaying, to the eyes of any wandering islander, the moral and material riches of the United States. Meantime, the Englishman, full of his national prejudices, and moreover, being well entitled to consider America as inferior to his own country, returns home presently, and publishes his transatlantic travels—that is to say, a satire in two or three volumes—in which, perhaps, he does not even respect proper names, but holds up to the derision of his fellow-citizens the worthy foreigners who showered their hospitable attentions upon his head. The most guarded of these books are still unjust and irritating. The work published in England soon reaches the New World, and its appearance is a thunder-stroke to the vanity of the American people.”—vol. i. p. 351.—*Note*.

Who the English travellers that have taken liberties “with American proper names” can be, we really do not know; we certainly have not been so unfortunate as to meet with any of their productions. As to those “most guarded books” which “are still unjust and irritating,” we can only express our satisfaction that our good friends on the other side of the Atlantic must now derive abundant consolation for all “that savage Trollope dashed” from the “light touches and softening hues” of this amiable Frenchman's *Tableau des Mœurs Americaines*.

M. de Beaumont gives us several amusing anecdotes illustrative of some apparent incon-

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sistencies which have often been satirised by European travellers in the United States, and remarked upon with good-humoured surprise by those who have met Americans in society here and on the continent of Europe. He dwells particularly on their passion for *titles of nobility*. "Whether you shall be received with enthusiasm in America, very well, decently well, or coldly, depends on whether you are duke, marquis, count, or nothing."—vol. ii. p. 287. "The meanest driver of a diligence styles himself a *gentleman*—and no one who has attained a position the least above the mass of men ever fails to take the title of *esquire*." Heraldic insignia are much affected. One gentleman displayed his seal, on which he had engraved, above the escutcheon, the date 1631—a proud monument of primeval distinction. They are fond too of blazoning those vanities on their carriages, and so forth—though their notions of what such things really are and mean appear to be vague enough. An English diplomatist, not long ago, carried out a London carriage and harness to New York. Some accident, shortly after his arrival, required that he should send his *set-out* to a coachmaker's; and calling by-and-by, what was his astonishment to find the people imitating his shield and crest on half a dozen gigs and dog-carts belonging he knew not to whom! The coachmaker, on his asking some explanation of this, made answer "that the patterns seemed to be much admired!"

"I love"—(says the German "Stranger in America,")—"I love to observe with what fondness Americans cherish the memory of their descent, and their intimate connection with Europe. In many families, cups, plates, chairs are shown you, which their forefathers brought over from your part of the world. Two large yew trees, cut in the stiff and cramped style of the period of Louis XIV., and brought from Europe at the beginning of the last century, are fondly and justly nursed in the garden of a friend of mine; and a merchant told me, that when he lately received from a family in Guatemala a quantity of old-fashioned silver and gold plate, the goldsmith gave for various articles a higher price than the mere metal would have brought. The reason he assigned was, that Americans cherish memorials of their ancestors so much that, sometimes, a general fondness for antique articles is met with."—p. 103.

M. de Beaumont, however, rejects all the insinuations of those English writers who have recognised in traits such as these something like the first developments of an aristocratical element, destined at some time or other to produce great changes in the state of American society, and even politics.

"No, assuredly!" (says he) "all this sort of thing must be classed not with progress from the present to the future, but with the remembrance of the past. It is but the old tradition of their English descent—an anile prejudice, which feebly and alone contends against the universal power both of laws and of manners. Nor, after all, is the struggle a serious one: this love of titles

* Have none of our London picture-dealers ever thought of exporting to New York or Boston a cargo of what their technical dialect calls *ancestors*? We venture to hint that such a venture would succeed a great deal better than that of the *skates* with which Birmingham a few years ago surprised Buenos Ayres.

and coats of arms, those pretensions to pedigree, are but the toys and triflings of vanity. Wherever men are men, pride will seek after some sort of distinction; but the best proof that *these distinctions* have nothing real about them in America is, that they do not even wound the popular susceptibility. All power in the United States comes from the people, and all must return to the people; every one must be a democrat, on pain of being a Paria. The manners of a democracy do not please all; but all are forced to accept them: many, no doubt, would be well pleased to see a nobler style of habitudes introduced, to be allowed to adopt a tone less vulgar, to create a class superior to the one class now existing. This gentlemen dislikes shaking hands with his cobbler—and that conceives it hard that he cannot for love or money get a lackey to mount behind his chariot; others, again, are annoyed with seeing public affairs conducted by scantily enlightened masses of men, and the political offices of the state generally entrusted to individuals of very middling capacity. Yes—but all these chagrins and afflictions *must* be suppressed; to betray any such sentiments would be to provoke the storm of popular reprobation, and to renounce for ever the smallest hope of political influence."—vol. ii. p. 189.—*Note*.

And in all this, let it be only once more observed, M. de Beaumont sees not only what is characteristic, but what is in his opinion pleasantly characteristic of America.

"There are rich men and poor men in the United States, but in small numbers, too small to produce much effect; and, at any rate, the ruling masses, placed between two such extremes, are sure to model themselves not by the first, but the second. Every species of government has its own whims and oddities—every sovereign his caprices. To please Louis XIV. one must have been polite to *etiquette*—to please the American people you must be simple even to coarseness. I met with Mr. Henry Clay, the redoubted antagonist of Jackson, when he was canvassing for the president's chair. He had a shabby old hat and a patched coat; he was paying his court to the people.

"I found, I must confess it, a singular charm in these indications of a perfect equality. It is so painful in Europe to be eternally running the risk of classing oneself too high or too low—to bring oneself into collision with the disdain of this class or the envy of that. Here every one is sure to take the place that belongs to him—the social ladder has but one step! I prefer, I am free to confess it, the involuntary rudeness of the plebeian to the forced politeness of the courtiers of kings."—vol. i. p. 228, &c.—*Note*.

We have no desire to disturb the effect of this very clever writer's representations by any adverse commentaries. We have felt it to be our duty, in consequence of the obloquy heaped by all the American journals on the recent productions of certain English travellers in the United States, to exhibit at some length the evidence of a Frenchman of high talents and character, who is as good a republican as any citizen of New York, and whose prejudices are all against the aristocratical institutions of the old world. Let this gentleman's book be read and studied,—we have little doubt it will soon be translated *in extenso*,—and then let Englishmen judge for themselves, not whether a republic or a mixed monarchy be in itself the finest thing, but whether the social results of the American system be such as *we* ought to envy,—or whether, even admitting that we, as members of an ancient and highly civilised

community, ought to do so, it is possible to contemplate with equanimity the long series of strugglings and sufferings which manifestly must be gone through before we could hope to see our whole existence remodeled upon the pattern of what M. de Beaumont emphatically and eulogistically styles "*Le peuple homme d'affaires*," i.e. the Joseph Hume nation.

We shall now give our readers a few more specimens of the German "Stranger in America," but we must confine ourselves to short passages, though we certainly wish we had room for his account of the Battle of Waterloo, which is exceedingly lively and picturesque, so far as it goes, and has moreover this remarkable feature of originality, that it includes no allusion whatever to the fact that Wellington and his English had some share in the day's work as well as good old Blücher and his well-girt Prussians. This looks odd, and yet Mr. Lieber seems to be by no means a hater of our nation; on the contrary, even where he is most enthusiastically lauding his friends of the United States, he often turns aside to bestow a little of his eulogy on the land of their ancestors. Thus, for example, in his chapter on the outward man of the Anglo-Americans, he says:—

"It is a peculiarity of the United States which has often struck me, that there are more pretty girls than in any other large country, but fewer of those imposing beauties which we meet in Europe, and who have their prototypes in a Madame Recamier or Tallien, or the beautiful Albanian, when I saw her in Rome, or even as you find many in the higher ranks in England, or those noble faces, necks, and figures of the women in the marine villages near Gensano, which made a Thorwaldsen rave—beauties which "try man's soul," which will not depart from the mirror of your mind, and disturb your quiet, though your heart may be firm as a rock. After all, I come back to my old saying, there is no European nation that can—taken all in all—compete for great beauty with the English, as there is no nation where so many pretty and delicate faces are seen as in the United States. Heavens! what an array of beauty in one single bright afternoon in Hyde Park, or at a ball in the higher circles!

"Amongst other nations, there are also beauties, for example, the Roman ladies and the Tyrolean men; but I call the whole English nation a handsome one. The very first time I took a walk in London, I was struck with the beautiful children even in that confined city; a handsome English boy of ten years is one of the flowers of creation. Go even to the London 'Change, among the merchants, who, with other nations, surely do not exhibit many specimens of beauty, you will find there tall, well-shaped, fine-looking men, whom Frederic I. would have put directly into the uniform of his grenadiers. Call me a heretic—I cannot help it; English beauty outstrips all the rest, and what seems peculiar to that nation, is, that the higher the class in England the greater the beauty, whilst the aristocracy of other European nations is far from forming the handsomest part of the inhabitants."—*Stranger, &c.*, vol. i. p. 129.

And thus, again, in the conclusion of his most elaborate panegyric on the political institutions of the Americans, he does not omit to give some honour to the old country, comparatively undervalued as he considers her to be in the practical application of the science of government.

"It is my full conviction, founded upon the little knowledge of history I have, and on constant and close observation, that there never was a nation so calculated to solve a number of difficult political problems, as the Americans, descending as they do from that noble nation to which mankind owes nearly all those great ideas, the realisation of which forms the aim of all the political struggles on the European continent, and which the historian will single out as the leading and characteristic political features of the present age—namely, elective representation, two houses, an independent judiciary, liberty of the press, responsibility of ministers, a law standing above the highest ruler, even if a monarch, and a proper independence of the minor communities in the state—that great nation, which alone sends along with its colonies a germ of independent life and principle of self-action, (rendering the gradual unfolding of their own peculiar law possible), and above all, that nation which first of all elevated itself to the great idea of a lawful opposition. Descending, as the Americans do, from this nation, which seems to have civil liberty in its bones and marrow, and situated as they are in a boundless country, allowing scope to the boldest enterprise without causing discontent and political friction, (which, in countries closely populated, cannot be avoided),—at a great distance from Europe and all her intricate questions and diplomatic influences, yet blessed with the civilisation of that part of the world by means of the all-uniting sea, over which they have thrown their flying bridges, the fleet messengers of the Atlantic, conductors and reconductors of civilisation—and, in addition to all these advantages possessed of their calm and sedate disposition—truly, if they are not made for a government in which the sway of the law alone is acknowledged, then tell me what nation is or was so?

"It is necessary for the Americans, in order to make them fit to solve certain political problems, which until their solution here, were considered chimerical—(take as an instance the keeping of this immense country without a garrison)—that they should descend from the English; should begin as persecuted colonists, severed from the mother country, and yet loving it with all their heart and all their soul; to have a continent, vast and fertile, and possessing those means of internal communication which gave to Europe the great superiority over Asia and Africa; to be at such a distance from Europe that she should appear as a map; to be mostly protestants; and to settle in colonies with different charters: so that, when royal authority was put down, they were at so many independent states: and yet to be all of one metal, so that they never ceased morally to form one nation, nor to feel as such."—*Stranger &c.*, vol. ii. p. 43.

There is nothing very new, perhaps, in the following paragraph with which Mr. Lieber winds up a letter about the steam-boat, and Mr. Fulton, to whom, writing in and for America, he of course ascribes that invention—but we are pleased with the sentiment and the expression:—

"He who invented the saw, in imitation, probably, of the jaw of some large fish, was, to say the least, no fool; the inventors of the wheel and screw conferred as great benefits upon mankind as did Fulton; but history mentions not their names, as she passes over all these early and great benefactors in silence. We know the bold woman who taught us to protect our children against the small-pox, and Roscoe [quære Coleridge?] celebrates the mother who dared to return to nature. But who invented the distaff? When was the complicated process of making bread completely discovered? Is it certain that Ctesebes contrived the pump? A bold man, indeed, he must have been who first conceived the idea of nailing a piece of iron to the hoof of a living animal. We for-

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get the file, the knife, the sail, the rudder, when we talk of our improvements. We forget what ingenuity was requisite to hit upon the idea of milking a cow, when the calf had given up to receive nourishment from her. The inhabitants of South America do not even now know this important art, and leave the calf with the cow as long as they wish to have milk. It is very frequent to see, in South America, cows either with sore udders, because the calves, having already teeth, injure them in sucking, or with very small udders, because they are left in a natural state, in which cows have not much larger udders than mares."—*Stranger, &c.*, vol. ii. p. 64.

We must not omit a little anecdote from Boston, which may perhaps furnish an useful hint to the respectable landlord of the Albion in Aldersgate Street:

"The following may, perhaps, serve as an instance of the American practical turn of mind. I found one day, in a street in Boston, a turtle walking with the step which Cicero recommends to philosophers, before the door of a restaurant, with the words, "To-morrow Soup" written on the back of the poor creature, which thus was doomed to invite man's all-exploring appetite to partake of its own flesh. When I stood there and looked at the victim incased and protected by nature against all enemies except the knife of the inexorable cook, as it carried its irrevocable sentence about with it: in the moment, when, probably, it felt as if liberty had been restored to it, after its long and uncomfortable position on the back: and when I thought to observe with some passers-by, whose attention had been attracted like mine, a slight twitching of the corners of the mouth, indicating that the laconic appeal to their palate had not been made in vain: I do not know why, but I could not help thinking of Frederic the Great and Catherine le Grand, as Prince de Ligne calls her, bent, with a look betraying too clearly their keen appetite, over poor Poland, which they made to crawl about before them, also with her sentence on her back, before they partitioned her out in very palatable dishes. A Frenchman, in the same case, would have invited to his turtle-soup, by various persuasive means; the taciturn Yankee put an inscription in lapidary style, upon the intended victim itself, making it prove, in the most convincing manner possible, its freshness and fine size."—*Ibid.* p. 70.

The author, as we observed before, edited an *Encyclopædia Americana*; and from that experience he has no doubt derived this pithy apology for the strange mixture of topics in his present performance.—(it may serve the same turn for our miscellaneous article:—"Life," he says, "does not select and classify, does not present things by gradual transitions, but seems to delight in contrasts, and is much like the index of an *Encyclopædia*, where *Locke* follows *Lobster*, where *Lace* precedes *Lacedæmon*, and *Shakers* is the neighbouring article to *Shakspeare*."

A GREEK HUSBAND.—I called yesterday on a Greek lady, and on her lamenting that she had not been out of her house for a week, because her husband was too much engaged to walk with her, begged her to accompany me in a country ramble. "My husband will not allow me to do so," she replied. "No," interrupted the amiable man; "I never permit her to enjoy any pleasure which I cannot share. I am busied all day in providing for her comfort. Let her stay at home. Why should she enjoy the fresh air while I am shut up in a close counting-house?"—*A Lady's Sketches of Corfu*.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

The Seven Temptations. By Mary Howitt.

An observation was made a short time since in our presence, which drew from us, in our zeal for *Maga*, a warm protest against the sweeping accusation which involved her in common with the other periodicals of the day.

"How much it is to be regretted," was the remark, "that in this professing age of liberality and candour, there is no neutral ground for literature, no chartered spot fenced round by the humanities and courtesies of civilised society, where literary persons of all parties may meet on paper, in the same spirit of peace and good-will, and temporary oblivion of differences, which in the course of the fiercest military warfare so often characterises the meeting of hostile parties, under the inviolability of truce.

"Even in chance encounters of men on service, nationally opposed to each other, it has frequently occurred, under favouring circumstances, that those, who but a short hour since were mingled in deadly conflict—who within as brief a period may be again grappling together in the struggle for life and death—have exchanged words and offices of kindly nature, befitting creatures of the same clay, whose enmities are forgotten as they sheathe the sabre, drawn only in their country's cause. Shame! shame! to this moral, this intellectual, this *Christian* age of ours, that while even the horrors of war are occasionally softened by these conventional charities, there is not one spot on the fields of literature inviolable from the spirit of party, and its ruthless influence.

"It suffices to know with whom an author is connected—his name, or that of his publisher, to form an unerring expectation of the notice his work will meet with—or whether it will receive any notice from the *Quarterly* or the *Edinburgh*—or *Blackwood*—or"—— Here it was that our zeal for *Maga's* honour betrayed us into the discourteous interruption above mentioned. Warmly we vindicated her from the general charge, adducing in her favour many exculpatory instances, and last, and most exultingly, her late generous tribute of admiration and praise to Elliot, author of *Corn Law Rhymes*, &c. &c. The fact was undeniable, but the vituperator of *Maga* hastily slurred it over, in his eagerness to bring forward one on his side of the question, which for a moment, we confess, perplexed and silenced us.

"And why then," he asked, "has Mary Howitt's last publication, '*The Seven Temptations*,' been passed over in contemptuous or condemnatory silence? Mary Howitt, in time past an honoured and honouring contributor to the magazine—Mary Howitt, the gentle, the unoffending, the womanly, the feeling, the pure-hearted, the *true* poetess! How has she deserved censure or exclusion? Of what offence is she guilty; but of being the wife of one, whose head, inwardly labouring with Miltonic theories, and outwardly under 'the testimony of the hat,' relieved itself by an explosion that damaged his own cause more than that which was the object of attack?"

"Nay but," we replied, "the publication you allude to is yet recent, scarcely more than two

months issued from the press—wait awhile, and we shall yet read in *Maga* such a notice of 'The Seven Temptations' as it deserves—perhaps from the same pen which did ample justice to the claims of Elliott." We have waited—we have watched—we have fretted and fidgeted in vain—and our tormentor has sneered and triumphed. But still we were fain to urge—"the award is but delayed, it will be decreed, never doubt it, in full measure, however late."

"Why not by yourself, for instance?" was the taunting rejoinder, "unless you are fearful of outlawry, should you venture to propose so daring an article."

"We take up the gauntlet—we accept the test—we dare the penalty!" broke forth from our lips, in the confidence of excited feeling; "we will do our best for Mary Howitt. She deserves an abler critic, but one who writes honestly in the strength of an honest purpose, and warmly from the heart's impulse, may not be wholly incompetent."

Thus it hath come to pass, gentle reader, that we appeal to thee this day in behalf of "The Seven Temptations," and our purpose will be more than half accomplished if we but induce thee to open the volume to read and judge for thyself, divesting thy mind, as far as in thee lies, of prejudice and preconceived opinion.

The plan of the work is not a novel one; nor, we must take leave to say, in the face of Mrs. Howitt's preparatory remarks, one which we should willingly have selected for illustration from the pen of a female.

Involving, of necessity, that unflinching use of the moral scalpel which lays bare the most hideous deformities of our fallen nature, we revolt from its most skilful appliance by a female hand, and much doubt, indeed, from whatever quarter, or however managed, the wisdom or expediency of such exposures. But having thus conscientiously expressed our peculiar and perhaps fastidious opinion with regard to the frame work, we can add with equal sincerity that the fair architect has filled it up with admirable skill, extraordinary power, and, whenever compatible with the subject, with a sweet and tender feeling peculiarly her own.

"Aczib the Liar, a restless, ambitious spirit," having undertaken, in vaunting colloquy with two others wicked as himself, to prove "the supremacy of evil," by "ascending to the earth and winning over the greater number, if not the whole, of the human spirits he shall tempt," commences his task accordingly and the volume opens with the temptation of "The Poor Scholar."

He is sick, poor, and dying in his room, at evening, unattended but by the lingering affection of a little boy, one of the class he has taught daily. The child reads aloud to his enfeebled master a text from the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.

And here, before proceeding further, we must take occasion to observe that, jealous as we are (ay, with the *most jealous*) of that profound reverence due to the sacred text, and strenuously as we object to all light or presumptuous application of it, we cannot think any such objection

admissible against the introduction of the gospel quotation, forming, as it were, a text to the beautiful and *scriptural* strain of poetry which follows from the lips of the dying teacher. The sermon is not the less instructive for being poetical, (what but strains of the noblest poetry are the blessed Scriptures themselves?) nor in our opinion is a dramatic fiction, of so pure and purifying a character and tendency as "The Poor Scholar," a more objectionable vehicle for the conveyance of religious impressions than the Eastern parables of inspired *human* teachers—of those which proceeded from the lips that "spake as never man spake," we presume not even to think in a comparative sense. But if, in the instance under immediate consideration, we take upon us to justify the appropriation of holy writ, a deep sense of its awfulness compels us to add, that it has been too freely and boldly resorted to in another passage of this volume. We allude to the long portion selected from our solemn and affecting burial service at the commencement of scene fifth in "The Old Man." Mary Howitt, not being a member of our church, may not perhaps have formed an adequate idea of the feelings with which that passage *must* be read by every child of the establishment who has heard them pronounced over the open grave into which "some form beloved" has been just lowered.

We are made sensible, by an involuntary shrinking, that *this* approaches too near to profanation; yet we are sure that the insertion of the solemn passage was prompted by a pure and devotional feeling.

Now to proceed with our more pleasant duty. "The Poor Scholar" remarks upon the sentence from St John—

"Most precious words! Now go your way,

The summer fields are green and bright.

Your tasks are done;—Why do you stay?

Christ give his peace to you! Good night!

Boy. You look so pale, sir! You are worse.

Let me remain and be your nurse!

Sir, when my mother has been ill,

I've kept her chamber neat and still,

And waited on her all the day!

Schol. Thank you; but yet you must not stay.

Still, still, my boy, before we part

Receive my blessing—'tis my last!

I feel death's hand is on my heart,

And my life's sun is sinking fast:

Yet mark me, child, I have no fear,—

'Tis thus the Christian meets his end:

I know my work is finished here,

And God—thy God too—is my friend!

Thy joyful course has just begun;

Life is in thee a fountain strong;

Yet look upon a dying man,

Receive his words, and keep them long!

Fear God, all wise, omnipotent,

In him we live and have our being;

He hath all love, all blessing sent—

Creator—Father—All-decreing!

Fear him, and love, and praise, and trust;

Yet have of man no slavish fear;

Remember kings, like thee, are dust,

And at one judgment must appear.

But virtue, and its holy fruits,

The poet's soul—the sage's sense,

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These are exalted attributes,
 And these deserve thy reverence.
 But, boy, remember this, e'en then,
 Revere the gifts, but not the men!
 Obey thy parents—they are given
 To guide our inexperienced youth;
 Types are they of the One in heaven,
 Chastising but in love and truth.
 Keep thyself pure—Sin doth deface
 The beauty of our spiritual life;
 Do good to all men—live in peace
 And charity, abhorring strife.
 The mental power which God has given,
 As I have taught thee, cultivate;
 Thou canst not be too wise for heaven,
 If thou dost humbly consecrate
 Thy soul to God. And ever take
 In his good book delight; there lies
 The highest knowledge, which will make
 Thy soul unto salvation wise.
 My little boy, thou canst not know
 How strives my spirit fervently,
 How my heart's fountains overflow
 With yearning tenderness for thee!
 God keep, and strengthen thee from sin—
 God crown thy life with peace and joy,
 And give at last to enter in
 The city of his rest!"

We are much mistaken if this beautiful passage does not equal, in its exquisitely simple pathos, some of the most touching portions of Goethe's *Faust*. The flow of verse is quiet and melodious, like the run of silver waters, slipping away over their pebbly bed.

The poor Scholar is left alone to his dying meditations. It is difficult to refrain from large quotation—but we are restricted, and must do so. The tempter, who, it appears, has visited him for some time past in the personification of a philosopher—an *esprit fort*—now enters; and, after some glozing talk, enquires,—

"*Philos.* Have you perused the books I left with you?"

Schol. I have, and like them not.

Philos. Indeed, indeed!

Are they not full of lofty argument,
 And burning eloquence? For a strong soul,
 Baptised in the immortal wells of thought,
 They must be glorious food.

Schol. Pardon me, sir,
 They are too specious; they gloss over error
 With tinsel covering, which is not like truth.
 Oh, give them not to young and ardent minds;
 They will mislead, and baffle, and confound.
 Besides, among the sages whom you boast of,
 With their proud heathen virtues, can ye find
 A purer, nobler, loftier character,
 More innocent, and yet more filled with wisdom,
 Than the Lord Jesus?—dignified, yet humble;
 Warring 'gainst sin, and yet for sinners dying!

Philos. Well, pass the men;—what say you to the morals?

Schol. And where is the Eutopian code of morals
 Equal to that, which a few words set forth
 Unto the Christian,—“Do ye so to others
 As ye would they should do unto yourselves?”
 And where, among the fables of your poets,
 Which you pretend veil the divinest truths,
 Find you the penitent prodigal coming back
 Unto his father's bosom;—thus to show
 God's love, and our relationship to him?
 Where do they teach us, in our many needs,

To lift up our bowed, broken hearts to God,
 And call him Father? Leave me as I am;
 I am not ignorant, though my learning lie
 In this small book—nor do I ask for more.

Philos. Come, come, my friend, this is mere declamation.

You have misunderstood both them and me.
 Point out the errors—you shall find me ever
 Open unto conviction.

Schol. See my state—
 A few short hours and I must be with God;
 And yet you ask me to evolve that long
 Entanglement of subtlet sophistry!
 This is no friendly part: But I conjure you
 Give not your soul to vain philosophy:
 The drooping Christian at the hour of death
 Needs other, mightier wisdom than it yields."

Among various lures, the tempter now holds forth the glorious anticipation of an immortality of fame, which failing also, he hastily interposes.

"*Philos.* —Not to be great—
 You do mistake my drift—but greatly useful:
 Surely you call not this unmet ambition!"

Schol. Sir, had the will of God ordained a wider,
 A nobler sphere of usefulness on earth,
 He would have given me strength, and health, and power,
 For its accomplishment. I murmur not
 That little has been done, but rather bless him
 Who has permitted me to do that little:
 And die content in his sufficient mercy,
 Which has vouchsafed reward above my merit."

After some farther impotent trial, the evil one is finally baffled, and retires "abashed;" and the poor scholar is once more left alone, as he pathetically prays, "to die in peace;" and the peace of God is with him in that hour. After some most solemn meditation, and tender references to his absent, widowed mother, he kneels beside "his pallet bed," and prays:

"*Schol.* Almighty God! look down
 Upon thy feeble servant! strengthen him!

Give him the victor's crown—
 And let not faith be dim!
 Oh! how unworthy of thy grace,
 How poor, how needy, stained with sin!
 How can I enter in

Thy kingdom, and behold thy face!
 Except thou hadst redeemed me, I had gone
 Without sustaining knowledge, to the grave!
 For this I bless thee, oh thou gracious one!

And thou wilt surely save—
 I bless thee for the life which thou hast crowned
 With never-ending good;
 For pleasures that were found,

Like way-side flowers, in quiet solitude—
 I bless thee for the love that watched o'er me
 Through the weak years of infancy,
 That has been, like thine everlasting truth,
 The guide, the guardian angel of my youth.
 Oh, thou! that did'st the mother's heart bestow,
 Sustain it in its woe—

For mourning give it joy, and praise for heaviness.

[He falls back on his bed—his mother enters hurriedly.]

Mother. Alas, my son! and am I come too late?"

"Schol. Mother, farewell! I hear the heavenly voices; They call! I cannot stay. Farewell! farewell!"

The choir of spiritual voices pours forth a dying requiem, and thus closes this touching dramatic poem, the first of "The Seven Temptations;" our abstract of which, imperfect as it is, has engrossed so large a proportion of our narrow limits, that we can find room for no more than a few extracts without comment. They may be fearlessly trusted to their own pleading, with all those who have poetry enough in their hearts to seize upon those "lights from heaven," that escape common eyes, and unpoetic heads. Our first scrap shall be a soliloquy of "Thomas of Torres," the hero of the second temptation: alas! we should rather say, the victim. Accordingly, as our paper holds out, a few fragments from the exquisitely beautiful lyrical pieces with which these poems are interspersed, shall succeed, and so, speak, Thomas of Torres! far advanced already in the road to perdition, but not yet heart-seared and wholly forsaken.

"Thomas. Ah, I remember well
There is a little hollow hereabout,
Where wild brier roses, and lithe honeysuckle
Made a thick bower: 'Twas here I used to come
To read sweet books of witching poetry!
Could it be I? No, no, I am so changed
I will not think *this* man, was once *that* boy:
The thought would drive me mad. I will but think
I once knew one who called this vale his own;
I will but think I knew a merry boy,
And a kind gentle father, years ago,
Who had their dwelling here; and that the boy
Did love this lonely nook, and used to find
Here the first nests of summer; here did read
All witching books of glorious poetry;
And thus, that as the boy became a youth,
And gentle feeling strengthened into passion,
And love became the poetry of life;
Hither he wandered with a girlish beauty,
Gathering, like Proserpine, sweet meadow flowers;
And that they sat beneath the wild brier rose,
And that he thus did kiss that maiden's cheek,
The first time as a lover! Oh my God!
That was the heir of Jones. A brave boy,
A noble-hearted boy! He grew a man,
And what became of him? Ha! pass me that—
Would that I *knew* not what became of him!"

In the third poem, "The Pirate," Edah, an Indian maid, sings thus, sitting by her sleeping lover:

"Little wares upon the deep,
Murmur soft when thou dost sleep;
Gentle birds upon the tree
Sing their sweetest songs for thee;
Cooling gales, with voices low,
In the tree-tops gently blow!
Dearest who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee, so do I!"

"When thou wak'st, the sea will pour
Treasures for thee to the shore;
And the earth, in plant and tree,
Bring forth fruit and flowers for thee!
And the glorious heaven above,
Smile on thee, like trusting love.
Dearest, who dost sleeping lie,
All things love thee, so do I!"

From the temptation of "The Old Man," we select, (how difficult to select among gems so bright and many!) his daughter Margaret's hymn:

"There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye:
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismay'd,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land, oh where?
For I would hasten there—
Tell me—I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy wo!
The beautiful have left me all alone!
The true, the tender, from my paths are gone!
Oh guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know that land,
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair!
Where is it—tell me where?
Thou that art kind and gentle—tell me where?"

"Friend! thou must trust in him who trod before
The desolate paths of life;
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,
Sorrow, and pain, and strife!
Think how the Son of God
Those thorny paths hath trod;
Think how he longed to go,
Yet tarried out for thee the appointed wo;
Think of his weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted, nor cared for Him!
Think of the blood-like sweat
With which his brow was wet;
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone
In that great agony—'Thy will be done!'
Friend! do not thou despair,
Christ from his heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer!"

"Raymond," the next tempted, succumbs to the tempter, and angelic voices raise for the lost departing soul, the following lament:

"A song of mourning let each one take up!
Take up a song of wo—
The spirit is gone forth to the unknown,
Yet mightier pangs to know!
"Oh thou, that wast so beautiful in youth,
How is thy glory dimmed?
We that in gladness hymned
The kindness of thy early love and truth,
Shall we not mourn for thee,
Lost from our company,
Oh erring human soul!"

"Take up a song of wo,
A song of mourning let each one begin!
The spirit is gone forth,
Stained with mortal sin!
Oh star, shorn of thy beams,
How is thy glory gone!
Since from the living streams
Thou burst, a shining one!
In blackness of thick darkness wandering now,
Through night that has no day,
Through pain that has no stay;
Wandering for evermore,
Lost, lost, art thou!"

"Oh spirit vexed with fears, by tempests tost!
Oh new born heir, of unthought misery!
Long shall we mourn for thee,
From our bright company
For ever, ever lost!"

Though "Philip of Maine"—and the "Sorrow of Theresa" (the last one of our chief favourites) are yet before us—we have not room for another sample—we have been too greedy of beauties, to husband out our limits fairly—one word before we part with our fair authoress. Let her beware of the *spite of Achzib*—and look to those she loves dearest, through whom the cunning spirit is well aware he may wound her most effectually;—and we have heard from good authority that he has been observed for some time past prowling about the purlieus of Nottingham, in the character of a republican philanthropist; seeking every opportunity of insinuating himself into the company and counsels of a person qualified to shine in far better society, whose guardian angel will yet, we trust, in conjunction with the angel of his home, defeat the machinations of the enemy, and send him howling to *his place*.

NOTE.

We cordially agree with the kind and discriminating commendation bestowed by our amiable and enlightened contributor on "The Seven Temptations." In a few months or so we intend speaking for ourselves, more at length, on the merits of Mary Howitt. To her muse we have more than either once or twice offered the tribute of our praise, though but in few words; and we cannot allow that the slightest blame attaches to us, for not having yet indited a comprehensive critique on compositions, which we have perused with very great pleasure, in common with all lovers of poetical genius. We really were not aware that Mary Howitt had been "an honoured and honouring contributor to the Magazine;" but if we had been, most assuredly we should not, on that account, have one hour sooner reviewed her Poems. Our work is neither a Monthly nor a Quarterly Review.

We have given no pledge to the public, to bring before it, without delay, all the poetry of the age, as each new work of worth, great or small, appears; on the contrary, "the river glideth at its own sweet will" of our inspirations; and with us there is no knowing what an hour may bring forth. We often think of many delightful things of which we do not choose to speak; and while people are saying, "Oh no! he never mentions her—her name is never heard," the silly ones know not that our hearts are even then inditing a good matter respecting the object of their peevish admiration. That we love poetry we know—that we understand it we think—that we do it justice in our pages even our enemies acknowledge, if indeed we have any enemies—which for some time past we have been disposed to doubt—so gentle towards us has been the press. It may have happened that our political opinions—or rather life-deep convictions, have sometimes disinclined us to be very forward in our praise of the literature of those whose principles regarding church and state, and many of the institutions of social life, we think dangerous or pernicious; and if so, we confess that the fault lies lightly on our conscience. But what is the name of the periodical that has been, on the whole, more generous and more just to

genius than our own? Let our omissions, neglects, or oversights, be pointed out to us in a kindly spirit, and in a kindly spirit shall all such suggestions be received and acted on, provided they run not counter to sacred feelings, which we will never sacrifice, either from fear or favour. How pitiful in our contributor's critical acquaintance to bring a general charge of exclusive favoritism against Maga, because of a single supposed instance of neglect, in the face of a hundred instances of warmest praise bestowed by her on the productions of those who loved not, till then, the rustling of her green leaves, bright though they be in perennial spring, and glistening with dewdrops, that momentarily evanish, without one seeming to perish among all that multitude of purest pearls! Of whose fame are we envious? Before whose star do we wish a cloud to gather? Vain, indeed, would such wish be; but our delight is to see every luminary undimmed by vapour: softened but by its own halo; and had we the power, from the face of every one that shines in the sky would we fain dissipate all obscurity—by a breath. Never was there a more miserable mistake than for a critic to imagine that he can exalt himself by lowering a poet. Then the poetesses! For we love that feminine noun. Who can speak disparagingly of them, "and hope to be forgiven?" Their surnames have all become pleasant to our sense, their Christian names music to our soul. Joanna Bailie! Felicia Hemans! Mary Mitford! Caroline Bowles! Letitia Landon! Mary Howitt! The ink-drop hangs trembling in our pen, as if desirous to let down some other names on the paper! and, lo! one has figured itself into letters which we shall not wipe away, Eliza Montague! Though as yet the maiden does touch the harp-strings with an artless hand, that obeys but faltering the bidding of a heart in its simplicity true to nature. Write down genius! But, indeed, the day has gone by for all such vain imaginations; and are we claiming more than our due in asking, if some share of the praise of having exposed their vanity may not be attributed to

CHRISTOPHER NORTH?

From the London Athenæum.

WATERTON V. AUDUBON.

Mr. Waterton has attacked Professor Jamieson with extreme fierceness in consequence of his review of Audubon. The grounds of quarrel would appear to be trivial enough, and it is pitiable to see a person so distinguished losing his temper about such matters. Referring to some of the charges of inaccuracy brought forward by Mr. Waterton against Mr. Audubon, a correspondent of the *Athenæum*, who has traveled much in the western states of America, remarks, that there is nothing substantial in the charges thus made. Amongst other expressions of Mr. Audubon, attempted to be ridiculed and overthrown, is one which describes the Mississippi river as "a booming flood." On this our correspondent observes, that, to a person who has passed down this great river in the spring of the year, when

its waters are filled by the melting of the snows in the regions whence its hundred tributaries come, this expression of a "booming flood" conveys a singularly happy idea of the scene. Indeed, in the months of April and May, the appearance of the Mississippi is that of a moving world of waters; and, perhaps, nothing in the universe presents a more perfect spectacle of the *majesty of motion*. At other seasons of the year, however, the appearance of the scene is entirely changed, for the waters recede, sandbanks of miles in circumference are laid dry, and the current of the river crawls lazily along. In the later months of the summer, it is universally remarked, how different the impressions of the navigator are, when the voyage to New Orleans is protracted by the slowness of the current, and the difficulties of the navigation; and when, from the absence of human life upon its waters, all is melancholy around. Therefore, it is probable, that Mr. Waterton has only seen the Mississippi at another season of the year than in the spring, the time of its "booming flood." Again, Mr. Waterton objects, that Daniel Boon, the celebrated hunter, should be called by Mr. Audubon a man of "Herculean powers," he never having heard him particularly so described before. But, besides the rudeness of this objection towards Mr. Audubon, who was well acquainted with Boon, our correspondent, who has been much in the places where that hunter was well known, adds his testimony, that he is always there described as a man of the most powerful frame. The country is filled with anecdotes of his strength and power of endurance of hunger and fatigue. Amongst other feats, Boon, on one occasion, walked 160 miles without stopping, and only eating once; arriving at the fort called Massar, on the Ohio river, precisely in time to prevent the massacre of the garrison by the Indians, from whom he had escaped to bring the news of their approach. Then, with regard to the account given by Mr. Audubon of the intensity of the virus of the rattle-snake, the objection of Mr. Waterton seems particularly small. He has fastened, with the tooth of the rattle-snake itself, upon a story told by Audubon, that a man being bitten through the boot by one of that tribe, forthwith went home and died. His son, succeeding to his father's boots, commenced to wear them, and he also died. Then his brother put on the boots, and he died also the same kind of death. Upon examining the boots, it is stated, that the tooth of the rattlesnake had been broken, and the point was found remaining in the leather, from which part of the tooth all these deaths had occurred. This story Mr. Waterton will not allow to be true; first, because the tooth of a rattle-snake could not have penetrated the boot in the first instance, and the two other deaths could only have been caused by a scratch of the point of the tooth, and a scratch is not enough for that purpose in the opinion of Mr. Waterton, for nothing but a puncture will cause death. In the first objection, that the rattle-snake could not have penetrated the boot, our correspondent, who has seen considerable numbers of rattle-snakes, sees no ground for dispute, for the kind of leather, and

age, and strength of the snake, and the like, cannot have been known to Mr. Waterton. Thus, mocassins, which are much worn in those parts, may be termed boots, and mocassins are only made of common skins. Nor is there any doubt that a scratch would convey the virus of the rattle-snake into the blood. The cases, which have lately occurred in such numbers to show that the saliva of the dog upon a sore will cause hydrophobia in the human system, leaves no doubt, that an infinitely slighter infusion would take effect from the much more active virus of the rattle-snake; further, it is to be observed, that Audubon does not tell the story as having occurred within his own knowledge, but on report. Our correspondent adds, that he has no knowledge whatever of either of these gentlemen, but regrets to see disputes upon points so trifling, and which tend to render needlessly suspicious in the eyes of the world, the whole of the writings of persons who are the best of all authorities in natural history. The extreme charm of the writings of Audubon, and the fidelity and felicity with which well-known scenes have been brought again to the view of our correspondent, induces him to regret this unjust attack on him.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE APPROACHING COMET.

Des Comètes en général, et en particulier de celles qui doivent paraître en 1832 et 1835. Par M. Arago. Membre du Bureau des Longitudes. 18mo. Paris. 1834.

Notice sur la Comète de Halley et son retour en 1835. Par G. de Pontécoulant. 18mo. Paris. 1835.

Observations on Bielas' Comet. By Sir J. F. W. Herschel, K. G. H., F.R.A.S. (Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society). London. 1833.

The present year has long been marked by astronomers as an epoch. For the civil and political historian the past alone has existence—the present he rarely apprehends, the future never. To the historian of science it is permitted, however, to penetrate the depths of past and future with equal clearness and certainty; facts to come are to him as present, and not unfrequently more assured than facts which are past. Although this clear perception of causes and consequences characterises the whole domain of physical science, and clothes the natural philosopher with powers denied to the political and moral enquirer, yet foreknowledge is eminently the privilege of the astronomer. Nature has raised the curtain of futurity and displayed before him the succession of her decrees, so far as they affect the physical universe, for countless ages to come; and the revelations of which she has made him the instrument, are supported and verified by a never ceasing train of predictions fulfilled. He "shows us the things which will be hereafter," not obscurely shadowed out in figures and in parables, as must necessarily be the case with other revelations, but attended with the most minute precision of time, place, and circumstance. He converts the hours as they roll into an ever present miracle, in attestation of those laws which his Creator

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through him has unfolded;—the sun cannot rise—the moon cannot wane—a star cannot twinkle in the firmament—without bearing witness to the truth of his prophetic records. It has pleased the "Lord and Governor" of the world, in his inscrutable wisdom, to baffle our enquiries into the nature and proximate cause of that wonderful faculty of intellect,—that image of his own essence which he has conferred upon us;—nay, the springs and wheelwork of animal and vegetable vitality are concealed from our view by an impenetrable veil, and the pride of philosophy is humbled by the spectacle of the physiologist bending in fruitless ardour over the dissection of the human brain, and peering in equally unproductive enquiry over the gambols of an animalcule. But how nobly is the darkness which envelopes metaphysical enquiries compensated by the flood of light which is shed upon the physical creation! *There* all is harmony, and order, and majesty, and beauty. From the chaos of social and political phenomena exhibited in human records—phenomena unconnected to our imperfect vision by any discoverable law, a war of passions and prejudices governed by no apparent purpose, tending to no apparent end, and setting all intelligible order at defiance,—how soothing and yet how elevating it is to turn to the splendid spectacle which offers itself to the habitual contemplation of the astronomer! How favourable to the development of all the best and highest feelings of the soul are such objects! The only passion they inspire being the love of truth, and the chiefest pleasure of their votaries arising from excursions through the imposing scenery of the universe,—scenery on a scale of grandeur and magnificence compared with which whatever we are accustomed to call sublimity on our planet, dwindles into ridiculous insignificance. Most justly has it been said, that nature has implanted in our bosoms a craving after the discovery of truth, and assuredly that glorious instinct is never more irresistibly awakened than when our notice is directed to what is going on in the heavens. "*Quoniam eadem Natura cupiditatem ingenuit hominibus veri inveniendi, quod facillime aparet, cum vacui curis, etiam quid in cœlo fiat, scire avemus; his initiis inducti omnia vera diligimus; id est, fidelia, simplicia, constantia; tum vana, falsa, fallentia odimus.*"*

Among the multitude of appearances which succeed each other in their appointed order, and of the times and manner of which the perfect knowledge of the astronomer enables him to advertise us, there are some which more powerfully seize upon the popular mind, as well by reason of their infrequency and the extraordinary circumstances which attend them, as by the imaginary consequences with which ignorance and superstition have in times past and present invested them. Among these, solar eclipses hold a prominent place; but a still more interesting position must be assigned to comets. Of these bodies, which are extremely numerous, by far the most remarkable has been predicted to re-appear in our firmament in the course of a few months;

and at the moment these pages are in the hands of the reader, it is hastening on its journey from the invisible depths of space which it has been traversing for three-fourths of a century. All the information which those who cultivate astronomy can require respecting this rare visitor of our system is already accessible to them in various scientific works published in almost every part of Europe. It has appeared to us, however, that something more is required. If the present age is distinguished by more clear and just views of social and political science, it is not less marked by the disposition, so unequivocally and universally manifested, to reject the inordinate estimate heretofore set upon merely ornamental literature; and whilst it does not refuse their just rank and influence to such studies, it admits to that high consideration to which they are entitled the sciences which explain the beautiful phenomena of the physical world. The demand for some portion of scientific knowledge, and the desire to be informed of what is passing in that universe of which our planet is so minute and apparently insignificant a member, no longer confined within the walls of universities, and the precincts of academies of science, has spread throughout the whole extent of civilised society. Some account, therefore, of the return of a remarkable visitor to our system, after an absence of more than seventy-five years, cannot, we think, be unacceptable to the mass of our readers; the more especially as the visits of the same body on various former occasions are recorded so far back as the commencement of the Christian era, and are connected in history with several events not destitute of general interest.

We propose, then, in the present article to give some account of the comet of Halley, to take a short retrospect of its history, and to offer a few observations on the general class of astronomical appearances to which it belongs. We have the less difficulty in adventuring upon this task from the aid which is offered to us in the treatises of MM. Arago and de Pontécoulant on the same subject. These very eminent persons have not thought it incompatible with their high scientific station to compose treatises in plain and intelligible language divested as far as possible of the technicalities of science, for the information and instruction of the public in general; an example which, it were to be wished, might be oftener followed in our own country.

It is well known that the solar system, of which our planet forms a part, consists of a number of smaller bodies revolving in paths, which are very nearly circular, round the great mass of the sun placed in the centre. These paths or orbits are very nearly in the same plane;—that is to say, if the earth, for example, be conceived to be moving on a flat surface, extended as well beyond its orbit as within it, then the other planets never depart much above or below this plane. A spectator placed upon the earth keeps within his view each of the other planets of the system throughout nearly the whole of its course. Indeed there is no part of the orbit of any planet in which at some time or other it may not be seen from the earth. Every point of the path of each planet

* Cic. de Fin. Bon. et Mal. ii. 14.

can therefore be observed; and although without waiting for such observation its course might be determined, yet it is material here to attend to the fact, that the whole orbit may be submitted to direct observation. The different planets, also, present peculiar features by which each may be distinguished. Thus they are observed to be spherical bodies of various magnitudes: the surfaces of some of them are marked by peculiar modes of light and shade, which, although variable and shifting, still, in each case, possess some prevailing and permanent characters by which the identity of the object may be established, even were there no other means of determining it. The sun is the common centre of attraction, the physical bond by which this planetary family are united, and prevented from wandering independently through the abyss of space. Each planet thus revolving in a circle has the same tendency to fly from the centre that a stone has when whirled in a sling. Why then, it will be asked, do not the planets yield to this natural tendency? What enables them to resist it? To this question no satisfactory answer can be given; but the fact that the tendency is resisted, being certain, the existence of some physical principle in which the means of such resistance resides is proved. As the tendency to fly off is directed from the centre of the sun, the opposing physical influence must consequently be directed towards that centre. This central influence is what has been called gravitation. Although we are still ignorant of the nature or proximate cause of this force, and of its *modus operandi*, we have obtained a perfect knowledge of the laws by which it acts; and this is all that is necessary or material to enable us to follow out its consequences. L. virtue of this force of gravitation, then, the planetary masses receive a tendency to drop towards the sun, which tendency equilibrates with the opposite tendency to fly away, produced by their orbital motion. On the exact equilibrium of these two opposite physical principles depends the stability of the system: if the centrifugal tendency proceeding from the orbital motion were in excess, the planets would fall off from the central body, and depart for ever into the depths of space; if, on the other hand, the central influence, or gravitation towards the sun, existed in excess, these bodies would gradually approach that luminary, and finally coalesce with his mass.

Besides these bodies, the greater part of which have been long known, and the motions of most of which have been in some degree understood even from remote antiquity, there is a still more numerous class of objects, whose appearances in the system were of such a nature as to defy the powers of philosophical enquiry, until these powers received that prodigious accession of force which was conferred upon them by the discoveries of Newton. Unlike planets, comets do not present to us those individual characters above mentioned, by which their identity may be determined: none of them have been satisfactorily ascertained to be spherical bodies, nor indeed to have any definite shape. It is certain that many of them possess no solid matter, but are

masses consisting entirely of aeriform or vaporous substances; others are so surrounded with this vaporous matter, that it is impossible, by any means of observation which we possess, to discover whether this vapour enshrouds within it any solid mass. The same vapour which thus envelops the body (if such there be within it) also conceals from us its features and individual character; even the limits of the vapour itself are subject to great change in each individual comet; within a few days they are sometimes observed to increase or diminish some hundred fold. A comet appearing at distant intervals presents, therefore, no very obvious means of recognition. A like extent of surrounding vapour would evidently be a fallible test of identity; and not less inconclusive would it be to infer diversity from a different extent of nebulosity.

If a comet, like a planet, revolved round the sun in an orbit nearly circular, it might be seen in every part of its path, and its identity might thus be established independently of any peculiar characters in its appearance. But such is not the course which comets are observed to take. These bodies usually are observed to rush into our system suddenly and unexpectedly from some particular quarter of the universe. They first follow in a straight line, or nearly so, the course by which they entered, and this course is commonly directed to some point not far removed from the sun. As they approach that luminary, their path becomes curved, at first slightly, but afterwards more and more, the curve being concave towards the sun. Having arrived at a certain least distance from the centre of our system, they again begin to recede from the sun, and as their distance increases, their path becomes less and less curved; until at length they shoot off in a straight course, and make their exit from our system towards some quarter of the universe wholly different from that from which they came.

We have stated that none of the planets depart much above or below the plane of the earth's orbit; it is quite otherwise with comets, which follow no certain law in this respect; some of them sweep the system nearly in the plane in which the planets move; others rush through it in curves, oblique in various degrees to this plane; whilst some move in planes perpendicular to it. The planets also move round the sun all in one direction. Comets, on the other hand, rebel against this law, and move some in one direction and some in another.

So far then as observation informs us we are left to decide between two suppositions—1. That the comet has entered the system for the first time; and that having swept behind the sun, it has emerged in a different direction, never to return: 2. That it moves in a large orbit, of which the sun is not the centre, but, on the contrary, is placed very near the path of the body itself; that the comet is visible only in that part of its orbit which is in the immediate neighbourhood of the sun, but is invisible throughout that larger part, which perhaps extends through depths of space far beyond our most remote planet. If the latter supposition be adopted, it would follow that the same comet, after emerging from our system,

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would, after the lapse of a certain time, return to it, and pursue the same path, or nearly the same path, round the sun as before. If then we find, after the lapse of a certain time, a comet following the same path whilst visible, as a former comet was observed to follow, we infer that they also followed the same path during that much longer period in which they were beyond the sphere of our observation; and consequently we infer, with a high degree of probability, that the comets which thus follow precisely the same track, must be the same comet. We say with probability, because there is a possibility, although it be a bare possibility, that two different comets should move precisely in the same orbit.

Now, let us suppose that, during the appearance of a comet, its path from day to day, or perhaps from hour to hour, is so carefully observed, that we could delineate it with a corresponding degree of accuracy in any plan or model of the system. This path would, as we have seen, form a very small fragment of its entire orbit; but if the nature of that orbit were known, the principles of geometry would also enable us to complete the curve. Thus, if a small arc of a large circle be traced upon paper, every one conversant with geometry will be able to complete the circle, even though he be not told with what centre the small arc was described, or with what length of radius. It is the same with other curves. Newton has proved that every mass of matter which is moved through the system, under the attracting influence of the sun, must, by its motion, trace one or other of those curves called *conic sections*; and that the curve must be so placed, that the centre of the sun shall be in that point which is called its *focus*. Now, conic sections are of three kinds; the *ellipse*, which is a curve of oval form, such that a point moving on it would retrace the same course every revolution. But the other two species (called the *parabola* and *hyperbola*), consist of two branches diverging from their point of connection in two different directions, and proceeding in those directions without ever again reuniting. If a body (as it might do by the established law of gravitation) entered our system by one branch of such a curve, it would, after sweeping behind the sun, emerge by the other branch never to return. Thus it appears, that either of the two suppositions which we have just made, would be compatible with the law of gravitation; and it is possible that some comets might move in ellipses, returning continually over the same path at stated intervals, while others, moving in parabolas or hyperbolas, entering our system for the first and only time, would emerge from it in another direction, and quit it for ever. It will perhaps be asked, if the orbits must be conic sections, with the sun in the focus, how is it that the planetary orbits are considered as circles? The fact is, the planetary orbits are not strictly circular, though very nearly so; they are *ellipses*, which are so slightly oval, that when exhibited in a drawing, they would not be perceived to be so, unless their length and breadth were accurately measured. The centre of the sun, also, is in their focus, and not in their centre; but owing to their slightly oval form, the

distance of the focus from the centre is very inconsiderable compared with their whole magnitude.*

On the appearance of a comet, then, the first question which presents itself to the astronomical enquirer is, whether the same comet has ever appeared before; and the only means which he possesses of answering this enquiry is, by ascertaining, from such observations as may be made during its appearance, the exact path it follows; and this being known, to discover, by the principles of geometry, the nature of its orbit. If the orbit be found to be an ellipse, then the return of the comet would be certain, and the time of the return would be known by the magnitude of the ellipse. If the path, on the other hand, should appear to be either a parabola or hyperbola, then it would be equally certain that the comet had never been before in our system, and would never return to it.

But a difficulty of a peculiar nature obstructs the solution of this question. It so happens that the only part of the course of a comet which can ever be visible, is a portion, throughout which the ellipse, the parabola, and hyperbola so closely resemble one another, that no observations can be obtained with sufficient accuracy to enable us to distinguish one from the other. In fact, the observed path of any comet, while visible, may indifferently belong to an ellipse, parabola, or hyperbola.

There is, nevertheless, a certain degree of definiteness in the observed course of the body, which, although insufficient to enable us to say what the nature of the entire orbit may be, is still sufficiently exact to enable us to recognise *any other comet*, which moves, while visible, nearly in the same course. If then, after the lapse of a certain time, a comet should be found following that course, there would be a strong presumption that it is the same comet returning again to our system, after having traversed the invisible part of its orbit. This probability would be strengthened, if, on the two occasions, the body should present a similar appearance;—although this is not essential to the identity, since, as has been stated, the same comet is observed to undergo considerable changes, even during a single appearance.

The time between the appearances of comets following nearly the same path being noted, the interval—the identity of the bodies being assumed must either consist of a single period, or of two or more complete periods. The epoch which is usually taken as the commencement of a new revolution being the instant of time at which the comet is at its least distance from the sun, the place of the comet at that moment is called its *perihelion*. The *period* of a comet may, therefore, be defined to be the interval of time between two successive arrivals at its perihelion.

Having succeeded in identifying the path of any two comets, we are then in a condition to predict with some degree of probability the time

* Even if the orbit were circular, with the sun in the centre, it would not be incompatible with the law of gravitation.

at which the next appearance may be expected. It is *certain*—providing that it be the same comet—that it will arrive at its perihelion after the same interval nearly: also that it *may* arrive at half the interval, or a third of the interval, or any other fraction corresponding to the possible number of unobserved appearances which may have taken place in the interval between those appearances from which its return has been predicted. The times, therefore, at which the comet may be looked for with a probability of finding it, may without difficulty be predicted; and if it has been a conspicuous body in the heavens on the occasion of its former appearances, there is a probability that the whole interval between these appearances constituted but one period, and that no return of the comet had escaped observation.

Such are the circumstances which may have been conceived to have presented themselves when the idea first occurred of attempting to ascertain the identity of former comets, and to discover the means of predicting their future return. The *Principia* of Newton, which laid the foundation of all sound astronomical science, had appeared soon after the middle of the seventeenth century; and Halley, the contemporary and friend of Newton, had his attention naturally directed to the physical enquiries which that immortal book suggested. One of the most curious and interesting of these questions was that to which we now allude. Halley, referring to the records of all former observers, with a view to obtain means of determining, as far as possible, the course of former comets, succeeded in identifying one which he had himself observed in 1682, with comets which had appeared on several former occasions; and found, that the interval between its successive returns was from 75 to 76 years. This discovery has since been fully confirmed, and the comet has received the name of *Halley's Comet*. We now propose to lay before the reader the history of this celebrated comet.

In retracing the history of a body of this nature, so far as we can collect it from ancient chroniclers and historians, it is necessary to bear in mind that the terror which the appearance of comets inspired, had a tendency to produce an exaggeration of their effects. The propensity to ascribe to supernatural causes effects which the understanding fails to account for, has rendered comets peculiarly objects of superstitious terror. They have been accordingly regarded in past ages as the harbingers of war, pestilence and famine, and of all the greatest scourges which have visited the human race. But more especially they have presided at the birth and death of the most celebrated heroes. Thus, a conspicuous body of this kind appeared for seven days succeeding the death of Julius Cæsar, and was regarded as the soul of that illustrious person transferred to the heavens. Another was seen at Constantinople in the year of the birth of Mahomed. It is obvious, that under the influence of such powerful prejudices, the circumstances attending these appearances would naturally be amplified and exaggerated; and the probability of exaggeration is increased by the fact that since science has shed its light upon the civilised

world, these terrible objects have in a great degree disappeared, and comets have dwindled for the most part into very insignificant appearances. One of the ill consequences of this exaggeration is, that it greatly increases the difficulty of identifying the bodies which have been described with those which have appeared in more recent times. In fact, we have little more to guide us than the epochs of the respective appearances; and, antecedently to the fifteenth century, we possess absolutely no other evidence of the identity of these bodies except the record of their appearance at the times at which we know, from their ascertained periods, they ought to have appeared. Adopting this test of identity, it would seem at least probable that the first recorded appearance of Halley's comet was that which was supposed to signalise the birth of Mithridates, one hundred and thirty years before the birth of Christ. It is said to have appeared for twenty-four days; its light is described to have surpassed that of the sun; its magnitude to have extended over a fourth part of the firmament; and it is stated to have occupied about four hours in rising and setting.

In the year 313, a comet appeared in the sign Virgo. Another, according to the historians of the Lower Empire, appeared in the year 399, seventy-five years after the last; this last interval being the period of Halley's comet.

The interval between the birth of Mithridates and the year 323 was four hundred and fifty-three years, which would be equivalent to six periods of 75½ years. Thus it would seem, that in the interim there were five returns of this comet unobserved, or at least unrecorded. The appearance in the year 399 was attended with extraordinary circumstances. In the *Theatrum Cometarum* of Subienietzki, it is described as *cometa prodigiosa magnitudinis, horribilis aspectu, comam ad terram usque demittere visus*. The next recorded appearance of a comet agreeing with the ascertained period marks the taking of Rome by Totila in the year 550; an interval of 151 years, or two periods of 75½ years, having elapsed. One unrecorded return must, therefore, have taken place in this interim. The next appearance of a comet coinciding with the assigned period is 380 years afterwards, viz. in the year 930, five revolutions having been completed in the interval. The next appearance is recorded in the year 1005, after an interval of a single period of seventy-five years. Three revolutions would now seem to have passed unrecorded, when the comet again makes its appearance in 1230. In this, as well as in former appearances, it is right to state once more, that the sole test of identity of these comets with that of Halley is the coincidence of the times of their appearances, as nearly as historical records enable us to ascertain, with the epochs at which the comet of Halley might have been expected to appear. That such evidence, however, must needs be imperfect will be evident, if the frequency of cometary appearances be considered; and if it be remembered that hitherto we find no recorded observations, which could enable us to trace even with the rudest degree of approximation the paths of those comets,

the times of whose appearances raise a presumption of their identity with that of Halley. We now, however, descend to times in which more satisfactory evidence may be expected.

In the year 1305, one of those in which the comet of Halley may have been expected, a comet is recorded of remarkable appearance; *cometa horrenda magnitudinis visus est circa ferias Paschatis, quem secula est pestilentia maxima*. Had the horrid appearance of this body alone been recorded, this description might have passed without the charge of great exaggeration; but when we find the great plague connected with it as a consequence, it is impossible not to conclude that the comet was seen by its historians through the magnifying medium of the calamity which followed it. Another appearance is recorded in the year 1350, unaccompanied with any other circumstance than its mere date. This, however, is in strict accordance with the ascertained period of Halley's comet.

We now arrive at the first appearance at which observations were taken, possessing sufficient accuracy to enable subsequent investigators to determine the path of the comet; and this is accordingly the first comet, the identity of which with the comet of Halley, can be said to be conclusively established. In the year 1456, a comet is stated to have appeared of "unheard of magnitude;" it was accompanied by a tail of extraordinary length which extended over sixty degrees (a third of the heavens,) and continued to be seen during the whole of the month of June. The influence which was attributed to this appearance renders it probable that in the record there exists more or less of exaggeration. It was considered as the celestial indication of the rapid success of Mahomed II., who had taken Constantinople, and struck terror into the whole Christian world. Pope Calixtus II. leveled the thunders of the church against the enemies of his faith, terrestrial and celestial, and in the same bull exorcised the Turks and the comet; and in order that the memory of this manifestation of his power should be for ever preserved, he ordained that the bells of all the churches should be rung at mid-day—a custom which is preserved in those countries to our times. It must be admitted that, notwithstanding the terrors of the church, the comet pursued its course with as much ease and security as those with which Mohammed converted the Church of St. Sophia into his principal mosque.

The extraordinary length and brilliancy which was ascribed to the tail upon this occasion, have led astronomers to investigate the circumstances under which its brightness and magnitude would be the greatest possible; and, upon tracing back the motion of the comet to the year 1456, it has been found that it was then actually under the circumstances of position with respect to the earth and sun most favourable to magnitude and splendour. So far, therefore, the results of astronomical calculation corroborate the records of history.

The next return took place in the year 1531. Pierre Appian, who first ascertained the fact, that the tails of comets are usually turned from the sun, examined this comet, with a view to verify his statement, and to ascertain the true

direction of its tail. He made accordingly numerous observations upon its position, which, though, compared with the present standard of accuracy, they must be regarded as of a rude nature, were still sufficiently exact to enable Halley to identify this comet with that observed by himself in 1682.

The next return took place in 1607, when the comet was observed by the celebrated Kepler. This astronomer, on his return from a convivial party, first saw it on the evening of the 26th September; it had the appearance of a star of the first magnitude, and, to his vision, was without a tail; but the friends who accompanied him having better sight, distinguished the tail. Before three o'clock the following morning the tail had become clearly visible, and had acquired great magnitude. Two days afterwards the comet was observed by Longomontanus; he describes its appearance, to the naked eye, to be like Jupiter, but of a paler and more obscure light: that its tail was of considerable length, of a paler light than that of the head, and more dense than the tails of ordinary comets. He states, that on the 24th of September following, the comet was not apparent; that on the 24th of October it was seen obscurely, and some days afterwards disappeared altogether.

The next appearance, and that which was observed by Halley himself, took place in 1682, a little before the publication of the *Principia*. A comet of frightful magnitude had appeared in 1680, and had so terrified all Europe, that the subject of our present enquiry, though of such immense astronomical importance, excited comparatively little popular notice. In the interval, however, between 1607 and 1682, practical astronomy had made great advances; instruments of observation had been brought to a state of comparative perfection; numerous observatories had been established, and the management of them had been confided to the most eminent astronomers of Europe. In 1682, the scientific world was, therefore, prepared to examine the visiter of our system with a degree of care and accuracy before unknown. It was observed at Paris by Lahire, Picard, and Dominique Cassini; at Dantzic, by Hevelius; at Padua, by Montanari; and in England, by Halley and Flamsteed.

In 1686, about four years afterward, Newton published his *Principia*, in which he applied to the comet of 1680 the general principles of physical investigation first promulgated in that work. He explained the means of determining, by geometrical construction, the visible portion of the path of a body of this kind, and invited astronomers to apply these principles to the various recorded comets,—to discover whether some among them might not have appeared at different epochs, the future returns of which might consequently be predicted. Such was the effect of the force of analogy upon the mind of Newton, that without awaiting the discovery of a periodic comet, he boldly assumed these bodies to be analogous to planets in their revolution round the sun.

In the third book of his *Principia*, he calls them a species of planets revolving in elliptic orbits, of a very oval form, and even remarks an analogy observable between the order of their magnitudes and those of the planets. He says,—

"As among planets without tails, those which revolve in less orbits, and nearer to the sun, are of less magnitude, so comets which in their perihelia approach still nearer to the sun than the planets, are much less than the planets, that their attraction may not act too strongly on the sun. But," he continues, "I leave to be determined by others the transverse diameters and periods, by comparing comets which return after long intervals of time in the same orbits."

It is interesting to observe the avidity with which minds of a certain order snatch at generalisations, even when but slenderly founded upon facts. These conjectures of Newton were soon after adopted by Voltaire: "Il y a quelque apparence," says he, in an Essay on Comets, "qu'on connaitra un jour un certain nombre de ces autres planetes qui sous le nom de comètes tournent comme nous autour du soleil, mais il ne faut pas espérer qu'on les connaissent toutes."

And again elsewhere, on the same subject:—

"Comètes, que l'on craint à l'égal du tonnerre,
Cessez d'épouvanter les peuples de la terre;
Dans une ellipse immense achevez notre cours,
Remontez, descendez près de l'astre des jours."

Extraordinary as these conjectures must have appeared at the time, they were soon strictly realised. Halley undertook the labour of examining the circumstances attending all the comets previously recorded, with a view to discover whether any, and which of them, appeared to follow the same path. Antecedently to the year 1700, four hundred and twenty-five of these bodies had been recorded in history; but those which had appeared before the fourteenth century had not been submitted to any observations by which their paths could be ascertained,—at least not with a sufficient degree of precision to afford any hope of identifying them with those of other comets. Subsequently to the year 1300, however, Halley found twenty-four comets on which observations had been made and recorded, with a degree of precision sufficient to enable him to calculate the actual paths which these bodies followed while they were visible. He examined with the most elaborate care the courses of each of these twenty-four bodies; he found the exact points at which each of them penetrated the plane of the earth's orbit; also the angle which the direction of their motion made with that plane; he also calculated the nearest distance at which each of them approached the sun, and the exact place of the body when at that nearest distance. In a word he determined all the circumstances which were necessary to enable him to lay down with sufficient precision the path which these comets must have followed while they continued to be visible.

On comparing their paths, Halley found that one which had appeared in 1661, followed nearly the same path as one which had appeared in 1532. Supposing then these to be two successive appearances of the same comet, it would follow that its period would be 129 years; and Halley accordingly conjectured that its next appearance might be expected after the lapse of 129 years, reckoning from 1661. Had this conjecture been

well founded, the comet must have appeared about the year 1790. No comet, however, appeared at or near that time following a similar path.

In his second conjecture, Halley was more fortunate, as indeed might be expected, since it was formed upon more conclusive grounds. He found that the paths of comets which had appeared in 1531 and 1607, were very nearly identical, and that they were in fact the same as the path followed by the comet observed by himself in 1682. He suspected, therefore, that the appearances at these three epochs were produced by three successive returns of the same comet, and that consequently its period in its orbit must be about 75½ years.

So little was the scientific world at this time prepared for such an announcement, that Halley himself only ventured at first to express his opinion in the form of conjecture; but after some further investigation of the circumstances of the recorded comets, he found three others which at least in point of time agreed with the period assigned to the comet of 1682, viz. those of 1305, 1380, and 1456.* Collecting confidence from these circumstances, he announced his discovery as the result of combined observation and calculation, and entitled to as much confidence as any other consequence of an established physical law.

There were nevertheless two circumstances which to the fastidious sceptic might be supposed to offer some difficulty. These were, first, that the intervals between the supposed successive returns to perihelion were not precisely equal; and, secondly, that the inclination of the comet's path to the plane of the earth's orbit was not exactly the same in each case. Halley, however, with a degree of sagacity which, considering the state of knowledge at the time, cannot fail to excite unqualified admiration, observed that it was natural to suppose, that the same causes which disturbed the planetary motions must likewise act upon comets; and that their influence would be so much the more sensible upon these bodies because of their great distances from the sun. Thus, as the attraction of Jupiter upon Saturn was known to affect the velocity of the latter planet, sometimes retarding, and sometimes accelerating it, according to their relative position, so as to affect its period to the extent of thirteen days, it might well be supposed, that the comet might suffer by a similar attraction an effect sufficiently great to account for the inequality observed in the interval between its successive returns; and also for the variation to which the direction of its path upon the plane of the ecliptic was found to be subject. He observed, in fine, that as in the interval between 1607 and 1682 the comet passed so near Jupiter that its velocity must have been augmented, and consequently its period shortened by the action of that planet, this period, therefore, having been only seventy-five years, he inferred that the following period would probably be seventy-six years or upwards; and consequently that the comet ought not to be expected to appear until the end of 1758, or the be-

* The path of the comet of 1456 was afterwards fully identified with that of 1682.

ginning of 1750. It is impossible to imagine any quality of mind more enviable than that which, in the existing state of mathematical physics, could have led to such a prediction. The imperfect state of mathematical science rendered it impossible for Halley to offer to the world a demonstration of the event which he foretold. "He, therefore," says M. de Pontecoulant, "could only announce these felicitous conceptions of a sagacious mind as mere intuitive perceptions, which must be received as uncertain by the world, however he might have felt himself, until they could be verified by the process of a rigorous analysis."

The theory of gravitation, which was in its cradle at the time of Halley's investigations, had grown to comparative maturity before the period at which his prediction could be fulfilled. The exigencies of that theory gave birth to new and more powerful instruments of mathematical enquiry: the differential and integral calculus was its first and greatest offspring. This branch of science was cultivated with an ardour and success by which it was enabled to answer all the demands of physics, and consequently mechanical science advanced, *pari passu*. Newton's discoveries having obtained reception throughout the scientific world, his enquiries and his theories were followed up; and the consequences of the great principle of universal gravitation were rapidly developed. Among these enquiries one problem was eminently conspicuous for the order of minds whose powers were brought to bear upon it. One of the first and simplest results of the theory of gravitation was, that if a single planet attended the sun (its mass being insignificant compared with that of the sun), that planet must revolve in an ellipse, the focus of which must be occupied by the centre of the sun; but, if a second planet be admitted into the system, then the elliptic form of their paths round the sun can be preserved only by the supposition, that the two planets have no attraction for each other, and that no physical influence is in operation, except the attraction of the solar mass for each of them. But the law of universal gravitation is founded upon the principle, that *every body in nature must attract and be attracted by every other body*. Thus, the elliptic character of the orbit is effaced the moment a second planet is introduced. But let us remember, that in this case each of the two supposed planets are in mass absolutely insignificant compared with the sun. The amount of attraction depending on the greatness of the attracting body, the intensity of the solar attraction of each of the planets must predominate enormously over the comparatively feeble influence of their diminutive masses on each other. The tendency of the solar attraction to impress the elliptic form on the paths of those planets, must therefore prevail in the main; and although their mutual attraction, however feeble, cannot be wholly ineffective, their orbits will, in obedience to the solar mandate, preserve a general elliptic form, subject to those very slight deviations, or disturbances, due to their reciprocal attraction. The problem to discover the nature and amount of these disturbances is one of paramount importance in astronomy, and has been

called the "problem of three bodies;" and its extension embraces the effects of the mutual gravitation of all the planets of the system upon each other. This celebrated problem presented enormous mathematical difficulties. A particular case of it, which, from the comparative smallness of the third body considered, was attended with greater facility, was solved by Euler, D'Alembert, and Clairaut. This was the case in which the single planet, revolving round the sun, was the earth, and the third body the moon.

Clairaut undertook the difficult application of this problem to the case of the comet of 1682, with a view to calculate the effects which would be produced upon it by the attractions of the different planets of the system; and by such means to convert the conjecture of Halley into a distinct astronomical prediction, attended with all the circumstances of time and place. The exact verification of the prediction would, it was obvious, furnish the most complete demonstration of the principle of universal gravitation; which though, generally received, was not yet considered so completely demonstrated as to be independent of so remarkable a body of evidence, as the fulfilment of such a calculation would afford.

To attain completely the end proposed, it was necessary to solve two very different classes of problems, requiring different powers of mind, and different habits of thought and application. The mathematical part of the enquiry, strictly speaking, consisted in the discovery of certain general analytical formulæ, applicable to the case in question; which, when translated into ordinary language, would become a set of rules expressing certain arithmetical processes, to be effected upon certain given numbers; and when so effected would give as the final results, numbers which would determine the place of the comet, under all the circumstances influencing it from hour to hour. The *actual place* of the body being thus determined, it became a simple question of practical astronomy, to ascertain its *apparent place* in the firmament, at corresponding times. A table, exhibiting its apparent place thus determined in the firmament for stated intervals of time, is called its *ephemeris*; it is the final result to which the whole investigation must tend, and is that whose verification by observation would ultimately decide the validity of the reasoning, and the accuracy of the computations. Clairaut, a mathematician and natural philosopher, was eminently qualified to conduct such an investigation, as far as the attainment of those general analytical formulæ which embodied the rules by which the practical astronomer and arithmetician might work out the final results; but beyond this point, neither his habits nor his powers would conduct him. Lalande, a practical astronomer, no less eminent in his own department, and who indeed first urged Clairaut to this enquiry, accordingly undertook the management of the astronomical and arithmetical part of the calculation. In this prodigious labour (for it was one of most appalling magnitude) he was assisted by the wife of an eminent watchmaker in Paris, named Lepaute, whose exertions on this occasion have deservedly registered her name in astronomical history.

It is difficult to convey to the reader who is not conversant with such investigations an adequate notion of the labour which such an enquiry involved. The calculation of the influence of any one planet of the system upon any other, is itself a problem of some complexity and difficulty; but still, one general computation, depending upon the calculation of the terms of a certain series, is sufficient for its solution. This comparative simplicity arises entirely from two circumstances which characterise the planetary orbits. These are, that though they are ellipses, they differ very slightly from circles; and though the planets do not move in the plane of the ecliptic, yet none of them deviate considerably from that plane. But these characters do not, as we have already stated, belong to the orbits of comets, which, on the contrary, are highly eccentric, and depart from the ecliptic at all possible angles. The consequence of this is, that the calculation of the disturbances produced in the cometary orbit by the action of the planets must be conducted, not like the planets, in one general calculation applicable to the whole orbit, but in a vast number of separate calculations; in which the orbit is considered, as it were, bit by bit, each bit requiring a calculation similar to that of the whole orbit of the planet. In fact, for a very small part of its course, we treat the comet as we would a planet; making our calculations, and completing them nearly in the same manner; but for the next part we are obliged to enter upon a new calculation, starting with a different set of numbers, but performing over again similar arithmetical operations upon them. When it is considered that the period of Halley's comet is about seventy-five years, and that every portion of its course, for two successive periods, was necessary to be calculated separately in this way, some notion may be formed of the labour encountered by Lalande and Madame Lepaute. "During six months," says Lalande, "we calculated from morning till night, sometimes even at meals, the consequence of which was, that I contracted an illness which changed my constitution for the remainder of my life. The assistance rendered by Madame Lepaute was such, that without her, we never could have dared to undertake this enormous labour, in which it was necessary to calculate the distance of each of the two planets, Jupiter and Saturn, from the comet, and their attraction upon that body, separately for every successive degree, and for 150 years."^{*}

^{*} The name of Mad. Lepaute does not appear in Clairaut's Memoirs; a suppression which Lalande attributes to the influence exercised by another lady to whom Clairaut was attached. Lalande, however, quotes letters of Clairaut, in which he speaks in terms of high admiration, of "la savante calculatrice." The labours of this lady in the work of calculation (for she also assisted Lalande in constructing his *Ephemerides*) at length so weakened her sight, that she was compelled to desist. She died in 1788, while attending on her husband, who had become insane.—See the articles on Comets, written with considerable ability, in the *Companion to the British Almanac* for the present year, and for 1833. They are understood to be the production of Mr. De Morgan, secretary of the Astronomical Society.

These elaborate calculations having been completed, Clairaut, fearing that the comet would anticipate his announcement, presented his first memoir to the academy on the 14th November, 1758. In this memoir he was compelled to adopt the path of the comet, upon its former appearance, as determined by the observations of Apian. These, however, were made at a time when little attention was paid to comets; and were made, moreover, without that consciousness on the part of the observer of their future importance, which would doubtless have produced greater accuracy. In calculating the effect of the attractions of Jupiter and Saturn upon the comet, in its two periods between 1607 and 1682, and between the latter period and the expected return, Clairaut proceeded upon the supposition that the masses of these planets were each what they were then supposed to be. It has, however, since appeared, that the estimates of these masses were incorrect, more especially that of Saturn. The planet Herschel being then unknown, its influence upon the comet was, of course, wholly omitted. Neither did Clairaut take into account the action of the earth. Encumbered with the disadvantages of this want of precision in his data, he predicted, in his first memoir, that the comet would arrive at its nearest point to the sun on the 18th of April, 1759; but he stated at the same time that the imperfection of some of the methods of calculation he was compelled to adopt, was such as to leave a possibility of his prediction being erroneous to the extent of a month. After presenting this memoir he resumed his calculations, and completed some which he had not time to execute previously. He then announced that the 4th of April would be the day of the comet's arrival at the nearest distance from the sun.

This wonderful astronomical prediction was accompanied by a circumstance still more remarkable and interesting than that which we have noticed in the conjectures of Halley as to the disturbing effects of the planets upon the comet's period. Clairaut stated that there might be very many circumstances which, independently of any error either in the methods or process of calculation, might cause the event to deviate more or less from its predicted occurrence; one of which was the probability of an undiscovered planet of our system revolving beyond the orbit of Saturn, and acting by its gravitation upon the comet. In twenty-two years after this time, this conjecture was accurately fulfilled by the discovery of the planet Herschel, by the late Sir William Herschel, revolving round the sun one thousand million of miles beyond the orbit of Saturn!

In the successive appearances of the comet subsequent to 1456, it was found to have gradually decreased in magnitude and splendour. Whilst in 1456 it occupied two thirds of the firmament, and spread terror over Europe, in 1607, its appearance, when observed by Kepler and Longomontanus, was that of a star of the first magnitude; and so trifling was its tail, that Kepler himself, when he first saw it, doubted if it had any. In 1682 it excited little attention except among astronomers. Supposing this decrease of

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magnitude and brilliancy to be progressive, Lalande entertained serious apprehensions that on its expected return it might escape the observation even of astronomers; and thus that this splendid example of the power of science, and unanswerable proof of the principle of gravitation, would be lost to the world. It is not uninteresting to observe the misgivings of this distinguished astronomer with respect to the appearance of the body, mixed up with his unshaken faith in the result of the astronomical enquiry. "We cannot doubt," says he, "that it will return; and even if astronomers cannot see it, they will not therefore be the less convinced of its presence; they know that the faintness of its light, its great distance, and perhaps even bad weather, may keep it from our view; but the world will find it difficult to believe us; they will place this discovery, which has done so much honour to modern philosophy, among the number of chance predictions. We shall see discussions spring up again in the colleges, contempt among the ignorant, terror among the people, and seventy-six years will roll away before there will be another opportunity of removing all doubt."

Fortunately for science, the arrival of the expected visitor did not take place under such untoward circumstances. As the commencement of the year 1759 approached, "Les astronomes," says Voltaire, "ne se couchèrent pas." The honour, however, of the first glimpse of the stranger was not reserved for the possessors of scientific rank, nor the members of academies or universities. On the night of Christmas day, 1758, George Palitzsch, of Prolitz, near Dresden, "a peasant," says Sir John Herschel, "by station, an astronomer by nature," first saw the comet. He possessed an eight-foot telescope, with which he made the discovery; and the next day communicated the fact to Dr. Hoffman, who immediately went to his cottage, and saw the comet on the evenings of the 27th and 28th of December. An astronomer of Leipzig observed it immediately afterwards; "but," says M. de Pontecoulant, "jealous of his discovery as a lover of his mistress, or a miser of his treasure, he would not share it, and gave himself up to the solitary pleasure of following the body in its course from day to day, while his contemporaries throughout Europe were vainly directing their anxious search after it to other quarters of the heavens." At this time Delisle, a French astronomer, and his assistant, Messier, who, from his unwearied assiduity in the pursuit of comets, received from Louis the Fifteenth the appellation of *Le Furet de Comètes*, (the comet-furrier,) had been constantly engaged for eighteen months in watching for the return of Halley's comet. It would seem that La Caille, and other French astronomers at that time, considering that Delisle and Messier, from the attention which they had given to such objects, and more especially from the ardour and indefatigable perseverance of the latter, could not fail to detect the expected body the moment it came within view, did not occupy themselves in looking for it. Delisle computed an ephemeris, and made a chart of its supposed course in the heavens, and placed it in

the hands of Messier to guide him in his search. This chart was erroneous, and diverted the attention of Messier to a quarter of the firmament through which the comet did not pass, and thus, most probably, deprived that zealous and assiduous observer of the honour of first discovering its return to our system. He succeeded, nevertheless, in observing it on the 21st of January, 1759; nearly a month after it had been seen by Palitzsch and Hoffman,* but without knowing that it had been already observed. The comet was now observed in various places. It continued to be seen at Dresden, also at Leipzig, Boulogne, Brussels, Lisbon, Cadiz, &c. Its course being observed, it was found that it arrived at its perihelion, or at its nearest point to the sun, on the 13th of March, between three and four o'clock in the morning; exactly thirty-seven days before the epoch first assigned by Clairaut, but only twenty-three days previous to his corrected prediction. The comet on this occasion appeared very round, with a brilliant nucleus, well distinguished from the surrounding nebulosity. It had, however, no appearance of a tail. About the middle of the latter month it became lost in the rays of the sun while approaching its perihelion; it afterwards emerged from them on its departure from the sun, and was visible before sunrise in the morning on the 1st of April. On this day it was observed by Messier, who states that he was able to distinguish the tail by his telescope. It was again observed by him on the 3d, 15th and 17th of May. Lalande, however, who observed it on the same occasions, was not able to discover any trace of the tail.

Although it is certain that the splendour and magnitude of the comet in 1759 were considerably less than those with which it had previously appeared, yet we must not lay too much stress upon the probability of its really diminished magnitude. In 1759 it was seen under the most disadvantageous circumstances—it was almost always obscured by the effect of twilight, and was in situations the most unfavourable possible for European observers. It had been discovered, however, in the southern hemisphere at Pondicherry by Pere Cœur-Doux; and at the isle of Bourbon by La Caille, under more favourable circumstances; and

* An interesting memoir of Messier may be found in the *Histoire de l'Astronomie au dix-huitième Siècle*, by Delambre. La Harpe (*Correspondence Littéraire*, Paris, 1801, tom. i. p. 97) says, that "he passed his life in search of comets. The *ne plus ultra* of his ambition was to be made a member of the academy of Petersburg. He was an excellent man, but had the simplicity of a child. At a time when he was in expectation of discovering a comet his wife took ill and died. While attending upon her, being withdrawn from his observatory, Montagne de Limoges anticipated him by discovering the comet. Messier was in despair. A friend visiting him began to offer some consolation for the recent affliction he had suffered: Messier, thinking only of the comet, exclaimed, — 'I had discovered twelve. Alas, that I should now be robbed of the thirteenth by Montagne!' and his eyes filled with tears. Then, remembering that it was necessary to mourn for his wife, whose remains were still in the house, he exclaimed, — 'Ah! cette pauvre femme,' and again wept for his comet."

both of these astronomers agree in stating that the tail was distinctly visible by the naked eye, and varied in length at different periods from ten degrees to forty-seven degrees.* These circumstances are obviously in perfect accordance with the former appearance of the same body.

On its departure from the sun it continued to be observed until the middle of April, when its southern position caused the time of its rising to follow that of the sun; consequently it ceased to be visible in the morning. By a further change in its position, however, it again appeared after sunset on the 29th, and Messier then describes it as having the appearance of a star of the first magnitude. But here again unfortunately another circumstance interposed a difficulty—the light of the moon was at the time so strong as in a great degree to overcome the effect of the comet. The body disappeared altogether in the beginning of June.

The comet had now commenced a new period under circumstances far more favourable than had ever before occurred. An interval of seventy-six years would throw its return into the present year 1835. But during that interval, the science of analysis, more especially in its application to physical astronomy, has made prodigious advances. The methods of investigation have acquired greater simplicity, and have likewise become more general and comprehensive; and mechanical science, in the large sense of that term, now embraces in its formularies the most complicated motions and the most minute effects of the mutual influences of the various members of our system. These formulæ exhibit to the eye of the mathematician a *tableau* of all the evolutions of these bodies in ages past, and of all the changes they must undergo (the laws of nature remaining unchanged) in ages to come. Such has been the result of the combination of transcendent mathematical genius and unexampled labour and perseverance for the last century. The learned societies established in the various centres of civilisation have more especially directed their attention to the advancement of physical astronomy; and have stimulated the spirit of enquiry by a succession of prizes offered for the solution of problems arising out of the difficulties which were progressively developed by the advancement of astronomical knowledge. Among these questions the determination of the return of comets, and the disturbances which they experience in their course, by the action of the planets near which they happen to pass, hold a prominent place. The French Academy of Sciences, in the year 1778, offered a high mathematical prize for an essay on this subject, which was the means of calling forth the splendid *Mémoire* of Lagrange, which formed at once a complete solution and a model for all future investigations of the same kind. Lagrange's investigation was, however, of a general nature, and it remained to apply it to the particular case of Halley's comet, the only one then known to be periodic. In 1820, the Academy of Sciences at Turin offered a prize for this application of Lagrange's formula, which was awarded to M. Da-

moiseau. In 1826, the French Institute proposed a similar prize, having twice before offered it without calling forth any claimant. On this occasion M. de Pontecoulant aspired to the honour. "After calculations," says he, "of which those alone who have engaged in such researches can estimate the extent and appreciate the fastidious monotony, I arrived at a result which satisfied all the conditions proposed by the institute. I determined the perturbations of Halley's comet by taking into account the simultaneous actions of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, (Herschel), and the earth; the comet having passed in 1759 sufficiently near our planet to produce in it (the comet) sensible disturbances; and I then fixed its return to its nearest point to the sun for the 7th of November, 1835." Subsequently to this, however, M. de Pontecoulant made some further researches, which have led him to correct the former result; and he has since announced that the time of its arrival at its nearest point to the sun will be on the morning of the 14th of November next.

Although the highly improved methods of calculation which have been employed in this investigation, combined with the comparatively accurate knowledge of the solar system to which we have arrived, render it extremely probable that this prediction will be fulfilled, yet still there are circumstances which render it possible that the event may differ to a certain extent from the prediction. A great number of small quantities are necessarily neglected in such a calculation, which might in a slight degree affect the result. But, independently of this, the mass of the planet Herschel is not perfectly known, and consequently the effect of its attraction on the comet may have been erroneously estimated: also the enquiry has proceeded upon the supposition that the planets move through a space entirely void of matter, and consequently that they suffer no resistance in their course. But, as we shall presently explain, circumstances have recently rendered it probable, if not certain, that the abyss of space is filled with an ethereal fluid offering a resistance, which, though small, may yet be sensible in so light and expanded a body as a comet. All these circumstances may conspire to introduce some degree of discordance between the actual return of the comet and its predicted time of arrival; and, independently of these, the acute and sagacious observation of Clairaut, before the former appearance of this comet, should not be forgotten. "A body," said he, "which passes into regions so remote, and which is absent from our observation for intervals so protracted, may be submitted to forces altogether unknown to us; such as the attraction of other comets, or even of some planet too distant from the sun ever to be seen from the earth. Little likely as such causes of derangement may be supposed, it is nevertheless sufficient that they are possible, to render it fitting in us to announce with extreme reserve the result of any theory."

The difference between the opinions of different astronomers will further illustrate the degree of uncertainty which may be considered to belong to them. M. Damoiseau has fixed the arrival of the coming comet at its nearest distance from the

* *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences*, 1760.

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sun, for the 4th of November, and Mr. Lubbock for the 31st of October. The cause of the difference between the results of the calculations of Damoiseau and Pontecoulant, arise partly from the circumstance of these mathematicians having adopted different estimates of the path of the body on its former appearances; and partly from having followed a different course of calculation. They do not, however, as has been somewhere said, arise from their having adopted different estimates of the masses of the disturbing planets.

MM. de Pontecoulant and Damoiseau having assumed the path of the comet in 1759, have calculated the alterations which would be produced upon it in the interim, by the various disturbing causes. Mr. Lubbock, however, undertook to ascertain the orbit which it followed in 1759, by means of such observations as had been recorded at that time. Dr. Rosenberger, another enquirer in this field, undertook a similar investigation. In fact, the complete investigation of the circumstances attending the approaching return of the comet, involved two distinct questions—first, the determination of the exact path which the comet followed in 1759, by means of observations made at that time; and, secondly, the determination of the alterations which these elements have undergone between 1759 and the present time. Dr. Rosenberger and Mr. Lubbock have directed their attention to the former question; but MM. de Pontecoulant and Damoiseau have been content with assuming the path attributed to the comet in 1759; and have confined their calculations to determine how much that path has been altered by the various disturbing causes. It will be observed, that to estimate these disturbances with great accuracy, it is not necessary that the path of the body in 1759 should be known with the same accuracy. A considerable error in the imputed path would produce an error of quite insignificant amount in the computed alterations.*

On the whole, it may be considered as tolerably certain, that the comet will become visible in every part of Europe about the latter end of August, or beginning of September next; that is to say, rather more than two months before its arrival at that point where it will be nearest the sun. Its situation also will be favourable to the splendour of its appearance. It will most probably be distinguishable by the naked eye, like a star of the first magnitude, but with a duller light than that of a planet, and surrounded with a pale nebulousity, which will slightly impair its splendour. On the night of the 3d of October, about midnight, it will appear in the east, at an elevation of about thirty degrees; and will be a little above a line joining the bright star, called Castor, with the star called α in the Great Bear. Between that hour and sunrise, it will ascend the firmament, and will cross the meridian near the

zenith of London about sunrise. On the night of the 7th, the comet will approach the well-known constellation of Ursa Major; and between that and the 11th it will pass directly through the seven conspicuous stars of that constellation, following the track which we have here attempted to mark.



In our latitude this constellation never sets, and consequently the comet may be looked for at any hour of the night. But the time most favourable for its appearance will be on the 7th, before the commencement of the morning twilight; on the 9th, at any time in the absence of twilight, when it will pass during the night from the northwest to the northeast, its altitude not, however, exceeding thirty-five degrees; and on the 11th, after the close of the evening twilight, when it will be seen approaching the constellation of the *Crown*, in a direction a little north of west, and at an altitude of about thirty degrees.

Towards the end of November, the comet will plunge among the rays of the sun, and disappear, and will not issue from them on the other side until the end of December. On its departure from the sun, it is doubtful whether it will be visible at all; but, under any circumstances, it cannot remain long apparent.

Such are the principal circumstances, which, so far as we may conjecture with high probability, will attend the coming appearance of this comet. We must not expect to be revisited by that body of portentous aspect and gigantic magnitude which spread terror among the people of the fifteenth century. Happily the light of science has dissipated these vain superstitions. Since astronomy has passed from the hands of priests and historians into those of geometers, nature, immutable in her laws, and grand in her simplicity, seems to have obeyed, in the succession of her phenomena, an habitual order, from which she never departs. That passion, in the excitement of which mankind so much delights, will still be stimulated—not, however, as formerly, accompanied by vain terrors raised by a physical prodigy, but accompanied by sentiments of the highest admiration at those powers of thought, by the exercise of which the day is appointed at which a star shall return to us from such enormous distances, that, for three fourths of a century, it has transcended the limits of our system. It is doubtless not one of the miracles of science least to be admired, nor one of the proofs of the progress of the human mind least striking, to behold this comet, formerly the terror of mankind, now waited for with impatience by the learned, as a sure witness to the truth of their sublime theories. And in these times, when information is so widely diffused, we may hope, perchance, that men of the world themselves may partake in these high sentiments; and that, relying upon the assurances of the learned, they

* Mr. Lubbock very happily illustrates this, by observing, that in the same way a small error in the capital produces a smaller error in the interest; but the error in a debt, consisting of capital and interest together, is, of course, the error of both.—*Companion to British Almanac*, 1835, p. 263.

may seize the opportunity which thus presents itself, to judge, by the evidence of their own eyes, of the actual state of astronomical science, and of the high degree of perfection to which it has attained.

One of the circumstances, not the least surprising, connected with this comet, is the magnitude of its orbit. It is a very oblong oval, the total length of which is about thirty-six times the earth's distance from the sun; and the greatest breadth about ten times that distance. The nearer extremity of the oval is at a distance from the sun equal to about half the earth's distance; and the more remote extremity at a distance equal to thirty-five and a half times the earth's distance from the sun. The earth's distance from the sun is, in round numbers, one hundred millions of miles; the comet's least distance then will be fifty millions of miles, and its greatest distance three thousand five hundred and fifty millions of miles. Also, since the heat and light supplied by the sun to bodies which surround it diminish in the same proportion as the square of the distance increases, it follows, that at the nearest distance of the comet, the heat and light of the sun will be four times the heat and light at the earth, and at the greatest distance they will be about twelve hundred times less. Also the heat and light at the more remote extremity of the orbit will be nearly five thousand times less than at the nearer extremity; so that while the sun seen from the comet will appear four times as large as it appears at the earth, at the nearer extremity, it will be reduced to the magnitude of a star, at the more remote extremity. The vicissitudes of temperature, not to mention those of light, consequent upon this change of position, will be sufficiently obvious. If the earth were transported to the more remote extremity of the comet's orbit, every liquid substance would become solid by congelation; and it is extremely probable that atmospheric air and other permanent gases might become liquids. If the earth was, on the other hand, transferred to the nearer extremity of the comet's orbit, all the liquids upon it would be converted into vapour, would form permanent gases, and would either by their mixture constitute atmospheric air, or would arrange themselves in strata, one above the other, according to their specific gravities. All the less refractory solids would be fused, and would form in the cavities of the nucleus oceans of liquid metal.

Besides the comet of Halley, there are two others, whose periodic returns have been ascertained. In the year 1818, a comet was observed at Marseilles, on the 26th of November, by M. Pons. In the following January, its path being calculated, M. Arago immediately recognised it as identical with one which had appeared in 1805. Subsequently, M. Encke, of Berlin, succeeded in calculating its entire orbit,—inferring the invisible from the visible part,—and found that its period round the sun was about 1200 days. This calculation was verified by the fact of its return in 1822, since when the comet has gone by the name of *Encke's comet*, and returned regularly at its appointed times in 1825, 1829, and 1832. It

will again arrive at its nearest distance to the sun in the month of July in the present year.

On February 28th, 1826, M. Biela, an Austrian officer, observed in Bohemia a comet, which was seen at Marseilles about the same time by M. Gambart. The path which it pursued was observed to be similar to that of comets which had appeared in 1772 and 1806. Finally, it was found that this body moved round the sun in an oval orbit, and that the time of its revolution was about six years and eight months. It has since returned, in the year 1832, at its predicted time; and has been adopted as a member of our system, under the name of Biela's comet.

The orbit of Encke's comet is an oval, whose length is about double its breadth. At its nearest approach to the sun the distance of the comet is about thirty-four millions of miles, which is about the distance of the planet Mercury. When most remote from the sun, its distance is about four hundred and forty-three millions of miles, which is nearly four and a half times the earth's distance, and is little less than the distance of Jupiter. The orbit is inclined to that of the earth at nearly thirteen degrees. This comet may be considered as a planet, revolving within the orbit of Jupiter, and nearly in the common plane of the solar system. Its motion also, as well as that of Biela's, is in the same direction as that of the planets.

In the calculations of Encke for the determination of the movement of this comet, the most scrupulous account was taken of the effects which the planets must produce upon it. Nevertheless, a small discrepancy was found to exist between its observed and computed returns in 1822, 1825, 1829, and 1832; and what was still more remarkable, this discrepancy was of the same nature in every case; so that it is impossible to suppose that it could have arisen from any casual error of computation or of observation; since, had it so occurred, it would have effected the result irregularly. We must therefore conclude, that this comet does not precisely retrace its steps each revolution. It is found, however, that this irregularity, from whatever cause it may proceed, does not disturb the plane of the comet's path. It is in fact, according to the observations and reasonings of Professor Encke, precisely the effect which would be produced if the space through which the comet moves was filled by a subtle fluid, offering a small resistance to the motion of the comet; just as our atmosphere resists the motion of any light body through it.

The existence of an extremely subtle ethereal fluid, which fills the infinitude of space, has been adopted hypothetically to explain the phenomena of optics. In fact, light itself is, according to the undulatory theory, supposed to consist in vibrations transmitted through such a fluid, just as sound is known to consist in similar undulations transmitted through the atmosphere. Hitherto this assumed cause for light has been justly regarded as an ingenious hypothesis not proved, but which accounts for the various phenomena more fully and satisfactorily than the corpuscular theory; which, besides being open to the same objection, completely fails when applied to some phenomena of light, which recent investigations

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have developed. If an effect similar to that which has been observed in Encke's comet should be discovered on the approaching return of Halley's comet, and still more, if it be observed on the next return of Biela's comet,* the undulatory hypothesis will begin to assume the character of a *vera causa*; and that theory of light must, under such circumstances, be considered as established.

The effect on the return of a comet produced by this resistance, contrary to what might at first be expected, is to accelerate it; or to make the actual return anticipate the return as computed on the supposition that the comet moves in an unresisting medium. This difficulty will, however be removed, if it be remembered that a resisting medium, by diminishing the velocity of the body in its orbit, diminishes the influence of the centrifugal force to resist solar attraction. The body, therefore, follows a path constantly nearer to the sun;—in other words, the orbit is in a progressive state of diminution. Now, the less the orbit is, the less time necessary to describe it, and consequently the shorter the period of the successive returns of the body to the same position.

The return of Halley's comet having been computed without taking into account the effect of this supposed resistance, it is possible that its actual may anticipate its predicted arrival. From the small effect, however, produced upon the successive returns of Encke's comet, it is not probable that the event will, on this account vary very materially from the prediction.

If the successive returns of the periodic comets should establish satisfactorily the existence of the luminous ether, it will follow that after the lapse of a certain time every comet will ultimately fall into the sun. In every succeeding revolution of the same comet, its path would fall a little within its former course, and it would describe a spiral line round the sun, continually approaching that body, until at length it would arrive close to his surface: before this would happen, it would doubtless be wholly converted into a light gas by his heat, which would probably mingle with the solar atmosphere.

In the efforts by which the human mind labours after truth, it is curious to observe how often that desired object is stumbled upon by accident, or arrived at by reasoning which is false. One of Newton's conjectures respecting comets was, that they are "the aliment by which suns are sustained;" and he therefore concluded, that these bodies were in a state of progressive decline upon the suns, round which they respectively swept; and that into these suns they from time to time fell. This opinion appears to have been cherished by Newton to the latest hours of his life: he not only consigned it to his immortal writings, but, at the age of eighty-three, a conversation took place between him and his nephew on this subject, which has come down to us. "I cannot say," said Newton, "when the comet of 1680 will fall into the sun; possibly after five or

six revolutions; but whenever that time shall arrive, the heat of the sun will be raised by it to such a point, that our globe will be burned, and all the animals upon it will perish. The new stars observed by Hipparchus, Tycho, and Kepler, must have proceeded from such a cause, for it is impossible otherwise to explain their sudden splendour." His nephew upon this asked him, "Why, when he stated in his writings that comets would fall into the sun, did he not also state those vast fires which they must produce, as he supposed they had done in the stars?"—"Because," replied the old man, "the conflagrations of the sun concern us a little more directly. I have said, however," added he, smiling, "enough to enable the world to collect my opinion."

It may be asked, if the existence of a resisting medium be admitted, whether the same ultimate fate must not await the planets? To this enquiry it may be answered, that within the limits of past astronomical record, the ethereal medium, if it exist, has had no sensible effect on the motion of any planet. That it might have a perceptible effect upon comets, and yet not upon planets, will not be surprising, if the extreme lightness of comets compared with their bulk be considered. The effect in the two cases may be compared to that of the atmosphere upon a piece of swan's down and upon a leaden bullet moving through it. It is certain that whatever may be the nature of this resisting medium, it will not, for many hundred years to come, produce the slightest perceptible effect upon the motions of the planets.

Biela's comet moves in an orbit whose plane is nearly the same with those of the planets. It is but slightly oval, the length being to the breadth in the proportion of about three to two. When nearest to the sun, its distance is nearly equal to that of the Earth; and when most remote from the sun, its distance somewhat exceeds that of Jupiter. Thus it ranges through the solar system, between the orbits of Jupiter and the Earth.

Excepting these three comets of Halley, Encke, and Biela, there is no other whose periodicity has been satisfactorily established; that is to say, a prediction of whose return has been fulfilled. Dr. Olbers observed a comet in 1815, whose return he has predicted in 1887.

The great comet of 1680 was conjectured to be identical with comets which had appeared in 1106, in 531, and in 43, B.C., the intervals being 575 years. This conjecture, however, rests altogether upon the equality of the intervals of its appearance; the path not having been observed antecedent to 1680. Should the conjecture be well founded, it cannot be verified until about the year 2255.*

Notwithstanding the discovery of the periodic comets of Encke and Biela, still the comet of Halley maintains a paramount astronomical inte-

* This is the comet to whose near approach to the earth, Whiston attributed the deluge; the interval of time between 1680 and the period assigned to the deluge, either by the Hebrew or Septuagint chronology, being very nearly an exact multiple of the supposed period of the comet.

* The last return of this comet anticipated its calculated return by one day—Encke's comet loses two days of its period every revolution.

rest; and may be considered to stand alone in exhibiting those physical phenomena which seem to be the exclusive characteristics of the class to which it belongs. Although the comets of Encke and Biela are unquestionably objects of interest to the geometer and astronomer, yet their short periods, the limited space within which they are circumscribed in their motion, the small obliquity and eccentricity of their orbits, and consequently the very slight disturbance which they sustain from the attraction of the planets, render them for all physical purposes nothing more than new planets of inappreciable mass belonging to our system. Unlike other known comets they do not rush from the invisible and inaccessible depths of space, and, after sweeping our system, depart to distances under the conception of which the imagination itself is confounded. They possess none of that grandeur which is connected with whatever appears to break through the fixed order of the universe. It is still reserved for the comet of Halley alone to exhibit a phenomenon, so far as we know, unique;—to afford a splendid result of those powers of calculation by which we are enabled to follow it through the depths of space, two thousand million of miles beyond the extreme verge of the solar system; and, notwithstanding disturbances which render each succeeding period of its return different from the last, to foretell that return with precision.

By far the greater number of comets appear to be mere masses of vapour, totally divested of all concrete or solid matter. So prevalent is this character, that some observers hold it to be universal. Seneca mentions the fact of stars having been distinctly seen through comets. A star of the sixth magnitude was seen through the centre of the head of the comet of 1795 by Sir William Herschel; and in September, 1832, Sir John Herschel, when observing Biela's comet, saw that body pass directly between his eye and a small cluster or knot of minute telescopic stars of the sixteenth or seventeenth magnitude. This little constellation occupied a space in the heavens, the breadth of which was not the twentieth part of the breadth of the moon; yet the whole of the cluster was distinctly visible through the comet. "A more striking proof," says Sir John Herschel, "could not have been offered of the extreme translucency of the matter of which this comet consists. The most trifling fog would have entirely effaced this group of stars, yet they continued visible through a thickness of the cometic matter, which, calculating on its distance and apparent diameter, must have exceeded fifty thousand miles, at least, towards its central parts." It is plain, therefore, that in this case, whatever may be the nature of this substance, it possesses no perceptible power either of absorbing or refracting the light which passes through it; and therefore, according to all probability, is of a density bearing a proportion which, in popular language, may be said to be infinitely small compared with the density of atmospheric air. "If any man should assert that the largest comet ever seen, including its million of miles of tail, contained no more matter than is to be found in the New River Head, he might justly be blamed for asserting

more than he knew. But certainly any one who would positively deny the fact, would deserve the same censure."

Nevertheless, M. Arago leans to the opinion, that some of the comets which have appeared have a solid nucleus within the nebulous matter which surrounds them. This opinion he grounds upon the intense splendour which has been imputed to several of the recorded comets—such, for example, as in that which appeared in the year 43, B.C., and which the Romans considered to represent the metamorphosis of the soul of Cæsar. This was said to be visible in the presence of the sun. In 1402, another comet appeared, so brilliant, that the light of the sun, in the month of March, not only did not prevent the nucleus, but even the tail from being seen. We should attach to this example greater importance, but for the latter part of the statement. Whatever doubt there may be respecting the solidity of the matter forming the nucleus of some comets, there can be none respecting the tail; and it does appear to us something little less than incredible that the tail of any comet could have been seen in the presence of the sun. On the whole, however, M. Arago's inference is, that while there are many comets without any nucleus, there are some with a nucleus which perhaps may be transparent; and others more brilliant than planets, having a nucleus which is probably solid and opaque. The comets which are most intimately connected with our system—those of Encke and Biela—are mere masses of vapour, totally divested of solidity, and so small and faint, that they are not at all discoverable by the unassisted sight, and frequently cannot be detected without considerable difficulty even with telescopic aid. In 1832, Sir John Herschel, with the aid of a reflecting telescope of twenty feet in length, and possessing an enormous illuminating power, could barely see Biela's comet; and he asserts, that if he had not discovered its position by such means, he would have found it quite impossible to have detected it with a refracting telescope, although he did see it afterwards with an equatorial instrument of that kind.

The extreme lightness of comets compared with the smallest masses of the solar system,—as, for example, the new planets and the satellites of the old ones,—is fully established by the observed fact, that on their nearest approach to these bodies they never by their attraction cause them to deviate in the slightest perceptible degree from their usual course; yet this cannot be accounted for by denying to the comets the quality of gravitation, since the attraction of the planets upon them is very considerable. In the year 1767 a comet, previously unknown, entered our system by a course so near the planet Jupiter that the attraction of that body threw the comet completely into a new orbit; which was found by calculation, made by Lexell on the observations of Messier, to be an oval or ellipse, in which, had the comet continued to move, its period would have been about five years and a half. While passing round the sun the comet followed this orbit, but

* M. de Morgan, in the articles already cited.

on receding from the sun it passed, in 1779, among the satellites of Jupiter, and was again thrown into another orbit by the attraction which it suffered, and was never afterwards seen. This circumstance, which was not understood at the time, occasioned considerable difficulty to astronomers; but the problem has since been solved by the methods given by Laplace; and it has been ascertained that previous to 1767 the comet moved in an orbit in which its period must have been at least fifty years, and at its nearest approach to the sun its distance would have been about six times the earth's distance. In such an orbit it is impossible the comet would ever have been visible. The next disturbance of Jupiter, in 1779, threw it into a new orbit, in which its period would have been twenty years, and its least distance from the sun four times the earth's distance. Consequently, in such an orbit it never could be visible from the earth. In this case not the slightest effect was produced upon the motion of Jupiter's satellites by the attraction of the comet; from whence we must infer that the mass of the comet must have had an infinitely small proportion to the mass of the smallest of the satellites.

It is an interesting and well ascertained fact, so far as any evidence can be collected from the periodic comets, that these bodies are undergoing a gradual decrease of magnitude. This has been particularly observable in the successive returns of Halley's comet; in which, from its very long period, such an effect might be expected to be conspicuous. But in the comets of Biela and Encke, of shorter periods, a like effect has been observed. The inference which must be drawn from this, is, that the constituent parts of comets are gradually scattered through space: possibly the formation of their tails, by the operation of the sun, may expel matter from their masses, which the gravitation of the mass does not possess sufficient coercion to recall. Unless, however, we admit that a period will come when comets will altogether vanish from our system, we can scarcely attribute this declension of magnitude and splendour to comets universally; if they have a decay, they must have a growth; if there be a decrease, there must be an increase, and a maximum; otherwise, on tracing back such effects, we must, by assuming a sufficient duration of time, find a set of bodies of infinite magnitude and infinite splendour.

May it not happen, that in their excursions through the abyss of space they may be fed with cometic matter, so that the waste of individual comets may be repaired? Under certain circumstances, comets, whose courses may intersect, may coalesce;—a larger may attract and carry with it a smaller. However this be, we are not warranted in hastily generalising the fact of the decay of magnitude observed in the cases just mentioned. It is true that in the five last appearances of Halley's comet, its magnitude and splendour appear to be on the decline. But if we apply the same reasoning to appearances antecedent to 1456, how, it may be asked, did its return so little attract the notice of historians in 1380? Also, between the year 1305 and 399, although some

returns are mentioned which correspond in time with the period of Halley's comet, yet we have no accounts of the same terrific object. The spirit of the times was nevertheless such, that had it so appeared, it could scarcely have passed without exciting the usual superstitious terrors. Must we not then admit the possibility of growth or increase as well as decline and diminution?

It is a curious, and not uninteresting circumstance, that the periodical path of Biela's comet passes very close to that of the earth; so close, that at the moment the centre of the comet is at the point nearest to the earth's path, the matter of the comet extends beyond that path, and includes a portion within it. Thus, if the earth were at that point of its orbit which is nearest to the path of the comet, at the same moment that the comet should be at that point of its orbit which is nearest to the path of the earth, the earth would be enveloped in the nebulous atmosphere of the comet. As this comet has no nucleus nor solidity, a collision in such a case would, of course, be out of the question. The effect produced would be merely an intermixture of the cometic atmosphere with that of the earth. The extremely light mass of the comet would, notwithstanding its proximity, render it impossible that it could produce any sensible effect, either on the annual or diurnal motion of the earth; so that our years, seasons, and days would remain unchanged. With respect to the effect which might be produced upon our atmosphere by such a circumstance, it is impossible to offer any thing but the most vague conjecture. We have already shown that the nebulous matter of this comet must be infinitely more attenuated than our atmosphere; so that the two fluids, when mixed, would be combined in a proportion in which our atmosphere would prevail to the extent perhaps of millions to one. For a single particle, therefore, of the cometary matter which we should inhale, we should inspire millions of particles of atmospheric air. Under such circumstances, it is scarcely probable that we should be conscious of the presence of the cometic matter at all. But even against the occurrence of such a circumstance as this, there are many thousand chances. It is certain that every year the earth must pass through the point in question; but the comet can only pass through the corresponding point of its path once in seven years. The earth moves in its orbit at the rate of about two millions of miles per day; it consequently could remain within the limits of danger for a very brief period; but unless that brief period precisely coincided with the moment in its seven years' circuit, at which the comet should pass through the corresponding point, the effect which we have now alluded to could not take place.*

* In the year 1832, Biela's comet arrived at the point of its orbit nearest the earth on the 30th of October, and enveloped within its limits a part of the earth's path; but the earth did not arrive at the corresponding point of its orbit until the 30th of November; and since the earth moves at the rate of two millions of miles per day, its distance from the comet on the 30th of October must have been sixty millions of miles.

The question of the near approach of comets to the earth, and of the effects of such an occurrence, has been very fully and satisfactorily investigated by Du Séjour.* He shows that of all the comets whose paths had been then ascertained, none could pass nearer to the earth than about twice the moon's distance; and that none ever did pass nearer to the earth than nine times the moon's distance. This occurred with the comet of 1770, already mentioned as having been changed in its course twice by the action of Jupiter. The least unreasonable ground of apprehension from the proximity of a comet would be the possible production of a tide in the ocean, which would so disturb its equilibrium as to submerge considerable tracts of land. But to accomplish this, or indeed to raise a tide at all, it is necessary (even admitting that the disturbing body can exert sufficient attraction) that the angular motion of the attracting body, with respect to the earth, should not exceed a certain rate. The moon only produces the tides because its angular velocity is considerably under this limit. Du Séjour has proved that a comet could not, by possibility, remain more than two hours and a half so near the earth as a fourth part of the moon's distance. And it could not remain even so long unless it passed the earth under a very peculiar and improbable combination of circumstances. For example, if its orbit were nearly perpendicular to that of the earth, it could not remain more than half an hour in such a position. Under such circumstances, the production of a tide would be impossible. He shows that eleven hours at least would be necessary to enable a comet to produce an effect on the waters of the earth, from which the injurious consequences so much dreaded could follow. The conclusion to which he arrives is, therefore, that "although in strict geometrical rigour, it is not physically impossible that a comet should encounter the earth, yet the moral possibility of such an event is absolutely nothing."

The determination of the number of comets connected with our system is a question, which, although not admitting of a demonstrative solution, may be solved upon grounds of a high degree of probability; and it is one of so much interest, that we are induced here to extend the limits we had intended for this article, in order to lay before our readers the views of M. Arago and others on this point.

The total number of distinct comets, whose paths, during the visible part of their course, had been ascertained up to the year 1832, was one hundred and thirty-seven. In order to discover whether bodies of this nature prevail more in any particular regions of space than in others—whether, like the planets, they crowd into a particular plane, or are distributed through the universe without preference of any one region to any other—it was necessary to examine and compare the paths of these hundred and thirty-seven bodies. After a close examination of the planes of their orbits with respect to that of the

earth, it appears, that the numbers inclined at various angles, from 0 to 90°, is pretty nearly the same. Thus, at angles between 80° and 90° there are fifteen comets; while at angles between 10° and 20° there are thirteen; and between 30° and 40° there are seventeen. Again, the points, where they pass through the plane of the earth's orbit, are found to be uniformly distributed in every direction round the sun. The points where they pass nearest to the sun are likewise distributed uniformly round that body. Their least distances from the sun also vary in such a manner as leads to the supposition of their uniform distribution through space. Thus, if we suppose a globe, of which the sun is the centre, to pass through the orbit of Mercury, so as to enclose the space round the sun, extending to a distance on every side equal to the distance of Mercury, thirty of the ascertained comets, when at their least distance from the sun, pass within that globe. Between that globe and a similar one through the orbit of Venus, forty-four comets pass under like circumstances. Between the latter globe and a like one through the orbit of the earth, thirty-four pass; between the globe through the orbit of the earth and one through the orbit of Mars, twenty-three pass; and between the latter and a globe through the orbit of Jupiter, six pass. No comet has ever been visible beyond the orbit of Jupiter. It must be here observed, that beyond the orbit of Mars it is extremely difficult to discern comets; and this may account for the comparatively small number of ascertained comets which do not come nearer to the sun than that limit. A comparison of the above numbers with the spaces included between these successive imaginary globes, and with the relative facility or difficulty of discerning comets in the different situations thus assigned, leads to a demonstration, that, so far as these hundred and thirty-seven observed comets can be considered as an indication of the general distribution of comets through space, that distribution ought to be regarded as uniform; that is, an equal number of comets have their least distances included in equal portions of space.

Adopting, then, this conclusion, M. Arago reasons in the following manner:—The number of ascertained comets, which at their least distances pass within the orbit of Mercury, is thirty. Now, our most remote planet, Herschel, is forty-nine times more distant from the sun than Mercury; consequently, a globe, of which the sun is the centre, and whose surface would pass through the orbit of Herschel, would include a space greater than a similar globe through the orbit of Mercury in the proportion of the cube of forty-nine to one, or of a hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and forty-nine to one. Assuming the uniform distribution of comets, it will follow, that for every comet included within a globe through the orbit of Mercury, when, at its least distance, there will be a hundred and seventeen thousand six hundred and forty-nine comets, similarly included, within the globe through the orbit of Herschel. But as there are thirty ascertained to be within the former globe, there will therefore be three millions, five hundred and

* *Traité analytique des mouvements apparens des corps célestes.* Paris, 1786—1789.

twenty-nine thousand, four hundred and seventy within the orbit of Herschel.

Thus it appears that, supposing no comet ranging within the limits of Mercury has escaped observation, that portion of space enclosed within the globe through Herschel must be swept by at least three millions and a half of comets. But there can be no doubt that much more than thirty comets pass within the globe through Mercury; for it would be contrary to all probability to assume that, notwithstanding the many causes obstructing the discovery of comets, and the short period during which we have possessed instruments adequate to such an enquiry, we should have discovered *all* the comets ranging within that limit. It is, therefore, more probable that *seven millions* of comets are enclosed within the known limits of the system, than the lesser number. Such is the astounding conclusion to which M. Arago's reasoning leads.

The light of comets is an effect of which astronomers have hitherto given no satisfactory account. If any of these bodies had been observed to have exhibited phases like those of the moon and the inferior planets, the fact of their being opaque bodies, illuminated by the sun, would be at once established. But the existence of such phases must necessarily depend upon the comet itself being a solid mass. A mere mass of cloud or vapour, though not itself luminous, but rendered visible by borrowed light, would still exhibit no effect of this kind: its imperfect opacity would allow the solar light to affect its constituent parts throughout its entire depth—so that, like a thin fleecy cloud, it would appear not superficially illuminated, but receiving and reflecting light through all its dimensions. With respect to comets, therefore, the doubt which has existed is, whether the light which proceeds from them, and by which they become visible, is a light of their own, or is the light of the sun shining upon them, and reflected to our eyes like light from a cloud. For a long period this question was sought to be determined by the discovery of phases. M. Arago then proceeded to apply to the question a very elegant mode of investigation, depending on a property* by which reflected light may be distinguished from direct light, and the existence of which property there are sufficient optical means of detecting. He has, however, within the last year, furnished, as we conceive, much more simple and satisfactory means of putting the question finally at rest; if, indeed it be not already decided.

It is an established property of self-shining bodies, that at all distances from the eye they have the same apparent splendour. Thus the sun, as seen from the planet Herschel, *seems* as bright as when seen from the earth. It is true that he is much smaller, but still equally bright. The smallest brilliant may be as bright as the largest diamond. We must not here be understood to imply that he affords the same light; that is quite another effect. What is intended to be conveyed, will perhaps be best understood by considering the effect of viewing the sun through

a pin hole made in a card. The card being placed at a small distance from the eye, it is evident that the eye will view only a small portion of the sun's disc, limited by the magnitude of the pin hole; but that portion, *so far as it goes*, will be as bright as it would be were the card removed. Now, the effect here produced, by limiting the portion of the sun's disc which the eye is permitted to see, is precisely the same as if the eye were carried to so great a distance from the sun, that its apparent magnitude would be reduced to equality with that portion of its disc which is seen through the hole in the card.*

Now, applying this principle to the question of cometary light, it will follow that, if a comet shines by light of its own, and not by light received from the sun, it will, like all other self-luminous bodies, have the same apparent brightness at all distances. It will therefore cease to be visible, not from want of sufficient apparent brightness, but from want of sufficient visual magnitude. Now, it may be shown that the limit of visual magnitude which would cause the disappearance of a self-luminous body is so extreme, that it would be wholly inapplicable to this case. By varying the magnitude of the object-glass of a telescope (which may be easily done), with which such a body is viewed, in proportion to the magnifying power of the eye-glass, it is always possible to make the image of the same apparent brightness; that is, supposing the object itself to maintain a uniform splendour. Consequently, if a body, submitted to this species of observation, cease to be visible even by a telescope, it will follow, that it must disappear either by a very extreme diminution of visual magnitude, or by the loss of its own intrinsic splendour. Now, to apply this test to the question of comets. Let us ask in what manner they disappear? Is their disappearance the consequence of an excessive diminution of visual magnitude? Or is it to be attributed to the diminished quantity of light which they transmit? Every astronomer will immediately reply that the latter only can cause the disappearance. The greater number of comets, including the most brilliant and remarkable one of 1680 more especially, have obviously disappeared by the gradual enfeeblement of their light. They were, as it were, extinguished. At the very time they ceased to be visible, they possessed considerable visual magnitude. But such a mode of disappearance is incompatible with the character of a self-luminous body, unless we suppose that, from some physical cause, it gradually loses its luminosity.

But, in answer to this is adduced the observed fact, that the dimensions of comets are enlarged as they recede from the sun; that the luminous matter, thus existing in a less condensed state, will shine with a proportionally enfeebled splendour; and that at length, by the dilatation of the body, the light becomes so dilute, that it is incapable of affecting the retina so as to produce sensation.

In answer to this objection, M. Arago has sub-

* This property is demonstrable by mathematical reasoning.

* Polarisation.

mitted to examination the rate at which comets increase their dimensions as they recede from the sun, according to Valz; and calculates the corresponding diminution of intrinsic splendour which would arise from such a cause. The question then is, whether, by such a diminution of splendour, the brightest comets would be invisible beyond the orbit of Jupiter? This question he proposes to decide by the following experimental test, to be applied to some future comet.

Let a telescope be selected having a large opening and low magnifying power, by the aid of which the comet may be observed in every part of its visible course. Let the body be observed with this instrument, at some determinate distance from the sun, such as, for example, the distance of Venus. M. Arago shows how, by applying different magnifying powers to the telescope under these circumstances, the image of the comet may be made to assume different degrees of brightness. He shows also how the magnifying power may be regulated, so as to exhibit the image of the comet with just that degree of brightness with which it would appear at any given increased distance to the lowest magnifying power; on the supposition of its being a self-shining body, losing brightness by reason of the enlargement of its dimensions. In this way, he shows that the actual brightness which the comet *ought* to have at any given distance from the sun, when looked at with any given magnifying power, may be predicted. He proposes, then, that, this observation being previously made, the comet should be observed subsequently at the proposed distances. If it appear with that degree of brightness which it ought to have in correspondence with such previous observations, then there will be a presumption that it shines with its own light. But if, as is probable, and perhaps nearly certain, the splendour of the comet at increased distances will be greatly less than it ought to be, and that it will be wholly invisible at distances at which it ought to be seen, then there will be conclusive proof that it is a body not self-luminous, but one which derives its light from the sun; and that its disappearance, when removed to any considerable distance from that luminary, arises from the extreme faintness of the light which its attenuated matter reflects.

It will, of course, be perceived, that the enlargement of the volume of the comet will produce a diluting effect upon its reflected light, as much as it would if it shone with direct light; and this furnishes an additional reason for its rapid disappearance as it recedes from the sun.

It will doubtless excite surprise, that the dimensions of a comet should be enlarged as it recedes from the source of heat. It has been often observed in astronomical enquiries, that the effects which at first view seem most improbable, are nevertheless those which frequently prove to be true: and so it is in this case. It was long believed that comets enlarged as they approached the sun; and this supposed effect was naturally and probably ascribed to the heat of the sun expanding their dimensions. But more recent and exact observations have shown the very reverse to be the fact. Comets increase their volume as they recede from

the sun; and this is a law to which there appears to be no well-ascertained exception. This singular and unexpected phenomenon has been attempted to be accounted for in several ways. Valz ascribed it to the pressure of the solar atmosphere, acting upon the comet; that atmosphere being more dense near the sun, compressed the comet and diminished its dimensions; and, at a greater distance, being relieved from this coercion, the body swelled to its natural bulk. A very ingenious train of reasoning was produced in support of this theory. The density of the solar atmosphere and the elasticity of the comet being assumed to be such as they might naturally be supposed, the variations of the comet's bulk were deduced by strict reasoning, and showed a surprising coincidence with the observed change in the dimensions. But this theory is tainted by a fatal error. It proceeds upon the supposition that the comet, on the one hand, is formed of an elastic gas or vapour; and, on the other, that it is impervious to the solar atmosphere through which it moves. To establish the theory, it would be necessary to suppose that the elastic fluid composing the comet should be surrounded by a *nappe* or envelope as elastic as the fluid composing the comet, and yet wholly impenetrable by the solar atmosphere.

Several solutions of this phenomenon have been proposed by Sir John Herschel: * one is, that the comet consists of a cloud of particles, which either have no mutual cohesion, or none capable of resisting their solar gravitation; that, therefore, these particles move round the sun as *separate and independent planets*, each describing an ellipse or parabola, as the case may be. If this be admitted, it is demonstrable on geometrical principles, and indeed it follows as a necessary consequence of the principle of gravitation, that the particles thus independently moving, must converge as they approach the sun, so as to occupy a more limited space and to become condensed; and that on receding from the sun, they will again diverge and occupy increased dimensions.

Herschel insists on this the more, because he conceives it has the character of a *vera causa*. The fact is, the hypothetical part of it consists, not in the assumed effect of the gravitation of the particles of the comet, but in the assumption that the mutual cohesion or mutual gravitation of these particles is a quantity evanescent in comparison with their separate gravitation towards the sun. This can scarcely be ranked as any thing but a supposition assumed to account for the phenomena.

Another theory proposed by Sir John Herschel, which indeed is not altogether incompatible with the simultaneous operation of the former cause, is, that the nebulous portion of the comet, or that portion which reflects the sun's rays, is of the nature of a fog, or a collection of discrete particles of a vaporisable fluid floating in a transparent medium;—similar, for example, to the cloud of vapour which appears at some distance from the spout of a boiling kettle. Now, since these molecules, during the comet's approach to the sun,

* *Memoirs Royal Astron. Soc.* Vol. VI. p. 104.

absorb its rays and become heated, a portion of them will be constantly passing from the liquid to the gaseous or invisible state. As this change must commence from without, and must be propagated inwards, the effect will be a diminution of the comet's visible bulk. On the other hand, as it retreats from the sun, it will lose by radiation the heat thus acquired; which, in conformity with the general analogy of radiant heat, will escape chiefly from the unevaporated or nebulous mass within. The dimensions of this will, therefore, begin, and continue to increase, by the precipitation immediately above it of fresh nebula; just as we see fogs in cold still nights forming on the surface of the earth, and gradually extending upwards as the heat near the surface is dissipated. The comet would thus appear to enlarge rapidly in its visible dimensions at the moment that its real volume is in fact slowly shrinking by the general abstraction of heat from the mass.

"This process," says Sir John Herschel, "might go on in the entire absence of any solid or fluid nucleus; but supposing such a nucleus to exist, and to have acquired a considerable increase of temperature in the vicinity of the sun, evaporation from its surface would afford a constant and copious supply of vapour, which, rising into its atmosphere, and condensing at its exterior parts, would tend yet more to dilate the visible limits of the nebula. Some such process would naturally enough account for the appearances which have been noticed in the head of certain comets, where a stratum void of nebula has been observed, interposed, as it were, between the denser portion of the head, or nucleus, and the coma. It is analogous to the meteorological phenomenon of a definite vapour plane, so commonly observed; and in certain cases, may admit of two or more alternations of nebula and clear atmosphere."

Sir John offers a third supposition to account for the effects, by attributing them to the ethereal medium surrounding the sun.

"Fourier," says he, "has rendered it not improbable that the region in which the earth circulates has a temperature of its own greatly superior to what may be presumed to be the absolute zero, and even to some artificial degrees of cold. I have shown, I think satisfactorily, that if this be the case, such temperature cannot be due simply to the radiation of the stars, but must arise from some other cause, such as the contact of an ether, possessing itself a determinate temperature, and tending, like all known fluids, to communicate this temperature, to bodies immersed in it. Now, if we suppose the temperature of the ether to increase as we approach the sun, which seems a natural, and indeed a necessary consequence of regarding it as endued with the ordinary relations of fluids to heat, we are furnished with an obvious explanation of the phenomenon in question. A body of such extreme tenuity as a comet, might be presumed to take very readily the temperature of the ether in which it is plunged; and the vicissitude of warmth and cold thus experienced, may alternately convert into transparent vapour, and reprecipitate, the nebulous substance, just as we see an increase of atmospheric temperature dissipate a fog, not by abstracting or annihilating its aqueous particles, but by causing them to assume the elastic and transparent state which they lose, and again appear in fog when the temperature sinks."

We cannot conclude without noticing some of the imaginary influences imputed to comets; the more so, because, notwithstanding the general

intelligence of these times, such erroneous impressions do still to a certain extent prevail.

One of the most common effects attributed to these bodies, is an influence over the temperature of our seasons. It would be easy to expose such an error, by showing upon general physical principles, that there is no reason whatever, why a comet should produce such an influence; but it will perhaps be more satisfactory to refute it by showing, that it is not in conformity with observed facts. M. Arago has given a table, in which he has exhibited in one column the temperatures of the weather at Paris for every year, from 1735 to 1831 inclusive; and in juxtaposition with these he has stated the number of comets which appeared, with their magnitude and general appearance. The result is, that no coincidence whatever is observable between the temperatures and the number or appearance of comets. For example, in 1737, although two comets appeared, the mean temperature was inferior to that of the preceding years, during which no comet appeared. The year 1765, in which no comet appeared, was hotter than the year 1766, when two comets appeared; the year 1775, when no comet appeared, was hotter than the year 1780, which was marked by the appearance of two comets; and the temperature was still lower in the year 1785, in which two comets appeared; while on the other hand the temperature of the year 1781 was greater, which was likewise marked by the appearance of two comets.

This question, of the supposed connection between the temperature and the appearance of comets has been completely sifted by M. Arago. He has given not only the general temperatures, but also a table of the years of greatest cold—of the years in which the Seine has been frozen over, and also of the years of the greatest heat—and he has shown that the corresponding appearances of comets have been varied without any connection whatever with these vicissitudes of temperature.

We should have hoped that the absurd influences attributed to comets, would, at least in our times, have been confined to physical effects, in which the excuse of ignorance might be pleaded with a less sense of humiliation. But will it be believed that within a few years persons could be found among the better classes of society, and holding some literary and professional station—and in our own country too,—who could attribute to the influence of comets every prevalent disease, local or general, by which since the commencement of the Christian era, not the human race only was afflicted, but even the lower species of animals?

The splendid comet of 1811 was, on the continent considered as the immediate cause of the fine vintage of that year, and the produce was distinguished as the *wine of the comet*. But with us still more extraordinary effects were ascribed to that comet. In the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," for 1818, we were told that its influence produced a mild winter, a moist spring and a cold summer; that there was not sufficient sunshine to ripen the fruits of the earth; that, nevertheless, (such was the cometic influence,) the harvest was abundant,

and some species of fruits, such as melons and figs, were not only plentiful, but of a delicious flavour; that wasps rarely appeared, and *flies became blind, and died early in the season*; that, in the neighbourhood of London, numerous instances occurred of *women bearing twins*, and it even happened, in one instance, that the *wife of a shoemaker in Whitechapel had four children at a birth!*

So recently as the year 1829, a work appeared upon epidemic diseases,* by Mr. Forster, an English practitioner, in which it is asserted that, since the Christian era, the most unhealthy periods have been precisely those in which some great comet appeared; that such appearances were accompanied by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and atmospheric commotions, while no comet has been observed during healthy periods. Not contented, however, with the influences formerly attributed to comets, Mr. Forster, says M. Arago, has so extended, in his learned catalogue, the circle of imputed cometary influences, that there is scarcely any phenomenon which he does not lay to their charge. Hot seasons and cold, tempests, earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, hail, rain, and snow, floods and droughts, famines, clouds of midges and locusts, the plague, dysentery, the influenza,† are all duly registered by Mr. Forster; and each affliction is assigned to its comet, whatever kingdom, city, or village the famine, pestilence or other visitation may have ravaged. In making thus, from year to year, a complete inventory of the misfortunes of this lower world, who would not have foreseen the impossibility of any comet approaching the earth, without finding some portion of its inhabitants suffering under some affliction; and who would not have granted at once, what Lubienetski has written a large work to prove, that there never was a disaster without a comet, nor a comet without a disaster.

Nevertheless, even the credulity and ingenuity of Mr. Forster were in one or two cases at fault, to discover corresponding afflictions for some of the most remarkable comets;—that of the year 1680, for example, which was not only one of the most brilliant of modern times, but the one which of all others approached nearest to the earth. The utmost delinquency with which he can charge this comet, was that of “producing a cold winter, followed by a dry and warm summer, and of causing meteors in Germany.” To the comet of 1665, he ascribes the great plague of London;

* Illustrations of the atmospherical origin of epidemic diseases, by T. Forster, Chelmsford, 1829.

† We quote M. Arago, not having seen the publication to which he alludes. The celebrated traveller Kuppel wrote from Cairo (8th October, 1835). “The Egyptians think, that the comet now visible is the cause of the great earthquake which we felt here on the 21st of August, and that it also exercises its malign influence over the horses and asses which perish. The truth is, the animals are dying from starvation, their usual forage having failed in consequence of the insufficient inundation of the Nile.” Were I not restrained by personal considerations, says M. Arago, I could easily convince the reader that, in respect to astronomical knowledge, Egyptians are not confined to the banks of the Nile.

but he does not favour us with any reason why Edinburgh, Dublin, and Paris, not to mention various English towns and villages, were spared from its malign influence. The crowning absurdity, however, is the effect imputed to the comet of 1668. It appears, according to Mr. Forster, that the presence of this body made “all the cats in Westphalia sick!”

Though our countryman probably stands alone in the degree of his absurdity on this subject, still, society in general, including even the classes reputed most enlightened, cannot be altogether acquitted of ignorance in regard to it. “I would have wished,” says M. Arago, “for the honour of modern philosophy, to be freed from the necessity of taking serious notice of such absurdities; but I have acquired personal knowledge that some refutation of them is not useless, and that the advocates of these influences have no inconsiderable number of followers. Listen, when you are present at one of those brilliant assemblies, where you meet what is called good society;—listen to the talk of which the approaching comet furnishes the subject, and then decide if we ought to boast of that diffusion of knowledge, which so many declare to be the characteristic feature of our times.”

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.—PART III.

THE HISTORICAL PLAYS—JULIUS CÆSAR.

From Christian Italy, with its blazing passions of love and hatred, its luxurious and headlong pursuit of pleasure, its enthusiastic yet half sensual devotion, turn we to antique pagan Rome, with its grave and stately manners, its calm Stoic or Epicurean philosophy, its airy and poetical religion; where, in the Forum, eagle-eyed orators are holding listening senates in awe; where the white-stoled flamens are “at their service quaint” in yonder temple of Jupiter; where chiefs, at whose name the world grows pale, are climbing or descending the majestic Capitol; where, in the shady porticoes or gardens beyond the Tiber, sages and their scholars are meditating, or reclining; through whose crowded and magnificent streets already rolls the tide of the population, the riches and the glories of the world. Let us see how the master mind, which has so deeply penetrated into the spirit of modern times, who has traversed the whole realm of fancy with the ease and certainty of his own Ariel, will find his way through this long hollow valley of antiquity—every where so dim and cloudy, in many parts palled in the thickest gloom; without even the lantern of learning to assist him, and nothing to guide him through the obscure, but the inward and inextinguishable ray which genius sheds on all it lights upon.

If the creative power, energy, and profound depth of Shakspeare's mind are best indicated in those plays of his which are of pure invention (and in regard to character, Hamlet, Macbeth, and Lear, though founded on fabulous chronicles, may be considered as such),—the wonderful completeness and balance of his mind, its remarkable

union of sagacity with power, of accuracy, of judgment, and moderation in taste, with unparalleled reach of imagination, are best illustrated by his historical plays. If, in his plays of pure invention, he was thrown more absolutely on his own resources, and forced, like the Israelites, to find the very straw out of which his bricks were to be made, the form at least of the structure which he was to rear with them, was at his command. No taskmaster prescribed its site or plan; all nature was before him, offering its inexhaustible materials to his choice, and he could place them beside each other in harmonious conjunction. But, in approaching the field of authentic history, his situation was very different. He was called upon, not to create a palace at will, from the vast stores which his treasury afforded, but to reconstruct, in its original symmetry and beauty, a ruined and dilapidated edifice, of which nothing remained but fragments of broken pillars, crushed arches, choked-up vaults, and half vanished staircases; an architectural labyrinth, chaotic and unintelligible, save to those to whom genius gave the clue. Yet every fragment which time had spared from the wreck, was to be preserved untouched—sacred even from genius itself; and out of the heterogeneous masses which lay strewn out, "gold, silver, or base lead," massive marble or crumbling clay, must he endeavour, as he best might, to supply the gaps, build up the broken towers, restore those buried vaults to the light of day, discern by conjecture the original meaning and purpose of that which seemed shapeless and uncouth, and give back to the whole structure its outward beauty, and its internal adaptation and significance. To do this effectually, and as Shakspeare has done; to take, if we may be allowed the comparison, the *bouts-rimés* which history has written down for us, and to fill up the theme, to unite those half connected conclusions in such exquisite and natural sequence, with such appearance of unity and compactness, is a task, demanding perhaps powers of a different kind, but scarcely inferior, on the whole, to those by which a Hamlet or a Caliban have been called into existence.

The difficulty of such a task is pre-eminently felt in every attempt to revive the spirit of classical antiquity, or to carry us back into familiar contact with the heroes of Greece and Rome. In drawing the characters of those who have occupied a prominent place on the theatre of the world's history, in modern or comparatively modern times, a certain community of feelings and sympathies, existing between ourselves and the subjects of our delineation—amidst all the differences which temperament, habits, or situation may produce—will always afford us a tolerable key to their probable conduct or feelings in given situations, while the more detailed and frequent notices of their history, which are at our command, though still leaving much for imagination and judgment to supply, are, like lamps in a city at night, sufficient to guide us on, dimly perhaps but safely, from one point to another, to our journey's end. But between the days of paganism and those of Christianity there is a great gulf fixed, not to be surmounted by labour, and which

only the strong wings of genius can overfly. The change from polytheism to Christianity is so sudden and complete, the influence thus brought into play so new and complex, the habits, manners, the whole relations of the sexes and of society, the whole forms of polity, the whole objects of sympathy and desire, here and hereafter, are so changed, that we can have no assurance of the correctness of any analogies drawn from the present to the past, and must feel that in our attempt to reconstruct from the meagre materials of history, aided by reasoning from our own feelings and passions, a consistent and real character of classical antiquity, we are either presenting a cold outline of a few superficial and obvious qualities, or accumulating an incoherent patch-work of others which never existed in the same being.

The French, no doubt, have often cut the knot more simply, by at once converting the heroes of Greece and Rome into Frenchmen, endowing them with modern feelings, passions, and forms of politeness and gallantry, and leaving, in fact, nothing classical about them, except their supposed local habitation and name. Thus inconsistency of drawing is in some measure avoided; for the characters, under whatever name disguised, are, *intus et in cute*, from their entrance to their exit, modern Frenchmen; and they think, speak, and act naturally enough in their vocation. But all truth of local colouring, all impression of reality, are of course at an end; all peculiarities are at once swept away by this leveling principle. Who can doubt, for instance, that there were many and marked distinctions between the Greeks and Romans; yet who can point out the smallest characteristic differences between the Greeks of the Iphigenie, the Greeks of the Trojan war, and the Romans of Cinna and Britannicus—the Romans of the meridian and declining empire?

Not in this spirit has Shakspeare gone to work. His studies from the antique are neither mere impersonations of a few traditional and prescriptive qualities, which make up our vague abstract notion of the Roman or the Greek, nor modernisations of history, carrying the spirit of the wars of the Roses or the Reformation, and the manners and intrigues of the court of Elizabeth, into the conspiracies of the Capitol, and the struggles of "the last of the Romans." He has taken the characters as he found them in history; he has surrounded them by no modern colouring; yet neither has he shrunk from following them into the inmost recesses of character and feeling. Far from being mere images of certain feelings of patriotism, bravery, and ambition—mere simulacra of human beings—they are living, breathing, active men, with the thousand shifting impulses and alternations of good and evil feeling, of greatness and littleness, of resolution and weakness, which characterise ourselves and those around us; yet, as by some magic, all those feelings and impulses, every word and action, carry us back thousands of years along the course of time; we feel, for the first time, the assurance that we are indeed in the Eternal City—that such were the majestic beings who in its

streets and senates contended for empire—such its venal, and vacillating, and profligate multitudes, ever ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder—such its orators, wielding at will this fierce democracy—such its warriors, so beautifully blending calm philosophy with action—such its festivals, elections, conspiracies, quarrels, and reconciliations. In *Coriolanus*, Julius Cæsar, Anthony, and Cleopatra—(and, let us add, though, perhaps, at a humble distance, in the admirable romance of *Valerius*)—alone do we ever experience that species of interest, that conviction of reality, with which we are impressed by an interesting narrative of more modern times. The conspiracy against Cæsar agitates us with suspense and curiosity like those of *Fiesco* and *Pierre*; the scene where *Coriolanus sollicit* (!) the suffrages of the citizens; the oration over Cæsar's body—hurry us on like the tumultuous canvassings and popular declamations of a modern election; and yet in all this we have the full persuasion that there is nothing *modern*; that the true spirit of the past does in truth animate these creations, and that the essential truth and propriety of history, "the goodly usage of the antique time," has never been violated.

We say the *essential* truth, because nothing is more easy than to convict Shakspeare of minute mistakes in his Roman plays. A French critic, for instance, who would not have felt the least scruple, "*peindre Caton galant, et Brutus d'ameret*," would probably be much shocked by seeing a Roman mob throwing up their *caps*, or wearing *pockets*, or hearing the *clock* proclaim the hour in the Capitol; or finding Cæsar's gardens placed on the wrong side of the Tiber. In the delineation of the inner man, Shakspeare drew his materials from his own breast, and then he could not err; in externals even, his admirable tact and quick perception seem to supply, in a great measure, the want of learning, and to enable him, with all his limited reading, to avoid every material violation of manners or costume; in the slighter matters only, where inaccuracy was of little consequence, can any mistake be pointed out. And even when pointed out, they are almost instantly forgotten.

Nothing at first sight appears more artless than the conduct of the action in these classical plays; in which Shakspeare appears to invent nothing, but to follow with close fidelity the course of history. Yet, even under this apparently rigorous adherence to the letter of history, lies frequently the profoundest art of condensation, selection, and omission of all which does not bear upon the main object of the play. No new events are added, and, in one sense, perhaps, none are omitted, for all are indicated, more or less, but each is reduced to its proper degree of prominence, and is either expanded in action, or briefly adverted to in allusion, according to its relation to the leading idea which the play embodies. What *Plutarch*, for instance, duly despatches in half a sentence, Shakspeare moulds into one of his most touching and powerful scenes—the quarrel and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius: and the same is the case with Antony's artful

and admirable oration over Cæsar's body. In like manner, much upon which the old gossiping biographer dwells with prolixity, Shakspeare passes over with a transient notice, his aim being not to exhibit the character of Cæsar alone (for, in truth, scarcely a single personage in the play is so slightly touched as the one from whom it derives its name), but to present a grand picture of the public life of Rome, at a moment when democracy was about to resolve itself for ever into its natural *euthanasia*—despotism; and to group round the stately central form of the philosophic Brutus, in whose character stoicism, and an ideal of republican virtue, antagonise so strongly and so strangely with influences the most benevolent and humane—a varied portrait gallery of subsidiary characters, in which the virtues, vices, passions, and sentiments of the time, should find their representatives. This is indeed the true spirit of history. Shakspeare invariably seizes the subject in its most poetical and dramatic point of view; gives unity and rounding even to the most complicated series of events, by extracting their spirit, discerning their connecting principle, and then carefully detaching and throwing into shadow every thing which does not tend to bring out in higher relief their characteristic traits, while he lavishes his whole treasury of imagination on those features which he retains, and renders more impressive and lovely.

How admirably, for instance, has he performed this task in that magnificent series of plays from English history, in which he has pursued her annals through changing scenes of glory, disaster, and crime, from the deposition of the Second Richard to the era of the Reformation, and the returning sunshine of the days of Elizabeth. We rise from their perusal with a far more perfect apprehension of this gloomy and troubled period of our history—with a more distinct conception of the causes, the secret springs, and real connection of events, which have formerly appeared inexplicable or incoherent—with a clearer understanding of the spirit "and body of the time," than any history has yet afforded. No narrative of any historian could have presented in so fearful, so heart-rending a light, the horrors of the wars of the Roses, and the misery under which the country groaned during that ominous and desperate conflict, as Shakspeare has done in the three parts of *Henry VI.* Horror seems to sit upon the threshold of the drama. The tone grows deeper and deeper, till the picture appears to be painted more with blood than colours. Murders avenged by murders; fierce battles, in which the father and son fall by each other's hand—victories, which on either side England must mourn—treasons, witchcrafts, adulteries—hollow leagues made but to be broken—universal and unredeemed selfishness—no pity asked or expected, all the bonds of human society torn asunder—an infinite series, in which crime generates crime, without a prospect of returning peace; this funereal pageant unrolls itself before us in endless perspective, and saddens the heart by its intense and unmitigated gloom. Fit actors in such scenes are the beings with which they

are peopled; forms often of colossal and massive grandeur, but all "dabbled in blood;" Beaufort dying without a sign—hoping nothing, believing nothing; "grisly" Talbot, the terror of France, Clifford revenging his father's death with blood-thirsty affection, luxurious Edward, "perjured Clarence," "his great father-in-law, renowned Warwick," and, conspicuous amidst the ghastly procession, the terrible Richard—lowering obliquely at first like a thunder cloud on the horizon, which enlarges and approaches, till at the close it pours out, as in a deluge, the elements of destruction with which it is overcharged. If any thing could increase the dreary sense of moral confusion which all this leaves on the mind, it is that the only redeeming traits of goodness and humanity which exist in this polluted scene, are found in the weak vacillating King Henry, the tool and puppet of all parties; that greatness is always associated with guilt, that impotence seems annexed to innocence as the condition of its existence, and that in the solitary instance where we bestow our pity, we cannot at the same time withhold our contempt.

On the subject of these dramas from English history, however,—one of the noblest monuments of national poetry of which any country can boast—we shall probably have occasion to speak more at length hereafter. At present we must return to what forms more peculiarly the subject of this article, the plays founded on Roman subjects.

So far as the nature of the subject permitted, Coriolanus perhaps is as perfect in its way as Julius Cæsar; but in the former the field was comparatively narrow; the interest almost exclusively arising from the development of a single character; the accompaniments not of the same splendour and variety. In Julius Cæsar, on the contrary, a canvass of immense size is crowded with the most interesting historic personages; the empire of the world is at stake—all the powers of evil and good seem visibly to contend for mastery upon the scene; and it is but natural that with such elements to work upon, a drama of more stirring and varied interest should be the result. As a successful study, however, of a single character, nothing in Julius Cæsar can excel Coriolanus himself; and it is indeed truly wonderful to observe how Shakspeare, without softening the repulsive features of his character, has contrived to excite our admiration, and engage our sympathies for a being whom we find it impossible to love, and frequently even to comprehend.

We know that both in this case and that of Julius Cæsar, the only classical assistance which Shakspeare possessed, was the translation of Plutarch's Lives, by Sir Thomas North* (itself a translation from the French), a work utterly destitute of all spirit or feeling. From Livy and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, he could derive no hints, for of these no translations existed—and assuredly Shakspeare never consulted them in the original. Yet the character which Shakspeare, in ignorance of these sources, has produced, ex-

actly corresponds with the conception we should ourselves have formed, after reading all which ancient history has put together on the subject.

Coriolanus is to be regarded as any thing but a perfect hero, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that Shakspeare identifies himself with him as such. His chief greatness, indeed, is relative, and derived from the meanness or baseness of the beings by whom he is surrounded, the Sicinius, Brutus, Aufidius, to whom he is opposed.

"He were no lion were not Romans hinds."

Brave indeed he is to rashness—but his patrician pride approaches to madness; it excludes all sympathy with inferiors, whom he regards as creatures of another clay. When the humble crowd are entreating, in the day of famine, for a grant of corn from the patricians, he lowers himself so far as to mock their misery by taunts and sarcasms, and drives them home to starvation without a feeling of remorse. His contempt for them is mingled with hatred—with a feeling almost of physical disgust. A spirit of despotism has been implanted by nature in his breast; it has been nursed by the arbitrary habits of military command, till selfishness has overgrown and overpowered all his other feelings. In such a character there can be no true nobleness—though Coriolanus's lofty estimate of himself, the laurels which encircle his brow, the terror he every where imposes, the idolatry with which his party look up to him; and yet withal a species of bastard modesty which makes it irksome to him to listen to the praises which he knows that he deserves, the contempt and dislike with which we cannot but regard the motives and characters of most of his opponents—surround him with a fictitious nobleness, and lead us, contrary to our better feelings and calmer judgment, to rejoice at the success with which the imperious dictator at first tramples down all opposition. It must indeed be admitted, that if Shakspeare loved and venerated the people in the higher sense of the word, no one ever more thoroughly despised the populace, or delighted more to expose the aimlessness, fickleness, and ingratitude of their conduct, or the selfishness, under the guise of patriotism and purity, by which their noisy leaders are generally influenced. Both in Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar he seems to have presented us with a perfect anthology of popular follies and vices; placing the rabble of Rome in the most contemptible light, and aggravating its usual vices by the addition of gross cowardice. His picture of the democracy and their rulers is indeed applicable not to Rome only, but to all times and to all countries, and Hazlitt might with justice observe, that any one who studies Coriolanus might save himself the trouble of reading Burke's reflections, or the debates in parliament since the French Revolution. Might we not indeed almost believe that the whisper of a faction in our own day was to be heard in these words of the Roman Opposition orator Sicinius:—

"Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they hear me say—*It shall be so*
For the right and strength o' the commons, be it either
For death, or fine, or banishment, then let them,

If I say fine, cry fine, if death, cry death;
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i' the truth o' the cause."*

This revolting picture of mob rule was not only politically true, but dramatically necessary. Without this abasement of the character of the populace, the towering arrogance and unrelenting harshness of Coriolanus, which border occasionally upon insanity, would have been intolerable. As it is, we feel towards him something of that sympathy which we should experience towards a lion set upon by curs. Nature has certainly placed within his breast something of the "vis insani leonis," the same courage and the same cruelty. Savage as he is, however, it is too much that he should be made a mark for "such small deer" to bait and snarl at, nor is it altogether possible to suppress a feeling of satisfaction, a sense of poetical justice, when the lordly animal drives the yelping pack before him, or crushes a whole crowd of his pitiful opponents beneath his giant paw.

But Coriolanus's overweening estimate of himself, and his utter indifference to the feelings of others, on which Shakspeare has dwelt so strongly, prepare us for the crime which he ultimately perpetrates against his country. Grievous as his injuries might be, a patriot, a man of noble nature would have borne them in silence; he would sooner have raised his arm against himself than against his country. But Coriolanus has no true patriotism, and little true nobility of heart; his own greatness has always been to him a subject of more vital interest than the prosperity of Rome; and he hurries to avenge his wrongs upon his country with the rancour and eagerness with which he would have wreaked his vengeance on a personal rival. Most poetical and touching is the moral which Shakspeare impresses on our minds from this crime of Coriolanus and its consequences. For him there is henceforward no rest, no peace—no firm alliance either with Roman or Volscian; despondency, and an evil looking for of judgment, begin to haunt his mind and cloud his spirit from the moment he yields to the entreaties of Volumnia, and re-enters the city which had banished him. And in the violent death which so soon overtakes him, we trace the avenging hand, not of Aufidius only, but of that Nemesis which never leaves long unbalanced, even on this earth, the scales of right and wrong.

The character of Coriolanus then, though far from a pleasing, is a most masterly and self-consistent delineation. It has a colossal breadth and magnificence about it, suited to the almost mythic period of Roman history from which it was taken, when actors and events were all impressed with a certain stamp of gigantic and fabulous grandeur; and yet in so minute and masterly a way are the irregular and impetuous workings of this great but perverse mind laid before us, so perfectly are its principles of action brought to operate within the sphere of reality—with such intense vividness is the tumultuary world of intrigue, popular violence, and jealousy, through which the hero is condemned to move and struggle, brought before us, that, as we have already said, the impression

it produces is rather that of our being spectators of these scenes themselves, than readers of a dramatic composition.

But the character of Coriolanus stands, it may be said, almost alone in the play—for none of the others, with the exception of the dry humourist Menenius, are drawn with much care or minuteness of finishing. If we wish to find a play in which a variety of characters all of first rate importance, and events of corresponding magnitude and interest solicit and engage our attention; and to form an idea of the perfect success with which Shakspeare could throw his mind back into the region of antiquity, we must turn to the infinite variety of Julius Cæsar. That this play, so full of life, of character, so penetrated by the spirit of poetry, should have been characterised by Johnson as cold, must surprise even those who are least disposed to subscribe in general to the doctor's æsthetical views. Certainly he monopolises the opinion; for probably the most obvious and striking characteristic of the play to every reader is, that, though perfectly Roman, it is also so perfectly human, and that we can with so little effort place ourselves among the stormy scenes which it presents, and watch with so intense curiosity and interest the shifting fortunes of this great contest on which hangs suspended the dominion of the world. The sketches of character, the observance of minute particulars of manner and habit, the turn of the dialogue, would almost suggest the idea that Shakspeare had actually been present, had known the individuals by long intimacy, had watched their looks and gestures, and "set in a note book" the very words to which their varying characters, temperaments, and emotions gave birth. How beautifully is this wonderful power illustrated in the scene where Cæsar enters with his train after the games are over, and unfolds to Anthony his suspicions of Cassius, and their grounds; and where Cicero's appearance, "with his fiery and ferret eyes," as "crost in conference by some senators;" Cæsar's deafness; Anthony's easy temper and thoughtless revelry; and above all, the speaking portrait of the spare and wakeful Cassius, with his "lean and hungry look," the observer who looks quite through the deeds of men, loving no music, seldom smiling, and then only as if he mocked himself—all these hints and allusions are dropped in with such exquisite skill and appearance of nature, that it is difficult for us to persuade ourselves that Cæsar could have spoken otherwise, or that such was not the outward form and presence of those who were the objects of his attachment and his fears.

For the striking scene which follows between Brutus and Cassius, in which the latter endeavours to gain over the former to his designs against Cæsar, as well as for the most dramatic and beautiful scene of the nocturnal meeting of the conspirators at Brutus's house, Plutarch afforded no hint. The prodigies by which it has been preceded,—the restlessness of even the calm Brutus, the arrival of the conspirators, shrouding their faces in the mantle, the reading of the letter by the light of the whizzing exhalations in the heavens, and the secret and gloomy council that follows, produce an awfully real and impressive

* Act iii. Scene 3.

effect on the imagination. The deep interest and curiosity thus awakened, is sustained by a series of scenes of unparalleled dramatic force and variety. We seem to be agitated with the suspense of the conspirators themselves, as they throng around their victim in the senate house, and with their terrors after the great Julius has fallen. Then the speech of Brutus—its effect on the giddy populace, the masterly oration of Antony, by which its effect is so thoroughly neutralised, the gradual working up the spirits of the crowd to mutiny by the allusions to Cæsar's will, his scars, the stabs which had pierced his mantle—the honourable and friendly hands by whom those stabs had been inflicted—these scenes certainly place Julius Cæsar, in point of dramatic interest, far higher than either Coriolanus, or Antony and Cleopatra. The interest in the last two acts, it must be admitted, declines. Yet these were indispensable, for Brutus obviously, and not Cæsar, is the hero of the play, and it was necessary to follow out his fate to his defeat and death at Philippi. The fourth act, however, contains one scene sufficient to redeem any play, the celebrated scene of quarrel and reconciliation between Brutus and Cassius, in which, although Shakspeare has drawn exclusively from his own stores, more of the spirit of Roman life is to be found than in all our other classical plays put together.

Passing from the events to the characters of the play, our attention is immediately directed to the strongly contrasted characters of Brutus and Cassius. Though Shakspeare's leaning towards monarchy is well known, and is sufficiently obvious, not only from Coriolanus and Julius Cæsar, but from many others of his plays, it is singular that the most captivating picture of pure republicanism that ever was drawn should have proceeded from his hands. Such is Brutus. The rest conspire and slay from envy of great Cæsar,—

"He only in a general honest thought,

And common good to all, makes one of them."

His natural inclinations are all calm, gentle, and benevolent; willingly he would pass his life in philosophic musing; with difficulty is he impelled unto the thorny and devious path of political action. Yet not from fear of consequences, for he is bravery itself; he loves "the name of honour more than he fears death;" the passionless calmness of his spirit is the result of a mental constitution which nothing mortal can agitate or unhinge. But he feels that in the troubled atmosphere of conspiracy, his pure mind cannot breathe freely; and the natural humanity and tenderness of his disposition are secretly at war with the stoical dogmas of patriotism by which he endeavours to steel himself to the bloody deed in which he is about to be involved. This native gentleness of disposition never forsakes him; even while his own heart is heavy with anxiety for the approaching battle, he can find time to bestow his care and sympathy upon the over-wearied Lucius. These very qualities, however, which render him so amiable, unfit him for the prominent part he is condemned to take in the struggle; even when he has drawn the sword, he

cannot fling away the scabbard, nor follow out conspiracy into all its bloody consequences. Hence he spares Antony, whose powers indeed he misunderstands and underrates, and falls at last the victim of his own mistaken humanity.

The gloomy Cassius, on the contrary, is all energy and action—a man on whose brow nature, with her own hand, has written conspirator. Shakspeare has somewhat softened the dark colouring of cruelty, vindictiveness, and avarice, with which Plutarch has painted his character, but he leaves him a being of mixed and questionable motives; impressive through his firmness and rapidity of decision, but repulsive in his mental conformation as in his outward form; "a good hater," but scarcely capable of loving or of being loved. Nothing in him is pure or unalloyed; envy and private revenge mingle with and pollute all his patriotism; if he hates tyranny much, he hates Cæsar more. Even when combating in the name of liberty, he can sell and mart his offices for gold, whilst he refuses a supply to his dearest friend. His strength of mind and uncompromising character give him a strong influence over others, but he feels the inferiority of his own nature and principles when compared with the purer mind of Brutus. Hence the superiority of the latter in the quarrel scene, in which the parties seem to have changed characters; where the gentle Brutus takes the high tone of command and reproach, while the once resolute and energetic Cassius feels his spirit rebuked, and, after a brief struggle, acknowledges his error, and bends before the supremacy of virtue in the shape of his friend.

"But we prattle something too wildly," and are keeping our German commentators waiting rather too long. We now turn to our friend Horn, and shall begin by his observations on the Roman people as represented in this play.

"No one ever had a higher estimate of the people than Shakspeare—no one a lower estimate of the populace; I mean that idle rabble that swarms about the marketplace—the heartless creatures who are always gaping after something new; prepared to-day to trample in the dust the object of their yesterday's idolatry, if it can be done without danger or discomfort to themselves. This rabble, Shakspeare has frequently made the subject of his satire. It would even appear that he had a singular pleasure in so doing, partly from the feeling of just contempt which it inspired, partly from the comic and amusing materials it afforded. The poet who understands his aim so clearly, may well be allowed to indulge in a sneer against those who know not their own minds or objects.

"We are introduced accordingly to a numerous crowd, glad to find any pretext for converting a working day into a holiday, and as they had formerly shouted at Pompey's chariot wheels in his processions through the streets, now equally prepared to greet with like acclamations Cæsar, from whose arrival they anticipate a still more brilliant spectacle. Among these a cobbler is particularly prominent, who excites by his jests the hot and impatient Marcellus to still greater irritation, and there is something exceedingly amusing in this contest between one who has no time to spare, and another who has too much, and thanks the gods when he is able in this way to get quit of it. Yet, amusing as it is, this scene is also full of tragic meaning. We see the tribunes Flavius and Marcellus, in the fulness of health and strength, clad with

all their official dignity; we hear them inveighing, thundering, against this Roman rabble; and in the very next scene Flavius and Marullus can no longer vent their reproaches: both are no more. 'For pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images they have,' as Casca drily says, 'been put to silence.' This is the only funeral oration which is pronounced over the eloquent tribunes; at the fearful time when Cæsar is about to fall, and to be followed by a Brutus and a Cassius, no time is left for a longer epitaph on such as Marullus and Flavius.

"The manner in which the 'rabblement' are represented as acting when Antony offers Cæsar the crown, is just and characteristic. They are glad that Cæsar declines it; but when he falls down senseless, and afterwards when he shows them his bare breast, seamed with scars, their sympathies are roused, and they would no longer oppose him were he to bind his temples with the diamond. His mental greatness they cannot comprehend; but when he unfolds his scarred bosom, and addresses to them a few touching words, they all at once perceive that he is a great man, and not unworthy to be a king.

"This scene, which is related by Casca, leads to the still more important one of Cæsar's murder. When he falls, fear is the first feeling which seizes the crowd, and they fly, thinking only of their own safety. Then, recovering their composure a little, and confiding in their numbers, they demand satisfaction, and Brutus admits the justice of the demand, and declares his readiness to give them the satisfaction they ask. The very offer seems to produce the desired effect. A personage so dignified as Brutus has promised them satisfaction; that is enough for them;—*how* they are to be satisfied seems to them a matter of indifference, but not so to the noble Brutus himself. He speaks in brief flashes, in pointed epigrams, and sometimes as if in anticipation of the style of Seneca. The people are now more than satisfied; it even requires exertions on the part of Brutus to procure a hearing for Mark Antony. No sooner, however, do we perceive that he is really to be allowed to speak, than we anticipate that all the effect of the preceding speech will speedily be neutralised. He needs only to employ another and somewhat Asiatic manner, and we say that he is in a fair way to produce the impression at which he aims. But Antony's object is not to make an impression for an hour, but for days; the Romans must not only shout and rage, but act. If he can only hurry them now into some decisive step against Brutus, they are *his* and Octavius's; and their after conduct is at the command of himself and his commonplace associate."

Of Antony's own character Horn speaks eloquently and justly. "Antony is one of the most distinguished characters which Shakspeare has drawn. The over abundance of his nature makes him delight in the dangerous attempt to reconcile extremes in thought and action. He is rash and considerate, brave and luxurious; he does not fear death, but endeavours, while it lasts, to crowd enjoyments of every kind into this swiftly fleeting existence. While Cæsar lives, Antony's dangerous dispositions are little excited; for Cæsar is a being for whom he feels unqualified love and reverence; to whom he willingly bows; and towards whom he stands in a sort of dependence, of which he even seems to be proud. But all his views change with Cæsar's death. He has now lost the only object of his attachment, and his character becomes dangerous in the highest degree. To submit to any other is impossible; least of all to these conspirators, most of whom he despises. Of Brutus alone he has formed a high

estimate; but he does not love him, for the lofty virtue of the man has to him a repellent effect; and towards Cassius he has now no other feelings than those which Cæsar at first expresses, and which at that time he had endeavoured to combat. His oration to the people is too generally admitted to be a masterpiece incapable of being surpassed, to require any detailed notice. It is the pattern of that eloquence which has no higher object in view than to persuade the crowd; but this object it effects in the highest degree. Of true poetical eloquence we do not now speak. Such would in the circumstances be out of place."

Though the play takes its name from Cæsar, and derives its interest from the conspiracy against him, and its consequences, he has by no means been drawn with the same minute finishing, nor in the same spirit of love, as Brutus. The outlines are correct, no doubt, so far as they go, but little of the inward man is revealed to us; not unwisely perhaps, as Shakspeare clearly did not wish that any rival should divide the interest and attachment we feel for the amiable Brutus. "Here he is exhibited as sickly, irritable, nervous, neither externally nor internally free; but still retaining grandeur enough to render him the central point of the piece. Natures such as his, after a scene like that where he endeavours to win over the people by the pretended declination of the crown, feel, as it were, peculiarly rigid and frozen up, and therefore the acute and suspicious remark on fat and lean men, in reference to Cassius, with which he enters, is perfectly in character. So also the expression of his own greatness.

'But I fear him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius."

The masterly scene with Calphurnia and Decius is exactly in the same tone. His beloved wife has had an ominous dream, which, united with the many portents which have occurred, has excited her mind, and she implores her husband not to go to the capitol. He combats her fears like a Roman hero—with calm dignified sentences—but at last, to be released from the importunity of the *woman*, he yields for a moment. No sooner, however, is he again brought in contact with a *man* (Decius), than he revolts at the thought of excusing his absence by an untruth, and the only answer he returns is, that he *will* not come. And even this resolution itself he abandons, the moment he hears from Decius the more favourable, and, as he thinks, also, the sounder interpretation of the dream.

"His position in regard to the more distinguished Romans is indicated in two words. He treats them politely, but they are little to him. That he should know of the fever of Caius Ligarius, need no more surprise us than that Wallenstein should be able to recollect the names of the privates in the regiment of Pappenheim. To Antony, with whom he has most in common, he addresses a half friendly jest. His relation to Brutus is not here alluded to. The poet has indeed taken care that we should know it from other sources: but this was not the moment to awake our pity by the thought.

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Cæsar is truly great, but always conscious of his greatness; and there he ceases to be amiable."

Shakspeare has introduced the name of Cicero in his play. And though no part in the action or dialogue is assigned to him, he is characterised with singular felicity by one or two allusions in the speeches of Brutus and Cassius. His vanity, which would never allow him to engage in any thing where he could not take the lead and play the first part, is at once perceived by Brutus, who objects to his being made privy to the conspiracy, on the ground

"That he will never follow any thing
That other men begin."

Another passing observation of Casca on his character is thus alluded to by Horn. "It is unquestionably a task of difficulty to depict in a dramatic work eminent men where they are but subsidiary personages, and where little or no space can be afforded them. Yet we ask, and justly, that the poet shall characterise them even in this limited space, since he has introduced their names. How has Shakspeare executed the task in this instance? Casca is relating the movement among the patricians and the populace, which has been produced by Antony's offer of the crown, and Cæsar's rejection of it. Few moments in Roman history appear so interesting as this; and Cassius's question how Cicero took it, is a natural one. The answer, 'He spoke Greek,' gives us the complete character of Cicero in three words. He has not strength of mind to take a decided part before the impulse is given; he will not even express a decided and generally intelligible opinion—that he may leave himself unfettered to act, when things shall have moulded themselves into a somewhat clearer shape. There is less of cowardice than of a courtly reserve about him. To the common people he does not choose to speak, nor has he any wish to be understood by such whimsical knights as Casca. If Shakspeare could have read and studied the whole works of Cicero, and all the judgments which have been passed in regard to him, he could not have selected a more characteristic mode of description than these words, 'He spoke Greek.'"

"Casca is a character forcibly drawn with a few features. He has a strong rugged nature, which has displayed its strength with more than common force in the days of youth. But the world soon becomes too narrow for his wide brain, and he cannot find in it what he had met with in his own heart and head, or in the creations of poetry. He had flattered himself, that without much trouble he should rise to eminence, but he has been unsuccessful; and while Cæsar is all in all, and Brutus and Cassius the objects of general love or admiration, he is still esteemed as nothing more than a tolerably good soldier, of which the state has thousands. Whether he is a real republican may be doubted; at least, compared with Brutus and Cassius, he certainly is not. But he hates Cæsar's arbitrary power; and, indeed, the man himself, who has thus risen so high above him—a feeling which is mingled with envy, and renders him cunning and deceitful."

If, in general, the dramatic portraits of the men of antiquity have been failures, this is still more true in regard to the women. One outline, stereotyped, as it were, suffices for all. They are all

heroines, and nothing but heroines; and as their heroism generally exhales in words, and not in actions, there is, in general, something almost comic in their effect.

"Shakspeare," says Horn, "has portrayed his Roman women in their true relation as such. He has not attempted to invest them with the romantic variety of character which modern times have bestowed; but, within their limited sphere, they have been more richly endowed by him than by any other poet. Their virtue consists in conjugal love, fidelity, pride in the internal and external dignity of their husbands, and patriotism. With what art he could combine these simple traits of character, and distinguish their shades in different individuals, his Roman plays afford the completest proof. In this play we meet with two women, Calphurnia and Portia, both resembling each other in that engrossing attachment to their husbands, on which the characters rest; and yet what a difference do we perceive in them! Calphurnia lives only in Cæsar's life; for this she watches day and night. His renown is a subject of pleasure to her, but also of care; he has almost too much of it; and now she would retain him—her husband—wholly to herself; he must labour no more, for he has laboured but too much already; she would have him spare himself, that he may be spared for her. She loves him not as a husband only; she treats him as a mother would her child, or as a tender wife would tend a once great but now sickly husband."—"Portia is conceived in a higher style. Her love for Brutus is not only deeper but stronger; and she comprehends his whole greatness and amiability. She is Cato's daughter, and endowed with all the strength of mind of which a Roman republican was capable; but she is also a woman—a tender-loving and anxious woman. In the scene with Lucius, (Act ii. s. 4.) her feminine character appears in all its *naïveté*, where her anxiety, which she is constantly afraid of betraying, goes so far that she imagines the boy has heard her whispered wish for Brutus's success; and then with the natural cunning and readiness of a woman, adds, as if in explanation to him, 'Brutus hath a suit which Cæsar will not grant.' All this, however, every one will readily perceive for himself; we may be permitted only to direct attention to that which gives the character its peculiar form and value—its wonderful blending of the great and lovely—of courage, simplicity, and womanly anxiety. All these qualities might indeed have been placed side by side by a poet of only moderate talent; but to unite them dynamically, as they are here united, only the power of a truly great poet could effect."

We had intended to say something on the sequel to Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra,—a play also of extraordinary power, though far less generally known to English readers than the two others to which we have alluded, for the truth is that our acquaintance with Shakspeare can scarcely be said to extend beyond his acting plays, of which Antony and Cleopatra has never been one,—but to do it justice, our remarks would extend beyond the space we can afford;—and here, therefore, for the present, we think it better to drop the curtain.

FIRES IN LIVERPOOL.—Mr. Moore of Liverpool, who has invented a plan for supplying Liverpool with water to extinguish fires, has made a calculation, from which it appears that from the end of 1831 to the beginning of the present year, the ascertained loss of property by fire in Liverpool amounts to near 400,000l. This is only the ascertained loss. Much has been destroyed of which no account can be obtained and no exact estimate formed.

From Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE CHILD'S BURIAL IN SPRING.

BY DELTA.

Where ocean's waves to the hollow caves murmur a low loud hymn,
 In pleasant musing I pursued my solitary way;
 Then upwards wending from the shore, amid the woodlands dim,
 From the gentle height, like a map in sight, the downward country lay.

'Twas in the smile of green April, a cloudless noontide clear;
 In ecstasy the birds sang forth from many a leafing tree;
 Both bud and bloom, with fresh perfume, proclaimed the awakened year;
 And Earth, arrayed in beauty's robes, seemed Heaven itself to be.

So cheerfully the sun shone out,—so smilingly the sky
 O'erreached green earth,—so pleasantly the stream meandered on,—
 So joyous was the murmur of the honey-bee and fly,—
 That of our fall, which ruined all, seemed traces few or none.

Then hopes, whose gilded pageantry wore all the hues of truth,
 Elysian thoughts—Arcadian dreams—the poet's falling strain—
 Again seemed shedding o'er our world, an amaranthine youth,
 And left no vestiges behind of death, decay, or pain.

At length I reached—a churchyard gate—a churchyard? Yes! but there
 Breathed out such calm serenity o'er every thing around,
 That "the joy of grief" (as Ossian sings) o'erbathed the very air,
 And the place was less a mournful place, than consecrated ground.

Beneath the joyous noontide sun, beneath the cloudless sky,
 'Mid bees that hummed, and birds that sang, and flowers that gemmed the wild,
 The sound of measured steps was heard—a grave stood yawning by—
 And lo! in sad procession slow, the funeral of a child!

I saw the little coffin borne unto its final rest;
 The dark earth shoveled o'er it, and replaced the daisied sod,
 I marked the deep convulsive throes, that heaved the father's breast,
 As he returned (too briefly given!) that loan of love to God!

Then rose in my rebellious heart unhallowed thoughts and wild,
 Daring the inscrutable decrees of Providence to scan,—
 How death should be allotted to a pure, a sinless child,
 And length of days the destiny of sinful guilty man!

The laws of the material world seemed beautiful and clear;
 The day and night, the bloom and blight, and seasons as they roll
 In regular vicissitude to form a circling year,
 Made up of parts dissimilar, and yet a perfect whole.

But darkness lay o'er the moral way which man is told to tread;
 A shadow veiled the beam divine by revelation lent;—
 "How awfully mysterious are thy ways, oh, Heaven!" I said;
 "We see not whence, nor know for what, fate's arrows oft are sent!"

Under the shroud of the sullen cloud, when the hills are capped with snow,
 When the moaning breeze, through leafless trees, bears tempest on its wing;
 In the winter's wrath we think of death, but not when lilies blow,
 And, Lazarus-like, from December's tomb walks forth triumphant spring.

As in distress o'er this wilderness I mused of stir and strife,
 Where, 'mid the dark, seemed scarce a mark, our tangled path to scan,
 A shadow o'er the season fell; a cloud o'er human life;
 A veil to be, by Eternity, but ne'er by Time withdrawn.

From the London Quarterly Review.

Letters of J. Downing, Major, Downingville Militia, Second Brigade. New York. 12mo. 1834.

Since Washington Irving's delightful genius first revealed itself in the Knickerbocker, we have met with few specimens of native American humour calculated to make any very favourable impression on this side the Atlantic; with none, in our humble opinion, approaching, by many degrees, to the merit of this thoroughly homespun production. The "Letters of Major Downing" appeared originally in the New York Advertiser, at the time when General Jackson's grand experiment on the banking system of the United States was exciting throughout the chief provinces of that republic an interest hardly, if at all, inferior to what was among ourselves concentrated in 1831 upon the question of Parliamentary reform. They produced a powerful effect, and were presently collected into a volume, adorned with a variety of wood-cuts, which, though very rudely executed, are not without indications of the same odd humour that characterises the text. Edition has followed edition, until they are no longer enumerated on the title-page; and the author, Mr. Davis, of the respectable mercantile house of Brookes & Davis, New York, has fairly established a formidable reputation among the politicians of the western world—by what the European reader, unenlightened as to the topics, and indifferent as to the persons, discussed and satirised by his imaginary militia major, may be apt to consider merely as a handful of grotesque drolleries,—a local ephemeral *jeu d'esprit*.

We certainly shall not affect to hang a dissertation concerning American political economy, and the merits of the Jackson government, upon a performance of this description. Mr. Coleridge, however, has laid it down that every man of humour is more or less a man of genius,—and whether that be or be not so, few will dispute that all really effective humour must be bottomed upon a substratum of strong good sense. If, therefore, our readers derive any solid aliment for their minds from the extracts which we are about to submit, we shall be well pleased; but the primary object with us is to illustrate the merits of the author as a humourist, and more especially to call attention to what we think by far the most amusing, as it must be allowed to be the most authentic specimen that has as yet reached Europe, of the actual colloquial dialect of the northern states. It will be manifest that the representations of this gibberish, for which Mr. Mathews, Mrs. Trollope, and other strangers, have been so severely handled by the American critics, were in fact chargeable with few sins except those of omission. The most astounding and incredible of their Americanisms occur, *passim*, in the work of Major Downing; but it is as obvious that the wealth and prodigal luxury of his vocabulary put the poverty of theirs to shame, as that he applies the particular flowers and gems of republican rhetoric which had caught their fancy, with a native ease and felicity altogether beyond the reach of any super-

ficial and transitory admirer, not "to the manner born."

The French author, whose *Tableau des Mœurs Américaines* has already edified our readers, says, at p. 351 of his first volume,—

"The rivalry which exists between the English and the Americans is not solely that of commerce and industry. The two nations have a common language, and each asserts that it is better spoken on her side of the Atlantic than on the other. I believe they are both in the right. In England, the superior classes possess a delicacy of language which is unknown in America, except in a small number of *salons*, which can at best make an exception: but in the United States, where the is neither a really upper class, nor a positively low one, the entire population speak English less purely indeed than the aristocracy of England, but as well as her middle orders, and infinitely better than her populace."

We shall see: in the meanwhile, another author, already reviewed in this number, may save us some trouble in supplying a fit preface to our extracts from the classic of Downingville:—

"The interest of these letters lies partly in the simple and blunt, yet forcible, and not unrequently convincing manner, with which certain intricate questions, of much importance to the nation, are treated in them; partly in the peculiar compound of the bluntness and shrewdness of a country Yankee, being personified in Major Jack Downing, the pretended author of the letters; partly, also, in the impudence of the real author, who, *sans façon*, makes the major tell long stories of what happened between him and the president, the vice-president, Mr. Clay, Calhoun, Biddle, and other distinguished citizens; and again, in the singular mode which the author has chosen for bringing forth his views and arguments, as Jack Downing pretends to belong to the party of the president, while the real author is a member of that party which thinks that the president has wantonly disenfranchised the constitution, as Napoleon said of Dupont's defeat of Baylen:—"Il a désenchanté l'armée."

They will be a curiosity to the philologist some hundred years hence, when the true Yankee idiom will have given way, as all provincial languages in time do: and in fact they are now of interest to the student, unacquainted with the peculiar expressions of New England,—and a little glossary ought to be attached to them when they are collected together."—*The Stranger in America*, vol. i. pp. 253, 256.

This hint has not been taken by the editor of the copy now before us, so we must make the best we can of the Major's elegant idiom. One beauty that constantly occurs at first puzzled us, but in the book called "New England by one of her sons," we since found "*kind of*" used in the same fashion with the "*kinder*" of Downing; the other odd phrases of most frequent recurrence, such as *stumped*, *raft of fellows*, &c. seem to be derived either from the life of the wood-clearing farmer, or from the steam-boat *experiences* of the Yankee in general.

In the preface the major modestly says of himself,—

"I only wish I had gone to school a little more when I was a boy—if I had, my letters now would make folks crawl all over; but if I had been to school all my lifetime, I know I never could be able to write more honestly than I have. I am somewhat puzzled most plaguily to git words to tell jest exactly what I think, and what I know; and when I git 'em, I dont exactly know how to spell 'em—but so long as I git the sound, I'll let other

folks git the sense on't—pretty much as our old friend down to Salem, who bilt a big ship to go to China—he called her the "Asha." Now there is sich a thing as folks knowin too much: all the larned ones was puzzled to know who "Asha" was: and they never would know to this day what it ment, if the owner of the ship hadn't tell'd 'em that China was in Asha. "Oh! ah!" says the larned folks, "we see now—but that ain't the way to spell it." "What," says he, "if A-s-h-a don't spell Asha, what on earth does it spell?" And that stump'd 'em.—Introduction, p. 2.

He thus announces his truly patriotic object in his authorship; with a caution to his countrymen, to which we humbly beg the attention of ours:—

"If folks will only keep an eye to what I tell 'em, things will go strait enuff; but that won't be till the people agree to vote for no man to any office unless he has got a good character, and is capable to do all the duties honestly and well, and according to law—but if the people put scumps in office, jest because they are party-men, things will go on worse and worse, and there won't be no laws but jest such laws as will keep these very scumps in their offices.—Ibid. p. 5.

In June, 1833, the major accompanies General Jackson in a grand progress through New England, beating up in all quarters for recruits to help the worthy president in the approaching campaign against the bank. The visit to the author's own dear native Downingville is described with special gusto and emphasis:

"I went full drive down to the meetin-house, and got hold of the rope, and pull'd away like smoke, and made the old bell turn clean over. The folks come up thick enough then to see what was to pay, and filled the old tabernacle chock full, and there was more outside than you could count. 'Now,' says I, 'I spose you think there's going to be preaching here to-day, but that is not the business. The general is comin.' That was enough.—'Now,' says I, 'be sry. I tell'd the general last winter he'd see nothing till he got down here, and if we don't make him stare then there's no snakes—[Subintellige 'in Virginia.] Where's Captain Finny?' says I. 'Here I be,' says he; and there he was, sure enough: the critter had just come out of his bush-pasture, and had his bush-hook with him. Says I, 'Captain Finny, you are to be the marshal of the day.' Upon that he jumps right on end. 'Now,' says I, 'where is Seth Sprague, the schoolmaster?' 'Here I be,' says he; and there he stood with his pitch-pipe up in the gallery, just as if I was going to give out the salm for him. "You just pocket your pitch-pipe," says I, 'Seth, and brush up your larnin, for we have pitched on you to write the address.'—'Why, major,' says Zekiel Bigelow, 'I thought I was to do that, and I've got one already.' 'But,' says I, 'you don't know nothing about Latin; the general can't stomach any thing now without its got Latin in it, ever since they made a doctor on him down there to Cambridge t'other day; but however,' says I, 'you shall give the address after all, only just let Seth stick a little hog Latin into it here and there. And now,' says I, 'all on you be sry, and don't stop stirrin till the pudden's done.' Then they begun to hunt for hats, and down the gallery-stairs they went. And if there'd been forty thanksgivens and independence days comin in a string, I don't believe there could be more racket than there was in Downingville that afternoon and night.

"By ten o'clock next morning all was ready. I had 'em all stationed, and I went out and come back three or four times across the brook by the potash, to try 'em. I got a white hat on, and shag-bark stick, put some flour on my head, and got on to my sorrel horse, and looked

just as much like the old gentleman as I could. Arter tryin them two or three times I got 'em all as limber as a withe, and the last time I tried 'em you've no idee, it went off just as slick as ile.

"Now," says I, 'tension the hull! Stand at ease till you see me agin;' and then I streaked it down to old Miss Crane's tavern, about two miles off, and waited till the general come along; and afore I had mixed a second glass of switchee up they came, and the general looked as chirky and lively as a skipper. 'Now,' says I, 'general, we are going right into Downingville, and no man here is to give orders but myself,' and I said this loud enough for Mr. Van Buren and Governor Woodbury and all on 'em to hear me, and they were all as hush arter that as crows in a clover lot. Then we all mounted and on we went—I and the general a keetle a-head on 'em.

"Jist as we got on the nole on tother side the brook, we come in sight of Downingville. The general riz right up in his stirrups, and pointed with his hickory, and says he, 'Major, that's Downingville.' Says I, 'That's true enuf, and I should like to hear any one say it a'nt,' says I, 'for the sight on't makes me crawl all over, and whenever I hear any one say a word agin it, I feel as tho' I could take him, as I have done streaked snakes, by the tail, and snap his head off.' 'Why,' says the general, 'I knew that was Downingville as soon as my eye caught a glimpse on't. I'd go,' says he, 'major, east of sunrise any day to see sich a place.' The general was tickled to pieces, and I thought I should go myself right through my shirt-collar—for, you see, the general never see sich a sight afore. Seth Sprague had put the children all on the school-house—you couldn't see an atom of the roof—with green boughs, and singing a set piece he had made; and when I and the general passed by they made it all ring agin, I tell you; whether it was his facing the sun or what, but he looked as if he was c'enry jist a going to cry (for he is a mazin tender-hearted critter). Jist then Sargent Joel, who had charge of the field-piece in front of the meetin-hous, touched her off; and didn't she speak! This composed the general in a minute—says he, 'major, I should'nt want nothing better than a dozen of them guns to change the boundary-line along here jist to suit you.'—pp. 18—22.

Then follows a report of Seth Sprague's harangue and the president's response:

"Here the general was goin to stop, but says I in his ear, 'You must give 'em a little Latin, Doctor.' Here he off hat agin—'E pluribus unum,' says he, 'sine qua non.' 'That'll do, general,' says I; and then we turn'd to, and shook all the folks round till dinner time, and then we made the bake beans and salt pork fly, and the cider too, I tell you."

The learned general appears to still greater advantage in the evening festivities of the drawing-room: the beauty and fashion of Downingville are all of course on the *qui rée* for his excellency's notice:—

"Miss Willoby, the deacon's eldest darter, is sprucin up for it. She is rather too old to be handsome, but she is a keen critter. The general and Mr. Van Buren both talk about her considerable. If the general don't keep a sharp look out, Mr. Van Buren will go clean a-head on him on that tack; for he is the perlitest cretur amongst the women you ever see.

"Arter the quilting, they cleared away the kiverlids and knock'd up a dance. The general led off the old deacon's darter, and afore he got half down he began to smoke; so he off coat and at it agin, and went clean through."

Some jealousies now began to peep out among the party; and we could, but for the major's dis-

lect, almost suppose ourselves reading one of my Lord Brougham's despatches from "the north country" to his friends and admirers of last autumn in Windsor Castle.

"We had all been drinkin putty considerable of switchel, and cider, and egg-pop, with a little New England in it, and felt good-natur'd and wrathly just as it turn'd up, and came plaguy nigh having a fight right off. However, I thought I wouldn't spile sport, secin I was to hum, and they all strangers."

The good-natured officer accordingly did his best to prevent an open explosion on this interesting occasion; and a candid bystander is obliged to admit—

"He's a master critter to put things to rights; and when we all got in that plaguy snarl there, he cut and shuffled them up, and afore we could say *Jack Robinson*, all the troublesome fellers were shuffled out. He's a master hand at it, sure enuff."

The end of the scene, too, has some touches of the Caledonian atmosphere;—

"As there was an eend of the dance, all the galls off shoes and stockings, and went hum, caze it was kinder muddy; and we all went to the tavern, and the general went to bed. We all then began to plan for the next day, but some of the folks was plaguy crusty. Seth Sprague wanted to show his school-house; Zekil Bigelow wanted all on us to go to his packin-yard; and the deacon said he would like to show us his füllin-mill, and give a kinder thanksgivin; but nothin seemed to go right."—pp. 29—32.

The prevailing annoyance of the government tourists arose, as we may easily fancy, from the difficulty of pleasing all these provincial doctors and professors of useful knowledge. It was, therefore, a great relief when they made shift, on one occasion, to get a steam-boat all to themselves:—

"We have a fine cool time here, and ain't bothered with seekers; we can see 'em in droves all along shore, waitin for a chance. One fellow swam off last night to get appointed to some office—the general thinks of making him minister to the king of the Sandwich Islands, on account of their being all good swimmers there."

On the whole, however, the general and his side-de-camp seem to have returned in very good spirits to Washington. The botheration of *quillings*, and deputations, and *sine qua non* orations, was all forgotten when they found themselves once more in the *White House*.

"If it warnt for Congress meetin, we could jest go about putty much where we pleas'd, and keep things strait too: and I begin to think now, with the general, that arter all, there is no great shakes in managin the affairs of the nation. We have putty much all on us been joggin about now since last gross, and things are jest as strait and as clear now, as they was then."

There is something very *naïf* in the following postscript of the official subaltern:—

"It's plaguy curious to hear him talk about millions and thousands; and I got as glib too at it as he is; and how on earth I shall git back again to ninepences and fourpence-happenies, I can't tell."

The style of doing business in the ultra-demo-

cratical cabinet offices is thus described by Mr. under-secretary, or private secretary, Downing:—

"Every day, jist arter breakfast, the general lights his pipe, and begins to think putty hard, and I and Major Donaldson begin to open letters for him; and there is more than three bushels every day, and all the while coming. We don't git through more than a bushel a day; and never trouble long ones, unless they come from some of our great folks. Then we sort 'em out, jest as Zekil Bigelow does the mackerel at his packin-yard, for tho' there are plaguy many more sorts than he finds among fish, we only make three sorts, and keep three big baskets, one marked '*not red*,' another '*red*, and worth nothin,' and another, '*red*, and to be answered.' And then all the general has to do, is to say, '*major*, I reckon we best say so and so to that,' and I say '*jest so*,' or not, jest as the notion takes me—and then we go at it. We keep all the *secretaries*, and *district attorneys*, and a good many more of our folks moving about; and they tell us jest how the cat jumps. And, as I said afore, if it warnt for congress meetin we'd put the government in a one-horse wagon, and go jest where we liked."—pp. 55—57.

We have already reminded our readers that the effect of altering the banking system in the United States was to produce almost as great a confusion in that country as the reform bill did in our own,—as wanton a destruction of property,—and ultimately as rueful a mass of disappointment among those who had been its blind instruments. These tools, indeed, are at an early period appreciated by the sagacious major,—who thus writes to the "general" from Philadelphia:—

"The crowd was so great, I was eny most mashed to a slab. All on 'em callin out, '*there's the major*,'—and all wantin to shake hands with me, and to know how you was, and what was goin to be done with the bank. Some fellers had only one shoe on, and eny most no shirt—and they too wanted to know about the bank. I never see sich a mess of fellers as they have here all the while: there is all kind of critters, jamming and scrouging folks, and one another; they don't seem to do nothin, and half on 'em think, when we come to nock the bank down they are to git the money."

They did not get the money when the bank was knocked down; and forthwith we hear not a little, from both general and major, about "the pressure from without"—but still "the government" kept up their spirits.

"It was nigh upon midnight when I got to the White House, and the general was a bed; and as I knew he wanted to see me dreadfully, I went right into his room and woke him up. '*Why*,' says he, '*major*, is hat raly you?—for I have been dreamin about you. I'm glad you are back agin, for things are gittin putty stormy here; so do you come to bed, and we'll talk about it.' As soon as I got alongside the general—'*There now*,' says he, '*major*, I don't care for all the rest of the government, except Mr. Van Buren; and if we three ain't a match for all creation, I'm mistaken.'"

A good deal of annoyance now springs from certain untimely scruples of Mr. Van Buren, described as an ancient rat of at least three tails,* who had been, it seems, a strenuous sup-

* "Mr. Van Buren would stand a good chance in a race, when a good many are runnin, and if the ground is muddy and slippery; for he is a master hand at trippin folks. But I'm afraid he'd stand a slim chance over a

porter of the bank overthrow, but, on second thoughts, began to insinuate that the thing had been carried too far; and that, at all events, no more experiments of the same sort ought to be dreamt of—in short, that “it would not do to have a new revolution every year.”

“One day when I was busy doin up some writin for the *general*, he was called out, and had a long talk with Mr. Van Buren and some more on ‘em; and when he came back, says he, ‘Major, I wish you and I was at the Hermitage.’ ‘Why,’ says I, ‘how so, general?’ ‘Well, I don’t know exactly why,’ says he; ‘but I don’t see,’ says he, ‘what use there is in my bein here, for things are gittin now so mixed up, that I can’t tell exactly what is best to do. Do you know, major,’ says he, ‘that Mr. Van Buren says he don’t think it was right to move the deposits.’ ‘Why, how you talk!’ says I; ‘didn’t he advise it?’ ‘Well, so I thought,’ says the general; ‘but he says it would be best only to hold it up by the tail, as you do a fox, and keep all the dogs barking for it; for as soon as you throw the fox in the crowd, a few old jowlers grab hold, and the rest don’t git a mouthful; and then comes trouble.’ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘general, that’s true enuff, and that’s jest the way we are doin now with the minister to England, and some other appointments; we must keep the folks smellin round, and one vacancy to fill,’ says I, ‘is worth a dozen filled up.’ ‘But, major, that ain’t the worst trouble now,’ says the general; ‘and he got up and stomped about, and then came back and filled his pipe, and stomped about agin, without lightin it. I see there was trouble brewin.’

“Do you know,” says he, ‘major, that some of these fellows about me here, had the impudence to tell me tother day, I was runnin the risk of bein turned out of the White House?’ ‘Why,’ says I, ‘you don’t say so?’ ‘Yes,’ says he, ‘it’s a fact; but,’ says he, ‘major, they don’t know nothin about racoon huntin.’ ‘No,’ says I, ‘nor skunkin either.’ And then he and I turned to, and told stories, one after another, about racoonin and skunkin. *I expect my next will be a proclamation, but I don’t know. We are putty busy about every thing.*—pp. 93, 94.

We must now drop the personal adventures of the general and his subalterns, and afford our readers a specimen or two of the style in which Major Downing is made to expound questions of political economy to the Yankee public. English people may be surprised to find that some of the subjects most dwelt upon should have been thought to require any elucidation at all; but the author of the “Stranger in America” has various anecdotes which prove that the small Yankee farmers are to this day in a state of the most primeval ignorance as to matters, even money matters, which one would have supposed must be thoroughly understood wherever the English language, even in the most abominable of its dialects, is spoken. We begin with a colloquy, which occurs at an early period of the bank affair, between a knowing stickler for the old system, Ezekiel Bigelow by name, and our

clear field. And it ain’t fair to make him run so. Any man can catch a rat in a strait race, because he ain’t used to it; but give him a few old barrels and logs to dodge round, then, I tell you, it’s pretty tuff work.”—p. 112.

* This is General Jackson’s country-seat, at which he had made great improvements since he came into office.

friend the major, who, at this particular time, shows some symptoms of abjuring the movement.

“Says I, ‘Zekel, we must spring to it, and let the general know, as soon as we can, all about money matters.’ ‘Well,’ says he, ‘major, I’ll tell you putty much all about it; and it’s jest as true now as the sun.’ And with that he slick’d his hair down from his eye-brows clean to the end of his kew, and went at it. Zekel has got a curious notion of tellin a thing—he begins away back to a, b, abb’s, and then he comes up along, and ev’ry once and a while he gives his head and hair a slicken down, and he is so earnest, and looks as if he could see right through an inch plank. I couldn’t tell you one half he said, if I was to write a week about it. I’ll only tell you a little here and there—he says there is two kinds of money; hard money and paper money. One is always good; and the other is sometimes good, and then agin ain’t good for nothin. He says, there is just about so much hard money all the while—and it keeps goin round and round, all about creation; and they git the most on’t who are the most industrious and cute in inventin things. He says that paper money is jest as good, and a leetle better, than hard money, if folks don’t shell out too much on’t: and the natur of paper money makers is always to git off as much as they can, and if it warn’t for somethin to check it, it would be as bad as old continental times.

“He says, there is two ways to make money scarce—one is by sendin hard money away out of the country, to pay for notions we can’t pay for any other way; and the other is, by sending Amos Kindle round tellin folks ‘The Government’ is goin to do something, folks don’t know exactly what, nor he nuther. Then ev’rybody grabs all he can git, and holds on; and things are jest as bad as if there wasn’t no money; and then the brokers go at it, and lather and shave;—say they, ‘can only give you a little’—hard times!—the fellows figer interest for an hour as easy as nothin, and jest so with the potecary’s—only tell the folks kolerly is coming, and they go at it mixin paragoric and kamfire, and chalk it up like gold dust. Zekel says, on the hull, that money matters, and banks, and trades, is all as curious as one of Bissel’s clocks; and folks hadn’t ought to meddle in reglatin or alterin on’t, without knowin all about it. ‘And now,’ says he, ‘major, I’m a good mind to spile my watch, to show you my notion why I think trouble will come if the general knocks down the U. S. bank.’ Zekel is one of them ‘ere folks, and always was, who would spile a horn, or make a spoon; and with that he out with his old watch, as big as a tea-cup, wound her up, and then clapt her to my ear. ‘She is as true,’ says he, ‘as the tides.’ He then opened it.—Now, says he, ‘major, do you see that ‘ere chain pulling all the while? and then do you see a lot of leetle wheels, and springs, and screws? And here on top is a big wheel, that’s all the while goin round one way, and back agin, and jest so fast and no faster—that’s the clicker,’ says he, ‘and if it warn’t for that, you’d see trouble in it, and I’ll show you—but I know it will all go to bits!—and so he twitched out the big wheel, and the old watch did whiz, I tell you. Some of them leetle wheels went so fast, you couldn’t see nothin. One keel’d up, and another got some teeth neck’d out—she stopp’d a spell, then a spring snapp’d, and whiz it went agin, and the splinters flew, and by-and-by it all stopp’d; and Zekel gin his kew another slicken—and says he, ‘major, we’ve spil’d the old watch; but I don’t value the less on’t, seeing you got a notion by it—and with that he scraped it all together, and wrapp’d it up in the Washington Globe—there,’ says he, ‘major, send that to “The Government,” and tell the general there is more there than folks think on, who want to meddle with banks and money matters; and to-morrow we’ll go into Wall-street, and you’ll see all I tell’d you is jest so—and then we took a glass of switchel and went to bed.”

Into Wall street they went accordingly; and then follows a most rich account of the conversation that there took place between Squire Biddle, the president of the United States Bank, and the envoy of the great president of the United States themselves: we must be contented with a fragment of it:—

"Now," says I, "Mr. Biddle, I've got one more question to put to you, and then I'm through. You say your bills are better than hard dollars; this puzzles me, and the general to. Now how is this?" "Well," says he, "major, I'll tell you; suppose you have a bushel of potatoes in Downingville, and you wanted to send them to Washington, how much would it cost you to get them there?" "Well," says I, "about two shillings lawful—for I sent a barrel there to the general last fall, and that cost me a dollar freight." "Well," says he, "suppose I've got potatoes in Washington just as good as yours, and I take your potatoes in Downingville, and give you an order to receive a bushel of potatoes in Washington, wouldn't you save two shillings lawful by that?" We sometimes charge," says he, "a trifle for drafts when the places are distant, but never as much as it would cost to carry the dollars;" and with that he looked into the accounts again, and there it was. Says I, "Squire Biddle, I see it now as clear as a whistle."

"But," says he, "some on you say the bank has too much power, and that *Squire Biddle* might do a good deal of mischief if he would. Well there is my old friend Capt. Elihu S. Bunker, of the steamboat President, running twist New York and Providence—he's got about such another monster—there is no tellin what a 'dangerous monopoly' of power that crittur's got in that ere boat. If he was to fasten down the kivers of them two mortal big copper kettles, and blow his bellesses a spell, he would smash every thing for more than fifty acres round. Does any body want to know why he don't do it?—he has ben in a steamboat as long as the bank's ben goin, and hain't scalded nobody—but he can do it in a minit if he chuses. Well, I'll tell you why he don't—it ain't his interest. Capt. Bunker knows, if he hurts any body with his boat, he'd run a chance of hurtin himself too."—p. 177.

We have not room for more specimens—and those which we have given, our choice being necessarily influenced by considerations of brevity, will, we fear, afford a very inadequate notion of Major Downing's merits. We hope some London bookseller may think it worth his while to reprint the volume as it stands—not forgetting the wood-cuts.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE RECENT PENSIONS.

To those who live by literature, it is deeply gratifying to record that to some of its worthiest and most estimable professors, pensions have been granted by the late government: such a judicious expenditure of public money cannot but receive the sanction of all parties. It will be recollected that, a short time ago, several aged and meritorious "slaves of the pen" were, without the slightest notice, deprived of annuities, upon which they had calculated as certain and unfailing securities against want while treading "the downhill of life." They were men of fine and delicate sensibilities—they had accepted the

small recompense which their country offered for long and valued labours, and it gave to them the feeling, at least, of independence. The withdrawal of such support was a mean and pitiful economy; more than one of our lamps went out when the oil was supplied no longer; death soon followed the cruel change which a single act had wrought in their destinies. It is therefore with increased pleasure we state, that during the brief administration of Sir Robert Peel, he conferred pensions upon some of the most deserving men of the country; and had he remained longer in office, doubtless the same liberal source would have afforded a comfort to many others.* It is doubly gratifying, because the majority of those who have been thus distinguished have held political opinions opposed to those of the late premier; one of them, James Montgomery, was for several years the editor of the "*Sheffield Iris*," a whig newspaper, of the old and better school, certainly, but always a powerful opponent of the policy of the tories.

Another circumstance highly honourable to Sir Robert Peel we may refer to. In the kindest and most delicate manner, he conveyed information to Mrs. Hemans that a government-office was at the service of one of her sons, accompanying the offer with a sum sufficient for the young gentleman's outfit. Both were gratefully received by the excellent lady, and have doubtless contributed much to relieve the maternal anxieties of a mother who has sacrificed health and strength to educate her children—unaided by him who should have at least divided the duty with her. Sir Robert Peel may also enjoy the consciousness that he has given comfort and consolation, in a time of extreme suffering, to one of the most upright, amiable, and admirable, of her sex. Facts like these speak for themselves; we may dwell upon them in our thoughts—it is unnecessary to do so with our pens.

CURIOUS ICELANDIC CUSTOM.

The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and a most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which I believe is peculiar to this island. Two gentlemen, for instance, are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some object at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of another, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move on, either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way and the other the other; and therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.—*Barrow's Visit to Iceland*.

* The following are the pensions granted by Sir Robert Peel, during his short administration: Professor Airey, 300*l*.; Mr. Southey, 300*l*.; Mrs. Somerville, 200*l*.; James Montgomery, 150*l*.; Sharon Turner, 200*l*.; the widow of Mr. Temple, late governor of Sierra Leone, 100*l*.

From the London Metropolitan.

JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER.

(Continued from page 678. vol. 26.)

We argued the matter over for some time, and then it was agreed that we should proceed together. I was informed by Mr. Cophagus that he had retired with a very handsome fortune, and was living in the country, about ten miles from the metropolis; that he had been summoned to attend the funeral of a maiden aunt in Dublin, who had left him executor and residuary legatee, but that he knew nothing of her circumstances. He was still a bachelor, and amused himself in giving advice and medicines gratis to the poor people of the village in which he resided, there being no resident practitioner within some distance. He liked the country very much, but there was one objection to it—the *cattle*. He had not forgotten the *mad bull*. A very late hour we retired to our beds; the next morning the weather had moderated, and on the arrival of the mail we embarked, and had a very good passage over. On my arrival at Dublin I directed my steps to the F—— Hotel, as the best place to make enquiries relative to Mr. De Benyon. Mr. Cophagus also put up at the same hotel, and we agreed to share a sitting-room.

"Waiter," said I, "do you know a Mr. De Benyon?"

"Yes sir," replied he; "there is one of the De Benyons at the hotel at this moment."

"Is he a married man?"

"Yes—with a large family."

"What is his Christian name?"

"I really cannot tell, sir; but I'll find out for you by to-morrow morning."

"When does he leave?"

"To-morrow, I believe."

"Do you know where he goes?"

"Yes, sir, to his own seat."

"The waiter left the room. "Won't do, Japhet," said Cophagus. "Large family—don't want more—hard times, and so on."

"No," replied I, "it does not exactly answer; but I may from him obtain further intelligence."

"Won't do, Japhet—try another way—large family—want all uncle's money—um—never tell—good night."

This remark of Mr. Cophagus gave me an idea, upon which I proceeded the next morning. I sent in my card, requesting the honour of speaking to Mr. De Benyon, stating that I had come over to Ireland on business of importance, but that as I must be back if possible by *term* time, it would perhaps save much expense and trouble. The waiter took in the message. "Back by *term* time—it must be some legal gentleman. Show him up," said Mr. De Benyon.

"I walked in with a business like air. "Mr. De Benyon, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; will you do me the favour to take a chair?"

I seated myself, and drew out my memorandum book. "My object, Mr. De Benyon, in troubling you, is to ascertain a few particulars relative to your family, which we cannot so easily find out in England. There is a *property* which it is supposed may be claimed by one of the De Benyons, but which we cannot ascertain until we have a little search into the genealogical tree."

"Is the property large?" enquired Mr. De Benyon.

"Not very large," replied I; "but still a very handsome property, I am told." The reader may surmise that the property referred to was my own pretty self.

"May I ask a few particulars relative to the present earl and his brothers?"

"Most certainly, sir," replied Mr. De Benyon: "any information I can give you will be at your service. The earl has four brothers. The eldest Maurice."

"Is he married?"

"No; nor has he ever been. He is a general in the army. The second is myself, Henry."

"You are married, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, with a large family."

"May I request you to proceed, sir?"

"Arthur is the next brother; he also is a married man with a family; and Octavius is the fourth brother. He is lately married, and has two children."

"Sir, I feel much obliged to you; it is a curious and intricate affair. As I am here, I may as well ask one question, although not of great consequence. The earl is married, I perceive, by the peerage, but I do not perceive that he has any children."

"On the contrary, he has two—and prospects of more." This annoyed me, and the reader may imagine how mad I was by so trifling a circumstance.

"May I now request the particulars connected with this property?"

"The exact particulars, sir, I cannot well tell you, as I am not acquainted with them myself; but the property in question, I rather think, depends upon a *name*. May I venture to ask the names of all your children?"

Mr. De Benyon gave me a list *seriatim*, which I put down with great gravity.

"Of course there is no doubt of your elder brother not being married. I believe we ought to have a certificate. Do you know his address?"

"He has been in the East Indies for many years. He returned home on furlough, and has now just sailed again for Calcutta."

"That is unfortunate; we must forward a letter through the India board. May I also be favoured with your address, as in all probability it may be advisable?"

Mr. De Benyon gave me his address. I rose, promised to give him all the particulars as soon as they were known to me, bowed, and made my exit. To one who was in his sober senses, there certainly was not any important information gained; but to me, it was evident that the Mr. De Benyon who had been a colonel in the army was to be interrogated, and I had almost made up my mind to set off for Calcutta. Before I had gained my own room, I informed Mr. Cophagus, who had just returned from a visit to his maiden aunt's house, of what had passed.

"Can't see any thing in it, Japhet—wild goose chase—who told you?—oh! Pleggit's men—sad liars—De Benyon not name, depend upon it,—all stuff, and so on."

And when I reflected, I could not but acknowledge that the worthy apothecary was right, and that I was running after shadows; but this was only in my occasional fits of despondency. I soon rallied, and was as sanguine as ever. Undecided how to proceed, and annoyed by what Cophagus had said, I quitted the hotel, to walk out, in no very good humour. As I went out, I perceived the agent M'Dermott speaking to the people in the bar, and the sight of him reminded me of what for a moment I had forgotten, which was, to ascertain whether Melchior and Sir Henry de Clare were one and the same person. As I passed a crossing, a man in tattered habiliments, who was sweeping it, asked for alms, but being in no very charitable humour, I walked on. He followed me, pestering me so much, that I gave him a tap with the cane in my hand, saying to him, "Be off, you scoundrel."

"Oh! very well. Be off is it you mane? By the blood of the O'Rourke's but you'll answer for that same, any how."

I passed on, and having perambulated the city of Dublin for some time, returned to the hotel. A few minutes afterwards I was told by the waiter, that a Mr. O'Donaghan wished to speak to me. "I have not the honour of his acquaintance," replied I, "but you may show him up."

Mr. O'Donaghan entered, a tall, thick-whiskered per-

sonage, in a shabby-genteel dress, evidently not made for him, a pair of white cotton gloves, and a small stick. "I believe that I have the honour of spaking to the gentleman who crossed over the street about two hours ago?"

"Upon my word, sir," replied I, "that is so uncertain a definition, that I can hardly pretend to say whether I am the person you mean; indeed, from not having the pleasure of any one's acquaintance in Dublin, I rather think there must be some mistake."

"The devil a bit of a mistake, at all, at all; for there's the little bit of a cane with which you paid my friend Mr. O'Rourke the compliment over his shoulders."

"I really am quite mystified, sir, and do not understand you; will you favour me with an explanation?"

"With all the pleasure in life, for then we shall come to a right understanding. You were crossing the street, and a gentleman, a particular friend of mine, with a broom which he carries for his own amusement, did himself the honour to address you, whereupon of that same little stick of yours, you did him the honour to give him a slight taste."

"What do you mean: do you refer to the sweeper, who was so importunate when I crossed over the road?"

"Then by the powers, you've just hit it, as you did him. That's my particular friend, Thaddeus O'Rourke, gentleman."

"Gentleman!" exclaimed I.

"And with as good and as true Milesian blood as any in Ireland. If you think, sir, that because my friend, just for his own amusement, thinks proper to put on the worst of his clothes and carry a broom, just by way of exercise, to prevent his becoming too lusty, he is therefore to be struck like a hound, it's a slight mistake, that's all; and here, sir, is his card, and you will oblige me by mentioning any friend of yours with whom I may settle all the little points necessary before the meeting of two gentlemen."

I could hardly refrain from laughing at this Irish gentleman and his friend, but I thought it advisable to retain my countenance. "My dear sir," replied I, "it grieves me to the heart that I should have committed such an error, in not perceiving the gentility of your friend; had I not been so careless, I certainly should have requested him to do me the honour to accept a shilling instead of having offered him the insult. I hope it is not now too late?"

"By the powers, I'm not one of those harum-scarum sort, who would make up a fight when there's no occasion for it, and as your 'haviour is that of a gentleman, I think it will perhaps be better to shake hands upon it, and forget it altogether. Suppose, now, we'll consider that it was all a mistake? You give the shilling, as you intended to do, I'll swear, you were only in so great a hurry—and then, perhaps, you'll not object to throw in another shilling for that same tap with the cane, just to wipe off the insult as it were, as we do our sins, when we fork out the money, and receive absolution from the padre; and then, perhaps, you'll not think it too much if I charge another shilling for my time and trouble, for carrying a message between two gentlemen."

"On the contrary, Mr. O'Donaghan, I think all your demands are reasonable. Here is the money."

Mr. O'Donaghan took the three shillings. "Then, sir, and many thanks to you, I'll wish you a good evening, and Mr. O'Rourke shall know from me that you have absolution for the whole, and that you have offered every satisfaction which one gentleman could expect from another." So saying, Mr. O'Donaghan put his hat on with a firm cock, pulled on his gloves, manœuvred his stick, and, with a flourishing bow, took his departure.

I had hardly dismissed this gentleman, and was laughing to myself at the ridiculous occurrence, when Mr. Cophagus returned, first putting his cane up to his nose

with an arch look, and then laying it down on the table and rubbing his hands. "Good—warm old lady. No—dead and cold—but left some thousands—only one legacy—old Tom cat—physic him to-morrow—soon die, and so on."

On a more full explanation, I found that the old lady had left about nine thousand pounds in the funds and bank securities, all of which, with the exception of twenty pounds per annum to a favourite cat, was left to Mr. Cophagus. I congratulated him upon this accession of fortune. He stated that the lease of the house and furniture was still to be disposed of, and that after that he should have nothing more to do; but he wished me very much to assist him in rummaging over the various cabinets belonging to the old lady, and which were full of secret drawers; that in one cabinet alone he had found upwards of fifty pounds in various gold coins, and that if not well examined, they would probably be sold with many articles of consequence remaining in them. As my only object in Ireland was to find out Sir Henry De Clare, and identify him, (but really why, I could not have said, as it would have proved nothing after all,) I willingly consented to devote a day to assist Mr. Cophagus in his examinations. The next morning after breakfast we went together to the house of the old lady, whose name had been Maitland, as Mr. Cophagus informed me. Her furniture was of the most ancient description, and in every room in the house there was an orolu, or Japan cabinet; some of them were very handsome, decorated with pillars, and orolu and silver ornaments. I can hardly recount the variety of articles, which in all probability had been amassed during the whole of the old lady's life, commencing with her years of childhood, and ending with the day of her death. There were antique ornaments, some of considerable value—miniatures, fans, etuis, notes, of which the ink from time had turned to a light red—packages of the letters of the various correspondents in her days of hope and anticipation, down to those of solitude and age. We looked over some of them, but they appeared to both of us to be sacred, and they were after a slight examination, committed to the flames.

After we had examined all the apparent receptacles in these cabinets, we took them up between us, and shook them, and in most cases found out that there were secret drawers, containing other treasures. There was one packet of letters which caught my eye, it was from a Miss De Benyon. I seized it immediately, and showed the inscription to Mr. Cophagus. "Pooh—nothing at all—her mother was a De Benyon."

"Have you any objection to my looking at these letters?"

"No—read—nothing in them."

I laid them on one side, and we proceeded in our search, when Mr. Cophagus took up a sealed packet. "Heh! what's this—De Benyon again? Japhet look here."

I took the packet, it was sealed, and tied with red tape. "Papers belonging to Lieutenant Maurice De Benyon, to be returned to him at my decease." "Alice Maitland, with great care," was written at the bottom of the envelope.

"This is it, my dear sir," cried I, jumping up and embracing Mr. Cophagus; "these are the papers which I require. May I keep them?"

"Mad—quite mad—go to Bedlam—strait waistcoat—head shaved, and so on."

He then, after his own fashion, told me, that as executor, he must retain those papers; pointed out to me the little probability there was of their containing any information relative to my birth—even allowing that a person of the name of De Benyon did call at the Foundling to ask for me, which was only a supposition; and, finally, overthrew all the hopes which had been for so

many days buoying me up. When he had finished, I threw myself upon the sofa in despair, and wished, at the moment, that I had never been born. Still hope again rose uppermost, and I would have given all I possessed to have been able to break open the seals of that packet, and have read the contents. At one moment I was so frantic, that I was debating whether I should not take them from Mr. Cophagus by force, and run off with them. At last I rose, and commenced reading the letters which I had put aside, but there was nothing in them but the trifling communications of two young women, who mentioned what was amusing to them, but uninteresting to those who were not acquainted with the parties.

At last we had finished, Mr. Cophagus collected all together, and putting them into a box, we returned in a coach to the hotel. The next day Mr. Cophagus had completed all his arrangements, and the day following had determined to return to England. I walked with him down to the vessel, and watched it for an hour after it had sailed, for it bore away a packet of papers which I could not help imagining were to discover the secret which I was so eager in pursuit of. A night's sleep made me more rational, and I now resolved to ascertain where Sir Henry de Clare, or Melchior, as I felt certain he must be, was to be found. I sent for the waiter, and asked him if he could inform me. He immediately replied in the affirmative, and gave his address, Mount Grunnis Castle, Connemara, asking me when I intended to set out. It did not strike me till afterwards, that it was singular that he should be so well acquainted with the address, and that he should have produced a card with it written upon it; or, moreover, that he should know that it was my intention to go there. I took the address, and desired that I might have horses ready very early the next morning. I then sat down and wrote a letter to Harcourt, informing him of my proceedings, also one to Mr. Masterton much more explicit, lastly, to Timothy, to the care of Harcourt, requesting him to let me know what had occurred between him and the gipsies. After dinner I packed up ready for my journey, and having settled my bill, I was not sorry to retire to my bed.

At daylight I was, as I requested, called by the waiter, and taking with me only a very small portmanteau, having left the rest of my effects in the charge of the people who kept the hotel, I set off in a post-chaise on my expedition. I was soon clear of the city, and on a fine smooth road, and as I threw myself back in the corner of the chaise, I could not help asking myself the question of, what was the purport of my journey? As the reader will perceive, I was wholly governed by impulses, and never allowed reason or common sense to stand in the way of my feelings. "What have I to do?" replied I, to myself; "to find out if Melchior and Sir Henry de Clare are not one and the same person. And what then? What then? why then I may find out something relative to Fleta's parentage. Nay, but is that likely—if, as you suppose, Melchior is Sir Henry de Clare—if, as you suppose, it is he who is now trying to find out and carry off Fleta—is it probable that you will gain any information from him? I have an idea that Fleta is the little girl said to have died, who was the child of his elder brother. Why so? What interest could Melchior have in stealing his own niece? That I cannot tell. Why did Nattee give me the necklace? I cannot tell—she would hardly betray her husband. At all events, there is a mystery, and it can only be unravelled by being pulled at; and I may learn something by meeting Melchior, whereas, I shall learn nothing by remaining quiet." This last idea satisfied me, and for many hours I remained in a train of deep thought, only checked by paying for the horses at the end of every stage.

It was now past twelve o'clock, when I found that it

was necessary to change the chaise at every post. The country also, as well as the roads, had changed much for the worse. Cultivation was not so great, the roads were mountainous, and civilisation generally disappeared. It was nearly dark when I arrived at the last post, from whence I was to take horses to Mount Grunnis Castle. As usual, the chaise also was to be changed; and I could not help observing that each change was from bad to worse. Rope harness was used, and the vehicles themselves of the most crazy condition. Still I had traveled very fairly, for an Irish postilion knows how to make an Irish horse go a very fair pace. I descended from the chaise, and ordered another out immediately. To this there was no reply, except, "Wait, your honour—step in a moment and rest from your fatigue a little." Presuming this was merely to give them time to get ready, I walked into the room of the inn, which indeed was little better than a hovel, and sat down by the turf fire in company with some others, whom I could hardly distinguish for smoke. I paid the chaise and postilion, and soon afterwards heard it drive off on its way back. After a few minutes I enquired if the chaise was getting ready.

"Is it the chaise your honour means?" said the landlady.

"Yes," replied I, "a chaise on to Mount Grunnis Castle."

"Then I am sorry that your honour must wait a little; for our chaise, and the only one we have, is gone to the castle, and won't be back till long after the moon is up. What will your honour please to take?"

"Not back till moonlight," replied I; "why did you not say so? and I would have gone on with the other."

"Is it with the other you mane, your honour? Then if Teddy Driscoll could make his horses go one step further than our door, may I never have a soul to be saved. Will your honour please to sit in the little room. Kathleen shall light a fire."

Vexed as I was with the idea of passing the night in this horrid place, there was no help for it; so I took up my portmanteau and followed the landlady to a small room, if it deserved the appellation, which had been built after the cottage, and a door broken through the wall into it. Ceiling there was none, it had only lean-to rafters, with tiles over head. I took a seat on the only stool that was in the room, and leant my elbow on the table in no very pleasant humour, when I heard the girl say, "And why don't you let him go on to the castle? Sure the chaise is in the yard, and the horses are in the stable."

"There's orders 'gainst it, Kathleen," replied the landlady. "Mr. McDermott was here this blessed day, and who can deny him?"

"Who is he then?" replied the girl.

"An attorney with a warrant against Sir Henry; and, moreover, they say that he's coming to strain upon the cattle of Jerry O'Toole for the tithes."

"He's a bould young chap, at all events," replied the girl, "to come here all by himself."

"Oh! but it's not till to-morrow morning, and then we'll have the troops here to assist him."

"And does Jerry O'Toole know of this?"

"Sure enough he does; and I hope there'll be no murder committed in my house this blessed night. But what can a poor widow do when McDermott holds up his finger? Now, go light the fire, Kathleen, and see if the poor young man wants any thing; it's a burning pity that he shouldn't have something to comfort him before his misfortunes fall upon him."

Kathleen made no reply. The horror that I felt at this discourse may easily be imagined. That it was intended that I should meet with foul play was certain, and I knew very well that in such a desolate part of the country the murder of an individual, totally unknown,

would hardly be noticed. That I had been held up to the resentment of the inhabitants as a tithe collector and an attorney with a warrant, was quite sufficient, I felt conscious, to induce them to make away with me. How to undeceive them was the difficulty. Kathleen came in with fuel to light the fire, and looking rather hard at me, passed by, and was soon busy blowing up the turf. She was a very handsome, dark-eyed girl, about nineteen years of age, stout and well made. "What is your name?" said I.

"Kathleen, at your service, sir."

"Listen to me, Kathleen," said I in a low voice. "You are a woman, and all women are kind-hearted. I have overheard all that passed between your mistress and you, and that M'Dermott has stated that I am a tithe collector and an attorney, with a warrant. I am no such thing. I am a gentleman who wishes to speak to Sir Henry de Clare on a business which he does not like to be spoken to about; and to show you that what I say is the truth, it is about the daughter of his elder brother, who was killed when hunting, and who is supposed to be dead. I am the only evidence to the contrary; and, therefore, he and M'Dermott have spread this report that I may come to harm."

"Is she alive, then?" replied Kathleen, looking up to me with wonder.

"Yes; and I will not tell Sir Henry where she is, and that is the reason of their enmity."

"But I saw her body," replied the girl in a low voice, standing up, and coming close to me.

"It was not hers, depend upon it," replied I, hardly knowing what to answer to this assertion.

"At all events it was dressed in her clothes; but it was so long before it was discovered, that we could make nothing of the features. Well I knew the poor little thing, for my mother nursed her. I was myself brought up at the castle, and lived there till after Sir William was killed; then we were all sent away."

"Kathleen! Kathleen!" cried the landlady.

"Call for every thing you can think of one after another," whispered Kathleen, leaving the room.

"I cannot make the peat burn," said she to the landlady, after she had quitted the little room; "and the gentleman wants some whiskey."

"Go out then, and get some from the middle of the stack, Kathleen, and be quick; we have others to attend besides the tithe proctor. There's the O'Tooles all come in, and your own Corny is with them."

"My Corny, indeed!" replied Kathleen; "he's not quite so sure of that."

In a short time Kathleen returned, and brought some dry peat and a measure of whiskey. "If what you say is true," said Kathleen, "and sure enough you're no Irish, and very young for a tithe proctor, who must grow old before he can be such a villain, you are in no very pleasant way. The O'Tooles are here, and I've an idea they mean no good; for they sit with all their heads together, whispering to each other, and all their shillelaghs by their sides."

"Tell me, Kathleen, was the daughter of Sir William a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl?"

"To be sure she was," replied Kathleen, "and like a little mountain fairy."

"Now, Kathleen, tell me if you recollect if the little girl or her mother ever wore a necklace of red beads mixed with gold."

"Yes, that my lady did; and it was on the child's neck when it was lost, and when the body was found, it was not with it. Well I recollect that, for my mother said the child must have been drowned or murdered for the sake of the gold beads."

"Then you have proved all I wished, Kathleen; and now I tell you that this little girl is alive, and that I can

produce the necklace which was lost with her; and more, that she was taken away by Sir Henry himself."

"Merciful Jesus!" replied Kathleen; "the dear little child that we cried over so much."

"But now, Kathleen, I have told you this to prove to you that I am not what M'Dermott has asserted, no doubt with the intention that my brains shall be knocked out this night."

"And so they will, sure enough," replied Kathleen, "if you do not escape."

"But how am I to escape? and will you assist me?" And I laid down on the table ten guineas from my purse, "Take that, Kathleen, and it will help you and Corny. Now will you assist me?"

"It's Corny that will be the first to knock your brains out," replied Kathleen, "unless I can stop him. I must go now, and I'll see what can be done."

Kathleen would have departed without touching the gold; but I caught her by the wrist, collected it, and put it into her hand. "That's not like a tithe proctor, at all events," replied Kathleen; "but my heart aches, and my head swims, and what's to be done I know not." So saying, Kathleen quitted the room.

"Well," thought I, after she had left the room, "at all events I have not been on a wrong scent this time. Kathleen has proved to me that Fleta is the daughter of the late Sir William; and if I escape this snare, Melchior shall do her justice." Pleased with my having so identified Melchior and Fleta, I fell into a train of thought, and for the first time forgot my perilous situation; but I was roused from my meditations by an exclamation from Kathleen. "No, no, Corny, nor any of ye—not now— and mother and me to witness it—it shall not be. Corny, hear me, as sure as blood's drawn, and we up to see it, so sure does Corny O'Toole never touch this hand of mine." A pause, and whispering followed, and again all appeared to be quiet. I unstrapped my portmanteau, took out my pistols, which were loaded, re-primed them, and remained quiet, determined to sell my life as dearly as possible.

It was more than half an hour before Kathleen returned; she looked pale and agitated. "Keep quiet, and do not think of resistance," said she, "it is useless. I have told my mother all, and she believes you, and will risk her life to save him who has watched over the little girl whom she nursed; but keep quiet, we shall soon have them all out of the house. Corny dare not disobey me, and he will persuade the others."

She then went out again, and did not return for nearly an hour, when she was accompanied by her mother. "Kathleen has told me all, young sir," said she, "and do what we can, we will; but we hardly know what to do. To go to the castle would be madness."

"Yes," replied I; "but cannot you give me one of your horses to return the way I came?"

"That was our intention; but I find that the O'Tooles have taken them all out of the stable to prevent me; and the house is watched. They will come at midnight and attack us, that I fully expect, and how to conceal you puzzles my poor head."

"If they come, and we can but persuade them that he has escaped," replied Kathleen, "they will no longer watch the house, and he will then have some chance."

"There is but one chance," replied the mother, who took Kathleen aside, and whispered to her. Kathleen coloured to the forehead, and made no reply. "If your mother bids you, Kathleen, there can be no harm."

"Yes; but if Corny was—"

"He dare not," replied the mother; "and now put this light out, and do you get into bed, sir, with your clothes on." They led me to a small bed-room, a miserable affair; but in that part of the country considered respectable. "Lie down there," said the mother, "and wait till we call you." They took the light away, and left me to

myself and my own reflections, which were any thing but pleasant. I lay awake, it might be for two hours, when I heard the sound of feet, and then whispering under the window. Shortly afterwards a loud knocking at the door, which they were attempting to burst open. Every moment I expected that it would yield to the violence which was made use of, when the mother came down half dressed, with a light in her hand, hastened to me, and desired me to follow her. I did so, and before she left my room, she threw the window wide open. She led me up a sort of half-stairs, half-ladder, to a small room, where I found Kathleen sitting up in her bed, and undressed. "O mother! mother!" cried Kathleen.

"I bid ye do it, child," replied the mother, desiring me to creep into her daughter's bed, and cover myself up on the side next the wall.

"Let me put on some clothes, mother."

"No, no, if you do they will suspect, and will not hesitate to search. Your mother bids you."

"The poor girl was burning with shame and confusion."

"Nay," replied I, "if Kathleen does not wish it, I will not buy my safety at the expense of her feelings."

"Yes, yes," replied Kathleen, "I don't mind now; those words of yours are sufficient. Come in quick."

There was no time for apology, and stepping over Kathleen I buried myself under the clothes by her side. The mother then hastened down stairs, and arrived at the door just as they had succeeded in forcing it open, when in pounced a dozen men armed, with their faces blackened. "Holy Jesus! what is it that you want?" screamed the landlady.

"The blood of the tithe proctor, and that's what we'll have," replied the O'Tooles.

"Not in my house—not in my house!" cried she. "Take him away, at all events; promise me to take him away."

"So we will, honey darlint; we'll take him out of your sight, and out of your hearing too, only show us where he may be."

"He's sleeping," replied the mother, pointing to the door of the bed-room, where I had been lying down.

The party took the light from her hands, and went into the room, where they perceived the bed empty and the window open. "Devil a bit of a proctor here any how," cried one of them, "and the window open. He's off—hurrah! my lads, he can't be far."

"By the powers! it's just my opinion, Mrs. M'Shane," replied the elder O'Toole, "that he's not quite so far off; so with your lave, or by your lave, or without your lave, we'll just have a look over the premises."

"O! and welcome, Mister Jerry O'Toole; if you think I'm the woman to hide a proctor, look every where just as you please."

The party, headed by Jerry O'Toole, who had taken the light out of Mrs. M'Shane's hand, now ascended the ladder to the upper story, and as I lay by Kathleen, I felt that she trembled with fear. After examining every nook and cranny they could think of, they came to Mrs. M'Shane's room, "O! go in—go in and look, Mr. O'Toole; it's a very likely thing to insinuate that I should have a tithe proctor in my bed. Search, pray," and Mrs. M'Shane led the way into her own room.

Every part had been examined, except the small sleeping room of Kathleen; and the party paused before the door. "We must search," observed O'Toole doggedly.

"Search my daughter's! very well, search if you please; it's a fine story you'll have to tell, how six great men pulled a poor girl out of bed to look for a tithe proctor. It will be a credit to you any how; and you, Corny O'Toole, you'll stand well in her good graces, when you come to talk about the wedding day; and your wife that is to be, pulled out of her bed by a dozen men. What will ye say to Kathleen, when you affront her by supposing that a maiden girl has a tithe proctor in bed with

her? D'ye think that ye'll ever have the mother's consent or blessing?"

"No one goes into Kathleen's room," cried Corny O'Toole, roused by the sarcasms of Mrs. M'Shane.

"Yes, Corny," replied Mrs. M'Shane, "it's not for a woman like me to be suspected, at all events; so you, and you only, shall go into the room,—if that will content ye, Mr. Jerry O'Toole."

"Yes!" replied the party, and Mrs. M'Shane opened the door.

Kathleen rose on her elbow, holding the bed clothes up to her throat, and looking at them as they entered, said, "O Corny! Corny! this to me?"

Corny never thought of looking for any body, his eyes were riveted upon his sweetheart. "Murder, Kathleen, is it my fault? Jerry will have it."

"Are you satisfied, Corny?" said Mrs. M'Shane.

"Sure enough I was satisfied before I came in that Kathleen would not have any one in her bed-room," replied Corny.

"Then good night, Corny, and it's to-morrow that I'll talk with ye," replied Kathleen.

Mrs. M'Shane then walked out of the room, expecting Corny to follow; but he could not restrain himself, and he came to the bed side. Fearful that if he put his arms round her, he would feel me, Kathleen raised herself, and allowed him to embrace her. Fortunately the light was not in the room, or I should have been discovered, as in so doing she threw the clothes off my head and shoulders. She then pushed back Corny from her, and he left the room, shutting the door after him. The party descended the ladder, and as soon as Kathleen perceived that they were all down, she sprang out of bed and ran into her mother's room. Soon after I heard them depart. Mrs. M'Shane made fast the door, and came up stairs. She first went to her own room, where poor Kathleen was crying bitterly from shame and excitement. I had got up when she came into Kathleen's room for her clothes, and in about five minutes they returned together. I was sitting on the side of the bed when they came in: the poor girl coloured up when our eyes met. "Kathleen," said I, "you have in all probability, saved my life, and I cannot express my thanks. I am only sorry that your modesty has been put to so severe a trial."

"If Corny was to find it out," replied Kathleen, sobbing again. "How could I do such a thing!"

"Your mother bid you," replied Mrs. M'Shane, "and that is sufficient."

"But what must you think of me, sir?" continued Kathleen.

"I think that you have behaved most nobly. You have saved an innocent man at the risk of your reputation, and the loss of your lover. It is not now that I can prove my gratitude."

"Yes, yes; promise me, by all that's sacred, that you'll never mention it. Surely you would not ruin one who has tried to serve you."

"I promise you that, and I hope to perform a great deal more," replied I. "But now, Mrs. M'Shane, what is to be done? Remain here I cannot."

"No; you must leave, and that very soon. Wait about ten minutes more, and then they will give up their search and go home. The road to E——" (the post I had lately come from) "is the best you can take; and you must travel as fast as you can, for there is no safety for you here."

"I am convinced that rascal M'Dermott will not leave me till he has rid himself of me." I then took out my purse, in which I still had nearly twenty guineas. I took ten of them. "Mrs. M'Shane, I must leave you in charge of my portmanteau, which you may forward by-and-by, when you hear of my safety. If I should not be so fortunate, the money is better in your hands

than in the hands of those who will murder me. Kathleen, God bless you! you are a good girl, and Corny O'Toole will be a happy man if he knows your value."

"I then wished Kathleen good by, and she allowed me to kiss her without resistance; but the tears were coming down her cheeks as I left the room with her mother. Mrs. M'Shane looked carefully out of the windows, holding the light to ascertain if there was any body near, and, satisfied with her scrutiny, she then opened the door, and calling down the saints to protect me, shook hands with me, and I quitted the house. It was a dark cloudy night, and when I first went out I was obliged to grope, for I could distinguish nothing. I walked along with a pistol loaded in each hand, and gained, as I thought, the high road to —, but I made a sad mistake; and, puzzled by the utter darkness and turnings, I took, on the contrary, the road to Mount Grunnis Castle. As soon as I was clear of the houses and enclosure, there was more light, and I could distinguish the road. I had proceeded about four or five miles, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and shortly afterwards two men on horseback passed me. I enquired if that was the way to —. A pause ensued, and a whisper; "All's right!" replied a deep voice. I continued my way, glad to find that I had not mistaken it, and cogitating as to what must be the purpose of two men being out at such an hour. About ten minutes afterwards I thought I again heard the sound of horses' feet, and it then occurred to me that they must be highwaymen, who had returned to rob me. I cocked my pistols, determined to sell my life as dearly as I could, and awaited their coming up with anxiety; but they appeared to keep at the same distance, as the sound did not increase. After half an hour I came to two roads, and was undecided which to take. I stopped and listened—the steps of the horses were no longer to be heard. I looked round me to ascertain if I could recognise any object so as to decide me, but I could not. I took the road to the left, and proceeded until I arrived at a brook which crossed the road. There was no bridge, and it was too dark to perceive the stepping stones. I had just waded about half way across, when I received a blow on the head from behind, which staggered me. I turned round, but before I could see my assailant a second blow laid me senseless in the water.

When my recollection returned I found myself in the dark, but where I knew not. My head ached, and my brain reeled. I sat up for a moment to collect my senses, but the effort was too painful; I fell back, and remained in a state of half stupor. Gradually I recovered, and again sat up. I perceived that I had been lying on a bed of straw, composed of two or three trusses apparently. I felt with my extended arms on each side of me, but touched nothing. I opened my eyes, which I had closed again, and tried to pierce through the obscurity, but in vain—all was dark as Erebus. I then rose on my feet, and extending my hands before me, walked five or six steps on one side, till I was clear of the straw, and came to a wall. I followed the wall about twenty feet, and then touched wood; groping about, I found it was a door. I then made the circuit of the walls, and discovered that the other side was built with bins for wine, which were empty, and I then found myself again at the straw upon which I had been laid. I was in a cellar no longer used—but where? Again I lay down upon the straw, and as it may be imagined, my reflections were any thing but pleasing. "Was I in the power of McDermott or Melchior?" I felt convinced that I was, but my head was too painful for long thought; and after half an hour's reflection, I gave way to a sullen state of half-dreaming, half-stupor, in which the forms of McDermott, Kathleen, Melchior, and Fleta, passed in succession before me. How long I remained in this second species of trance I cannot say, but I was roused by

the light of a candle, which flashed in my eyes. I started up, and beheld Melchior in his gipsy's dress, just as when I had taken leave of him,

"It is to you, then, that I am indebted for this treatment?" cried I.

"No; not to me replied Melchior. "I do not command here; but I knew you when they brought you in insensible, and being employed in the castle, I have taken upon myself the office of your jailer, that I might, if possible, serve you."

I felt, I knew this to be false, but a moment's reflection told me that it was better at present to temporise.

"Who then does the castle belong to, Melchior?"

"To Sir Henry De Clare."

"And what can be his object in treating me thus?"

"That I cannot tell you, because I am a party concerned. You remember the little girl, Fleta, who left the gipsy camp with you—she is now somewhere under your care?"

"Well I grant it; but I was answerable only to you about her."

"Very true, but I was answerable to Sir Henry; and when I could only say that she was well, he was not satisfied, for family reasons now make him very anxious that she should return to him; and, indeed, it will be for her advantage, as she will in all probability be his heir, for he has satisfactorily proved that she is a near relative."

"Grant all that, Melchior: but why then did not Sir Henry de Clare write to me on the subject, and state his wishes, and his right to demand his relative? and why does he treat me in this way? Another question—how is it that he has recognised me to be the party who has charge of the little girl? Answer me those questions, Melchior, and then I may talk over the matter."

"I will answer the last question first. He knew your name from me, and it so happened, that a friend of his met you in the coach as you were coming to Ireland; the same person also saw you at the post-house, and gave information. Sir Henry, who is a violent man, and here has almost regal sway, determined to detain you till you surrendered up the child. You recollect, that you refused to tell his agent, the person whose address I gave you, where she was to be found, and, vexed at this, he has taken the law into his own hands."

"For which he shall smart, one of these days," replied I, "if there is law in this country."

"There is law in England, but very little, and none that will harm Sir Henry, in this part of the country. No officer would venture within five miles of the castle, I can assure you; for he knows very well that it would cost him his life; and Sir Henry never quits it from one year's end to the other. You are in his power, and all that he requires is information where the child may be found, and an order for her being delivered to him. You cannot object to this, as he is her nearest relative. If you comply, I do not doubt but Sir Henry will make you full amends for this harsh treatment, and prove a sincere friend ever afterwards."

"It requires consideration," replied I; "at present I am too much hurt to talk."

"I was afraid so," replied Melchior, "and that was one reason why I obtained leave to speak to you. Wait a moment."

Melchior then put the candle down on the ground, went out, and turned the key. I found, on looking round, that I was right in my conjectures. I was in a cellar, which, apparently, had long been in disuse. Melchior soon returned, followed by an old crone, who carried a basket and a can of water. She washed the blood off my head, put some salve upon the wounds, and bound them up. She then went away, leaving the basket.

"There is something to eat and drink in that basket,"

observed Melchior; but I think, Japhet, you will agree with me, that it will be better to yield to the wishes of Sir Henry, and not remain in this horrid hole."

"Very true, Melchior," replied I: "but allow me to ask you a question or two. How came you here? where is Nattee, and how is it, that after leaving the camp, I find you so reduced in circumstances, as to be serving such a man as Sir Henry De Clare?"

"A few words will explain that," replied he. "In my early days I was wild, and I am, to tell the truth, in the power of this man; nay, I will tell you honestly, my life is in his power; he ordered me to come, and I dare not disobey him—and he retains me here."

"And Nattee?"

"Is quite well, and with me, but not very happy in her present situation! but he is a dangerous, violent, implacable man, and I dare not disobey him. I advise you, as a friend, to consent to his wishes."

"That requires some deliberation," replied I, "and I am not one of those who are to be driven. My feelings towards Sir Henry after this treatment, are none of the most amicable; besides, how am I to know that Fleta is his relative?"

"Well, I can say no more, Japhet. I wish you well out of his hands."

"You have the power to help me, if that is the case,"

"I dare not."

"Then you are not the Melchior that you used to be," replied I.

"We must submit to fate. I must not stay longer; you will find all that you want in the basket, and more candles, if you do not like being in the dark. I do not think I shall be permitted to come again till to-morrow."

Melchior then went out, locked the door after him, and I was left to my meditations.

Was it possible that what Melchior had said was true? A little reflection told me that it was all false, and that he was Sir Henry De Clare. I was in his power, and what might be the result? He might detain me, but he dare not murder me. Dare not? My heart sank when I considered where I was, and how easy it would be for him to despatch me, if so inclined, without any one ever being aware of my fate. I lighted a whole candle, that I might not find myself in the dark when I rose, and exhausted in body and mind, was soon fast asleep. I must have slept many hours, for when I awoke I was in darkness—the candle had burnt out. I groped for the basket, and examined the contents with my hands, and found a tinder box. I struck a light, and then feeling hungry and weak, refreshed myself with the eatables it contained, which were excellent, as well as the wine. I had replaced the remainder, when the key again turned in the door, and Melchior made his appearance.

"How do you feel, Japhet, to-day?"

"To-day!" replied I; "day and night are the same to me."

"That is your own fault," replied he. "Have you considered what I proposed to you yesterday?"

"Yes," replied I; "and I will agree to this. Let Sir Henry give me my liberty, come over to England, prove his relationship to Fleta, and I will instantly give her up. What can he ask for more?"

"He will hardly consent to that," replied Melchior; "for, once in England, you will take a warrant out against him."

"No; on my honour I will not, Melchior."

"He will not trust to that."

"Then he must judge of others by himself," replied I. "Have you no other terms to propose," replied Melchior.

"None."

"Then I will carry your message, and give you his answer to-morrow."

Melchior then brought in another basket, and took

away the former, and did not make his appearance till the next day. I now had recovered my strength, and determined to take some decided measures, but how to act I knew not. I reflected all night, and the next morning (that is, according to my supposition) I attacked the basket. Whether it was that ennui or weakness occasioned it, I cannot tell, but either way, I drank too much wine, and was ready for any daring deed, when Melchior again opened the door.

"Sir Henry will not accept of your terms. I thought not," said Melchior. "I am sorry—very sorry."

"Melchior," replied I, starting up: "let us have no more of this duplicity. I am not quite so ignorant as you suppose. I know who Fleta is, and who you are."

"Indeed," replied Melchior; "perhaps you will explain?"

"I will. You Melchior, are Sir Henry de Clare; you succeeded to your estates by the death of your elder brother from a fall when hunting."

Melchior appeared astonished.

"Indeed!" replied he: "pray go on. You have made a gentleman of me."

"No; rather a scoundrel."

"As you please; now will you make a lady of Fleta?"

"Yes, I will. She is your niece. Melchior started back. "Your agent, M'Dermott, who was sent over to find out Fleta's abode, met me in the coach, and he has tracked me here, and risked life, by telling the people that I was a tithe proctor."

"Your information is very important," replied Melchior, "but you will find some difficulty to prove all you say."

"Not the least," replied I, flushed with anger and with wine. "I have proof positive. I have seen her mother, and I can identify the child by the necklace which was on her neck when you stole her."

"Necklace!" cried Melchior.

"Yes, the necklace put into my hands by your own wife when we parted."

"Damn her," replied Melchior,

"Do not damn her; damn yourself for your villany, and its being brought to light. Have I said enough, or shall I tell you more?"

"Pray tell me more."

"No, I will not, for I must commit others, and that will not do," replied I; for I felt I had already said too much.

"You have committed yourself, at all events," replied Melchior; "and now I tell you, that until—never mind," and Melchior hastened away.

The door was again locked, and I was once more alone.

I had time to reflect on my imprudence. The countenance of Melchior when he left me, was that of a demon. Something told me to prepare for death; and I was not wrong. The next day Melchior came not, nor the next; my provisions were all gone. I had nothing but a little wine and water left. The idea struck me that I was to die of starvation. Was there no means of escape? None; I had no weapon, no tool, not even a knife. I had expended all my candles. At last it occurred to me, that, although I was in a cellar, my voice might be heard, and I resolved, as a last effort, to attempt it. I went to the door of the cellar, and shouted at the top of my lungs, "Murder—murder!" I shouted again and again as loud as I could, until I was exhausted. As it afterwards appeared, this plan did prevent my being starved to death, for such was Melchior's villanous intention. About an hour afterwards I repeated my cries of "Murder—murder!" and they were heard by the household, who stated to Melchior, that there was some one shouting murder in the vaults below. That night, and all the next day, I repeated my cries occasionally. I was now quite exhausted, I had been nearly two days without food, and my wine and water had all been drunk. I sat down

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with a parched mouth and heated brain, waiting till I could sufficiently recover my voice to repeat my cries, when I heard footsteps approaching. The key was again turned in the door, and a light appeared, carried by one of two men, armed with large sledge hammers.

"It is then all over with me," cried I; "and I never shall find out who is my father. Come on, murderers, and do your work. Do it quickly."

The two men advanced without speaking a word; the foremost who carried the lantern, laid it down at his feet, and raised his hammer with both hands, when the other behind him raised his weapon—and the foremost fell dead at his feet.

"Silence," said a voice that I well knew, although his face was completely disguised. It was Timothy!

"Silence, Japhet," again whispered Timothy; "there is yet much danger, but I will save you, or die. Take the hammer. Melchior is waiting outside." Timothy put the lantern in the bin, so as to render it more dark, and led me towards the door, whispering, when he comes in, we will secure him."

"Melchior soon made his appearance, and as he entered the cellar, "Is it all right?" said he, going up to Timothy, and passing me.

With one blow I felled him to the ground, and he lay insensible. That will do," replied Timothy, "now we must be off."

"Not till he takes my place," replied I, as I shut the door, and locked it. "Now he may learn what it is to starve to death."

I then followed Timothy, by a passage which led outside of the castle, through which he and his companion had been admitted. "Our horses are close by," said Timothy; "for we stipulated upon leaving the country after it was done."

It was just dark when we were safe out of the castle. We mounted our horses, and set off with all speed. We followed the high road to the post town to which I had been conveyed, and I determined to pull up at Mrs. M'Shane's, for I was so exhausted that I could go no further. This was a measure which required precaution, and as there was moonlight, I turned off the road before I entered the town, or village, as it ought to have been called, so that we dismounted at the back of Mrs. M'Shane's house. I went to the window of the bedroom where I had lain down, and tapped gently, again and again, and no answer. At last Kathleen made her appearance.

"Can I come in, Kathleen?" said I; "I am almost dead with fatigue and exhaustion."

"Yes," replied she, "I will open the back-door; there is no one here to-night—it is too early for this."

I entered, followed by Timothy, and as I stepped over the threshold I fainted. As soon as I recovered, Mrs. M'Shane led me up stairs into her room for security, and I was soon able to take the refreshment I so much required. I stated what had passed to Mrs. M'Shane and Kathleen, who were much shocked at the account.

"You had better wait till it is late before you go on," said Mrs. M'Shane, "it will be more safe; it is now nine o'clock, and the people will all be moving till eleven. I will give your horses some corn, and when you are five miles from here, you may consider yourselves as safe. Holy saints! what an escape!"

The advice was too good not to be followed, and I was so exhausted, that I was glad that prudence was on the side of repose. I lay down on Mrs. M'Shane's bed, while Timothy watched over me. I had a short slumber, and then was awakened by the good landlady, who told me that it was time for us to quit. Kathleen then came up to me and said, "I would ask a favour of you, sir, and I hope you will not refuse it."

"Kathleen, you may ask any thing of me, and depend upon it, I will not refuse it, if I can grant it."

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"Then, sir," replied the good girl, "you knew how I overcame my feelings to serve you, will you overcome yours for me? I cannot bear the idea that any one, bad as he may be, of the family who have reared me, should perish in so miserable a manner; and I cannot bear that any man, bad as he is, even if I did not feel obliged to him, should die so full of guilt, and without absolution. Will you let me have the key, that Sir Henry de Clare may be released after you are safe and away? I know he does not deserve any kindness from you; but it is a horrid death, and a horrid thing to die so loaded with crime."

"Kathleen," replied I, "I will keep my word with you. Here is the key; take it up to-morrow morning, and give it to Lady de Clare; tell her Japhet Newland sent it."

"I will, and God bless you, sir."

"Good by'e, sir," said Mrs. M'Shane, "you have no time to lose."

"God bless you, sir," said Kathleen, who now put her arms round me and kissed me. We mounted our horses and set off.

We pressed our horses, or rather ponies, for they were very small, till we had gained about six miles, when we considered that we were, comparatively speaking, safe, and then drew up, to allow them to recover their wind. I was very much exhausted myself, and hardly spoke one word until we arrived at the next post town, where we found every body in bed. We contrived, however, to knock them up, and Timothy having seen that our horses were put into the stable, we lay down till the next morning, upon a bed which happened to be unoccupied. Sorry as we were the accommodations, I never slept so soundly, and woke quite refreshed. The next morning I stated my intention of posting to Dublin, and asked Tim what we should do with the horses.

"They belong to the castle," replied he.

"Then in God's name, let the castle have them, for I wish for nothing from that horrid place."

We stated to the landlord that the horses were to be sent back, and that the man who took them would be paid for his trouble; and then it occurred to me, that it would be a good opportunity of writing to Melchior, alias Sir Henry. I do not know why, but certainly my animosity against him had subsided, and I did not think of taking legal measures against him. I thought it, however, right to frighten him. I wrote, therefore, as follows:—

SIR HENRY,—I send you back your horses with thanks, as they have enabled Timothy and me to escape from your clutches. Your reputation and your life are in my power. How far you may be safe at the castle, surrounded by your adherents, I know not; but if you or M'Dermott, whom I shall include in the warrant—being able to prove him an accessory—venture to leave your present security, you will be immediately apprehended; and, as the fact of your intended murder is fully proved by my friend Timothy, who was employed by you in disguise, and accompanied your gipsy, you cannot escape the sentence of the law. Prepare yourself, then, for the worst, as it is not my intention that you shall escape the disgraceful punishment due to your crimes. Yours,

JAPHET NEWLAND.

Having sealed this, and given it to the lad who was to return with the horses, we finished our breakfast, and took a postchaise on for Dublin, where we arrived late in the evening. During our journey I requested Timothy to narrate what had passed, and by what fortunate chance he had been able to come so opportunely to my rescue.

"If you recollect, Japhet," replied Timothy, "you had received one or two letters from me, relative to the movements of the gipsy, and stating his intention to carry off

the little girl from the boarding-school. My last letter, in which I had informed you that he had succeeded in gaining an entrance into the ladies' school at Brentford, could not have reached you, as I found by your note that you had set off the same evening. The gipsy, whom I only knew by the name of Will, enquired of me the name by which the little girl was known, and my answer was Smith; as I took it for granted that in a large seminary there must be one, if not more, of that name. Acting upon this, he made enquiries of the maid servant to whom he paid his addresses, and made very handsome presents, if there was a Miss Smith in the school; she replied, that there were two, one a young lady of sixteen, and the other about twelve years old. Of course the one selected was the younger. Will had seen me in my livery, and his plan was to obtain a similar one, hire a chariot, and go down to Brentford, with a request that Miss Smith might be sent up with him immediately, as you were so ill that you were not expected to live; but previous to his taking this step, he wrote to Melchior, requesting his orders as to how he was to proceed when he had obtained the child. The answer from Melchior arrived. By this time he had discovered that you were in Ireland, and intended to visit him; perhaps he had you in confinement, for I do not know how long you were there, but the answer desired Will to come over immediately, as there would be in all probability work for him, that would be well paid for. He had now become so intimate with me, that he disguised nothing; he showed me the letter, and I asked him what it meant; he replied that there was somebody to put out of the way, that was clear. It immediately struck me, that you must be the person if such was the case, and I volunteered to go with him, to which, after some difficulty, he consented. We traveled outside the mail, and in four days we arrived at the castle. Will went up to Melchior, who told him what it was that he required. Will consented, and then stated he had another hand with him, which might be necessary, vouching for my doing any thing that was required. Melchior sent for me, and I certainly was afraid that he would discover me, but my disguise was too good. I had prepared for it still further, by wearing a wig of light hair; he asked me some questions, and I replied in a surly, dogged tone, which satisfied him. The reward was two hundred pounds, to be shared between us; and as it was considered advisable that we should not be seen after the affair was over, by the people about the place, we had the horses provided for us. The rest you well know. I was willing to make sure that it was you before I struck the scoundrel, and the first glimpse from the lantern, and your voice convinced me. Thank God, Japhet, but I have been of some use to you at all events."

"My dear Tim, you have indeed, and you know me too well to think I shall ever forget it; but now I must first ascertain where the will of the late Sir William is to be found. We can read it for a shilling, and then I may discover what are the grounds of Melchior's conduct, for to me it is still inexplicable."

"Are wills made in Ireland registered here, or at doctors commons in London?"

"In Dublin, I should imagine."

But on my arrival at Dublin I felt so ill, that I was obliged to retire to bed, and before morning I was in a violent fever. Medical assistance was sent for, and I was nursed by Timothy with the greatest care, but it was ten days before I could quit my bed. For the first time, I was sitting in an easy chair by the fire, when Timothy came in with the little portmanteau I had left in the care of Mrs. M'Shane. "Open it, Timothy, said I, and see if there is any thing in the way of a note from them. Timothy opened the portmanteau, and produced one which was lying on the top. It was from Kathleen, and as follows:—

DEAR SIR;—They say there is terrible work at the castle, and that Sir Henry has blown out his brains, or cut his throat, I don't know which. Mr. M'Dermott passed in a great hurry, but said nothing to any body here. I will send you word of what has taken place as soon as I can. The morning after you went away, I walked up to the castle and gave the key to the lady, who appeared in a great fright at Sir Henry not having been seen for so long a while. They wished to detain me after they had found him in the cellar with the dead man, but after two hours I was desired to go away, and hold my tongue. It was after the horses went back that Sir Henry is said to have destroyed himself. I went up to the castle, but M'Dermott had given orders for no one to be let in on any account. Yours,

KATHLEEN M'SHANE.

"This is news indeed," said I, handing the letter to Timothy. "It must have been my threatening letter which has driven him to this mad act."

"Very likely," replied Timothy; "but it was the best thing the scoundrel could do, after all."

"The letter was not, however, written with that intention. I wished to frighten him and to have justice done to little Fleta—poor child! how glad I shall be to see her."

The next day the newspapers contained a paragraph, in which Sir Henry de Clare was stated to have committed suicide. No reason could be assigned for this rash act, was the winding up of the intelligence. I also received another letter from Kathleen M'Shane, confirming the previous accounts; her mother had been sent for to assist in laying out the body. There was now no further doubt, and as soon as I could venture out, I hastened to the proper office, where I read the will of the late Sir William. It was very short, merely disposing of his personal property to his wife, and a few legacies; for, as I discovered, only a small portion of the estates were entailed with the title, and the remainder was not only to the heirs male, but the eldest female, should there be no male heir, with the proviso, that should she marry, the husband was to take upon himself the name of St. Clare. Here, then, was the mystery explained, and why Melchior had stolen away his brother's child. Satisfied with my discovery, I determined to leave for England immediately, find out the dowager Lady St. Clare, and put the whole case into the hands of Mr. Masterton. Fortunately, Timothy had money with him sufficient to pay all expenses, and take us to London, or I should have been obliged to wait for remittances, as mine was all expended before I arrived at Dublin. We arrived safe, and I immediately proceeded to my house, where I found Harcourt, who had been in great anxiety about me. The next morning I went to my old legal friend, to whom I communicated all that had happened.

"Well done, Newland," replied he, after I had finished. "I'll bet ten to one that you find out your father. Your life already would not make a bad novel. If you continue your hairbreadth adventures in this way, it will be quite amusing."

(To be continued.)

AN IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT IN SHOES AND BOOTS.—The following method of preparing water-proof leather at a very small expense, will be found invariably to succeed:—Take one pint of drying oil, two ounces of yellow wax, two ounces of spirit of turpentine, and one ounce of Burgundy pitch, melted carefully over a slow fire; with this composition new shoes and boots are to be rubbed in the sun, or at a distance from the fire, with a sponge, as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated; the leather then is impervious to wet, the shoes and boots last much longer, acquire softness and pliability, and thus prepared, are the most effectual preservatives against cold and chilblains.—*London Paper.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

A DECADE OF NOVELS AND NOUVELLETTES.

Such is the forty-horse power of novel-writing, that we continue behind—do what we can to keep down the arrears. Yet, *courage!* here goes for a decade! We cannot hold this pace much longer. Never mind!

Our decade is as follows. Let us begin with Hood.

1. MR. HOOD'S "HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE," IN "THE COMIC ANNUAL."
2. MR. HOOD'S "TYLNEY HALL."
3. MR. STEPHENS'S "MANUSCRIPTS OF ERELY."
4. COUNT BRONIKOWSKI'S "COURT OF SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS."
5. MR. HOGG'S "WARS OF MONTROSE."
6. MRS. SHELLEY'S "LODORÉ."
7. MRS. STRUTT'S "CHANCES AND CHANGES."
8. MR. SCARGILL'S "PROVINCIAL LETTERS."
9. § ANONYMOUS } "ENGLISH IN INDIA."
10. § ANONYMOUS } "FINESSE."

1. THE HOUSEKEEPER'S TALE, IN THE "COMIC ANNUAL FOR 1834;" AND, 2. TYLNEY HALL.

Hood has most deservedly obtained for himself the fame and glory of being a first-rate punster. His powers and resources in that department appear to be inexhaustible. Year after year he puts forth some couple of hundred pages, containing something at the rate of a pun per line, a most astonishing number of which are remarkably good. If he who puns would pick a pocket, then must Mr. William Soames, who, in the *Comic Annual*, "were very kind and partickler in his inquiries after Mr. Speker's rallybles" (after the fire), vail bonnet to Mr. Thomas Hood. He is the very Homer of punning.

Almost equally successful is he in the concoction of short stories of quaint humour or droll dialogue, such as the "Sketches on the Road" in his last *Comic Annual*. "The Discovery," for example, is very good. The joke of the master bringing home his new cook, never suspecting her to be such, on his lap in a stage-coach, is so well managed, that we are inclined to believe—what we have been told—that it was an accident which actually occurred to Mr. Hood himself, somewhat to the derangement and surprise of his household. We can easily conceive with what annoyance Hood must have cried out at the end of an awkward adventure which promised so pleasantly—"Renounce the woman—why the devil didn't she tell me she was the new cook!" "The Runover" is almost as agreeable, but it wants the reality which is impressed on "The Discovery." The author, in fact, does not feel the same personal interest in that tale.

But all, down to the least amusing, are good—some in their way infinitely clever. With this feeling of admiration for the labours of Hood in his peculiar line, we proceeded to the perusal of *Tylney Hall*;* but, after perusal, we regret to be

obliged to state, that it not only does not in any degree sustain the character of the author for talent, but that it is one of the most stupid and ill-written books we ever had the misfortune to meet with. Dull, heavy, twaddling, and uninteresting, it is perfectly worthy of being dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire. "It has often happened to me," says Hood, in his dedication, "in my sea-side rambles, to behold the name of some illustrious personage gracing a craft of very humble pretensions. Such an inscription, doubtless, exalts the vessel in the eyes of its owner; for instance, the master of the William the Fourth must feel something of the conscious dignity of a prime minister, when he takes the helm in his hand to guide his sovereign through his watery empire." That the master of the William the Fourth has any such nonsense in his head we take leave to doubt; but that the name of the Duke of Devonshire, who, according to the impartial testimony of Prince Puckler Muskau, resembles in countenance and intellect a middle-aged Merino sheep, should inspire feelings of dullness in the mind of Thomas Hood is on this theory not unnatural; and beyond question the goods are worthy of the sign which hangs over them.

The story is told in the most confused and unsatisfactory manner. You could put the action of the first hundred pages, for example, into five lines. A tedious description of a country public-house,—a tedious account of a whist club held there,—a tedious enumeration of the characters of the half-dozen principal people, great and small, about the place,—a sporting baronet, who talks everlastingly in the language of the field,—a jobbing undertaker, who never utters a sentence without a *hic jacet* or a *memento mori*,—a pedantic doctor, full of the technical terms of medicine,—a quacking hostess, discoursing perpetually of elops, and broth, and gruels, and sagos, and arrow-roots, and panadoes, and so forth,—a wheezing kousekeeper, who jabbers in dashes,—and one or two other figures (of which unlucky Joe is the only one that has any pretensions to cleverness) form the vehicle which cumbrously introduces us to the fact that the younger brother of Sir Mark Tyrel, of Tylney Hall, having returned from the West Indies in ill health, has reached the public-house adjacent to his paternal mansion only in time to die, leaving a Creole son behind under the care of Sir Mark. The kind-hearted baronet brings the boy home, with the purpose of rearing him with his own children; and this positively is all the progress that the story makes up to page 99, vol. i. In page 100 we are introduced to one of the numerous bores that abound in these volumes, a cousin of Sir Mark, who has changed his name from Tyrel to Twigg. This gentleman is a cockney, who has fought his way up in trade; and, as the dialogue which introduces him to Sir Mark is a fair sample of the kind of wit and discrimination of character with which we are entertained in the book, we shall quote part of it. Twigg had been at the funeral of Sir Mark's brother, and could not obtain a bed at the Green Man; he therefore came to throw himself on the hospitality of Sir Mark,

* Tylney Hall. By Thomas Hood. In 3 vols. London: Baily & Co. 1834.

who, after having with some difficulty recognised him bade him welcome to Tylney Hall.

"I beg to say I am much obliged, Sir Mark, for all favours; and must solicit a continuance of the same for my horse, and my shay, and my servant. By the by, if you'd like my shay to go with the line of carriages, at the burying, I shall feel happy to oblige: I brought my own man down with me, and new blacked him on purpose. I assure you it's a very spruce sort of a set-out—bran new only a month ago—yellow picked out with red, and lots of bright brass bees on the harness. A bit of a flourish, says you, for one that has known afore now what drawing a truck is. But where's the harm o' that? I've riz like a rocket at Vauxhall by the exertion of my own hands, and have as good a right to leave off with a bit of a flash."

"Mr Twigg," said the baronet, "there's no disgrace in a humble set out in life, provided we're well up at the end: in this world, you know, we can't all be equally mounted; one begins his course on a plate-horse, may be, another on a cock-tail, and another on a galloway; but if, by straight riding, and so forth, a man's in a good place at the finish, why it's to his honour and credit, and let him have the brush or the pad, as may be, gentle or simple."

"My own sentiments to a T," exclaimed the delighted Twigg. "We ought never to forget what we sprung from, as I said the very last show to the lord mayor, who begun life as a common waiter at a tavern. My lord mayor, says I, while all the steeples was apealing, them's bigger bells than used to ring for you at the King's Head. To be sure the sword-bearer took me to task, but I gave him his change. I wonder, says I, a man can be so upish at riding behind six horses, that to my knowledge has been drawn by eight, and that's when he first came up to London in the Bath wagon."

"I believe," said Sir Mark, "you were not intimate with my poor brother Herbert; indeed he was so long abroad, I can hardly say I was intimate with him myself."

"Never set eyes on him," said Twigg, "but for all that, am anxious to treat his remains with strict assiduity and attention, and indeed any connection in the same line; and that's more than I could say twenty years ago. It was all up hill then, and living from hand to mouth, and even my own three first children, God forgive me, I could not afford to fret for; but now I'm a man of property, I feel for every body, and was at a neighbour's funeral only last week. He died worth a plum, if he was worth a penny, and kept his carriage. I remember his pole though, before he had a pair of horses to it,—and good reason why, for it was nothing but a barber's."

Now, with all deference, this is profound foolery. It might do for a farce, perhaps; though even in that case it would be too much overcharged, and not sufficiently droll; but here it is absurdly out of place.

The baronet has too sons, Ringwood and Raby, the former of whom is active and bold in all rural sports, but dull at learning,—while the latter, accustomed to the rule on such occasions, is just the contrary. Their Creole cousin is marked as a mischief-maker from the first. In due course of time the three lads are sent to Oxford, and Mr Twigg abandons London for a seat in the neighbourhood of Tylney Hall, which he calls the Hive. Many a page is here spent in re-writing the correspondence of the Cockney family, which appeared some years ago in the *Comic Annual*, which recounted all the blunders and miseries of a Cheapside household transplanted to the country, and the copy is far inferior to the original.

This being duly discussed, we find a stern magistrate, Mr. Rivers, and his amiable daughter Miss Grace. As usual, in this book, the magistrate talks of nothing but true bills, committing, remanding, revising judgment, and other words of the law. Next we have the baronet's widow sister arriving from the north with her Scottish waiting-maid, whose talents in talking the Scottish dialect we recommend our friend the shepherd to appreciate by the following specimen; it is the first with which we are favoured, and the last we shall extract.

"Wae worth that fule body, the maister at the inn," cried Tibbie, "for letting yon wiselike cannie lad gang aff the saddle, and trusting his naigs to a muckle hawer-gowk, wha kens nae mair about guiding them than a born natural!"

"Ecod, she do wag her tongue moightily; but I doant mind she," remarked Jolterhead, looking stoical with all his might; and quietly pocketing a liberal guerdon, along with the hire of the chaise, away he rattled again, pursued by a parting benediction.

"Ay, gang yer gale, the unchaney deevil's buckie that ye are—I'm thinking it'll no be lang or ye coup the crans a' thegither,—and na harm dune, gin the aivers suld ding out yer harns!"

"Whist, Tibbie woman," said her mistress, interposing, "you're wanted to take the things up to my room; and never fash yourself about your own gear, for it shall all be made good."

"You're very kind, my ledly," answered Tibbie, "but it's ill makin a silken pouch o' a sow's lug. Div ye think, mem, there's ony livin body in England can make short-breed, forbye marmalade—or div ye think the change-houses a'thegither haud sae muckle as ae mutch-kin o' Glenlivet—or div ye think the hail manty-makers in Lunnnon can fashion siccan a mutch as yon illfaured hound is wearin in's wame? Made gude! by my troth it's gay an likely to come to pass, when the wind blows back the meal from a' the airts intill yon poke. Made gude, indeed! In coorse, mem, there's blue bonnets to be gotten aff widdle-straes for the gatherin; and nae doot muton-hams is to be pickit aff the grund like chuckie-stanes. There's wabs o' claiith too, and napery, I've warrent, among the English, wha toil not, neither do they spin, ony mair than King Solomon's lilies. But as ye say, they're a' to be made gude."

After these entertaining ladies are gone enters Mr. Edward Somerville, a second-hand copy of the *Spectator's* Will Wimble—a man versed in all field-sports, and willing to make himself generally useful. But still the story makes no attempt at a progress; it gets on no better than a baggage wagon in a deep road, until we arrive in page 205; when a brown woman who has appeared in the parish is incidentally mentioned. In some twenty pages further forward we learn that she has been committed as a vagrant to the county bridewell by the severe Justice Rivers. She is destined to play a grand part in this huddled book, by and by. In the mean time we find that Rivers and Sir Mark have planned a match between Ringwood Tyrrell and Grace Rivers (they have laid a bet about it, which her father with much delicacy and paternal feeling calls "a bet for the maiden stakes,"—p. 236.); but, according to the regular management in these cases made and provided, the young lady prefers the studios to the sporting brother. The young men return from Oxford, where Ringwood's career has been rather dissi-

pated; and the Creole cousin is made clumsily enough to show his spleen against him, by exposing him in what is said to be a cunning or covert manner to his father. Ringwood, in return, is so civil as to call his cousin brown bastard, by implication. The brown woman enters on the stage, and talks in imitation of *Meg Merrilies*; and so ends the first volume, we having got no further forward with the story.

Greater affairs burst upon us in the second volume. The gipsy woman committed by the inflexible justice turns out to be "no waiter, but a knight-templar." She meets the Creole, after he has been somewhat chafed by taunts, thrown out with sufficient frequency and unvarying stupidity of coarseness against his birth, and she shows him a miniature, which of course St. Kitts recognises to be that of his father. Some grand writing succeeds:

"You know, then, I am no gipsy juggler, no gossiping impostor, no crazy beldam. Now summon your senses, and think back as far as you can into childhood, and tell me if you remember any such name as—Indiana?"

"It seems as familiar to me," said the Creole, 'as my own. My dear father mentioned it on his death-bed.'

"And coupled it with a curse," said the woman.

"No," said St. Kitts. 'In his delirium he accused her of stabbing him; but he was sensible when he died, and Indiana was amongst the very last words he murmured, with forgiveness and a blessing.'

"The woman's head dropped at these words; she hastily seated herself in the dust of the road, and, covering her face with her hands, she wept till the tears gushed out between her fingers. It did not last long: with a violent effort she overcame her grief, and rose up, and spoke with a firm voice.

"Had she stabbed him to the heart, it had been but a just revenge. There are deeper and more cruel wounds than visible daggers can inflict—wounds that bleed inwardly, and are incurable; and Indiana had her share! But come, take a seat beside me on this bank,—this meeting is trying for us both.'

"The Creole silently seated himself by her side, his whole frame quivering with intense excitement and agitation. There was one absorbing question in his heart, which it yearned, yet dreaded, to have solved; and the first word of it rose as often to his throat, and was choked there, as the 'Amen' of Macbeth. The woman perceived his emotion, and spoke first.

"I divine your thoughts. You think, perhaps fear, that I may be your mother?" Ringwood nodded. 'I was your mother's dearest friend—her sworn sister—your nurse. She was raised from the same station in life as my own, to be your father's favourite; and I lived with her as her companion,—the partaker of her fortune, the depositary of her secrets and wishes. You were as frequently at my breast as at hers, as often on my lap as on her knee; and I believe you owe me as many embraces and kisses. But your father was stabbed for inconstancy—your mother fled the island—and I became what you were—an outcast and a wanderer.'

The sublimity, good taste, and good sense of this passage are such that one does not feel much astonished that the author is so completely absorbed as to forget the name of his own hero, and to substitute for St. Kitts the name of Ringwood, who was his bitterest enemy.

We must skip some scenes in which the unhappy cockneyism of the Twiggs is held up to

due abhorrence, and pass over to where a new character—a ranting preacher, who deals in grocery—comes on the stage. Nothing can be imagined more absurdly overdrawn or inconsistently conceived than Uriah Bundy. He has no characteristic whatever of the race which he is intended to represent; he knows not even the ordinary cant of their fanaticism. This worthy person having attempted to kiss the interesting Indiana, she stabs him and escapes. The huntsman and whipper-in of Sir Mark coming up shortly after, Uriah, who recovers from a deadly wound with wonderful promptitude, informs them that the blow was struck by a man. They, in consequence, chase unlucky Joe, who is regularly introduced in turn for every misfortune, and succeed in making him their prisoner. Joe is "pulled up" before Justice Rivers; and, according to the peculiar practice of Tylney Hall and parts adjacent, he is sworn as evidence against himself.

No—hang it! some astonished natives will here break out—that cannot be,—you are humbugging us, Mr. Reviewer. Hood is an attorney—so are some of his kindred; he must know something of the law of the land,—at all events, he must have read those interesting documents which grace the diurnal press under the name of police-reports. We cannot believe you.

By the bones of Aristotle, we reply, it is as we say. Here is the passage.

"The oath was recited by the clerk, and Joe kissed the book.

"Prisoner, what is your name?" asked the justice, in a tone which he reserved for the chair and the bench.

"Joseph Spiller," answered the culprit, 'and I wish I'd never been born to be baptised.'

"How do you get your livelihood?" enquired the same stern voice.

"I was a post-boy aforesometimes," said Joe; 'but now I'm nothing, and nobody suffers from my misfortunes but myself.'

"Now, then," said the magistrate, with a manner meant to be particularly impressive, 'now, then, Joseph Spiller,—and remember you are on your solemn oath,—pray tax your memory, and inform us how you were employed during the morning of Friday the 21st.'

After this specimen of English administration of the law, we need not wonder that, when Uriah Bundy appears to save his character by swearing that the prisoner was the man who wounded him, and the illustrious Indiana comes forward to assert Joe's innocence, by declaring that it was she who stabbed Uriah, the useful magistrate discharges all the parties! Is not this fine? And yet it is finer to find all this gross ignorance of matters strictly pertaining to Hood's own profession interlarded by minute slang about cock-fighting, horse-racing, hunting, sporting, &c., of which he knows nothing except from the diligent perusal of the columns of *Bell's Life in London*.

The mysterious Indiana soon persuades the Creole that it would be particularly convenient to him to marry Grace Rivers, and to get rid of his cousins, so as to make himself master not only of the lady but of Tylney Hall. Grace, according to family compact, was to be married to Ringwood; but he must be a novel-reader inex-

perienced in the ways of A. K. Newman and Co. who does not see that she has fallen in love with Raby. The soft declaration is made while Raby is angling for smelts, and the lady is as soft as a roe. Unfortunately, the ever-present Indiana overhears the tender speechification which the enraptured fisherman makes, rod in hand, hooking the lady, and bursts forward to curse the enraptured pair, in a style that would draw down thunders at the Pavilion or the Surrey. She immediately afterwards meets the Creole, and communicates this disagreeable intelligence in all the oracular forms and phraseology of gipsyism, giving him, by way of consolation, a packet of papers, which prove that his father, Herbert Tyrrell, was legally married to Indiana Thurot, whom, however, he does not yet know to be the mysterious dame who gives him the information. A series of quarrels speedily occurs between him and his cousins arising out of petty trifles, carried on with a vulgar brutality of tone and conduct which leads us to regret that Mr. Hood knows so little of what is the usual style and manner of the gentlemen of Oxford, to which university he makes his heroes belong.

At this portion of the story the narrative is wholly interrupted for nearly sixty pages—from p. 214, vol. ii. to p. 271—to describe a fete given in the country by the Cockney Twigg, at which misfortunes of all kinds occur. Really, we must say that this repeated denunciation of vulgarity shows an intimate knowledge of it in all its branches that must be set down as the height of vulgarity in itself. It is a desperate striving at being desperately fine—uncommon genteel. But we must admit that the story does in the next twenty or thirty pages make a considerable bound; for we find Ringwood's birth-day "being solemnised," as Mr. Hood would say, in great pomp, and all persons happy but the Creole. Presents are made by the guests; and Raby, not knowing what to give his brother, determines on making him an offer of some game shot by himself,—a judicious idea, when we reflect that Raby had never taken a gun in his hands until that day. So ignorant, in fact, of sporting is he depicted even on the present occasion, as not to know a fowling-piece from a regulation musket (a likely circumstance, in the house of a sporting baronet!) and to be indebted to St. Kitts for instructions how to prime and load! Such being his skill and practice, he goes out on his hopeful errand, assisted by the Creole. The result must be told by Hood.

"They had hardly been thus ambushed for five minutes, when a movement took place in a patch of fern lofty above the rest, a stir that could not be attributed to the wind, for there was scarcely a breath of air. The Creole pointed it out to his companion, and in a whisper gave him his directions. 'Powder costs little; we must take chance shots. You see that tall thistle; aim about a yard below it, where you see the stir.'

"Raby shot in the direction recommended, his finger at once pulling both triggers, and the report of two barrels mingled as one. Instantly a shriek, louder than rabbit ever cried in its agony, rent the air. The tall fern was dashed about by the convulsive tossing of human limbs, and in a few seconds the body of a man rolled out of the dense herbage into the open space. The recoil of

the gun, the flash, and the loud report, had produced their full effect on the nerves of Raby; but horror rooted him to the spot, when, as the smoke cleared away, he saw the convulsed frame of his victim now drawn up till the knees met the face, and then inversely arched till the body rested merely on the heels and the back of the head.

"The struggle lasted not long: this motion ceased, and the petrified homicide was enabled to recognise, in the countenance of his victim—the features of Ringwood Tyrrell!"

Is not that grand, pathetic, and probable? Lloyd, the other day, in Norway, was unlucky enough to shoot his sporting companion, mistaking him, as he glided through the snow in a rough top-coat, for a bear. Hood makes his hero shoot his brother in a fine summer's evening, mistaking him for a cock-rabbit. Why the sketches of cockney sporting in the picture-shop windows supply nothing so absurd as this.

Raby wisely consents to fly, urged by the Creole, who of course accuses him of deliberate murder. A coroner's jury (on which the ranter Uriah Bundy, a proved perjurer, is summoned) find, after an inquest, conducted as legally, and on evidence as satisfactorily gathered, as in the case of the examination of unlucky Joe, find a verdict of wilful murder against Raby. That unfortunate youth has been recommended to escape to the protection of a black-leg acquaintance of the Creole, with a recommendation to ship him to the West Indies. The country constables are sent in quest of him, and their success is so great that on their first cast they make prize of a drowned body, which answers in all particulars to Raby's. That it is *not* Raby's it is needless to say, though his father and all his friends acknowledge it as such, and bury it with much pomp in the family vault,—a proceeding in excellent taste, considering that Raby had been pronounced guilty of the murder of the last person laid there. Deaths come thick; for a few pages further forward the old baronet dies; and, with the knowledge of law and equity universally displayed throughout this whole work, the Creole, on the strength of his papers, unauthenticated by any proofs than that they were handed to him by a woman convicted of vagrancy, is made Sir Walter Tyrrell, without any appeal to the gentlemen of the long robe. We are deeply deceived if Hood would think this sagacious practice in his own case. The new baronet is not long invested in his honours before he is summoned to visit Indiana, who dwells in a cave somewhere in the centre of a briery wood, of approach so inaccessible, as, we are sure, no where to be found in England. Here a fine sight awaited him.

"It was Marguerite—not in the squalid attire of the wandering queen of the gipsies, but in the rich splendid costume of an oriental princess.

"She wore a short robe of carnation satin, descending nearly to the knee, where it finished with a rich gold fringe. Underneath this tunic was a white satin petticoat, elegantly embroidered; full trowsers of the same material were fastened close above the ankle, so as to set off its symmetry, and her slippers in colour matched her tunic. Her waist was circled by a broad zone, fastened in front by a diamond clasp, and the flowing sleeves of the robe were looped up at mid-arm by clusters

of the same jewels. The under-sleeves, of a gossamer texture, were confined at the wrist by massive bracelets of pure gold; and every taper finger of her well-formed hand glittered with one or more jeweled rings. On her head she wore a turban of a singular but becoming form, the material of which it was composed being one of those Indian many-coloured shawls which are always so picturesque. The bosom was covered, but not concealed, by the same delicate muslin as the under-sleeves; and her throat was encircled by a collar of gold to match the bracelets."

"And was not that a dainty dish
To set before a knight?"

Seated in a hut which was planted where "the disturbed adder darted across the path, and the iron tolling (?) of the raven broke harshly and ominously on its silence"—and where "the trees increased in size, and wreathed fantastically in more distorted attitudes, while the huge gnarled roots protruded here and there from the soil, like the bones of antediluvian monsters." The conversation is as much in keeping with the place and the character of the woman as is her costume. She declares herself to be Sir Walter's mother, and makes the reasonable demand that he should install her in that character in Tynney Hall, after having been known well to the parish as a vagrant. As he does not agree with this, "a cold dew started upon her forehead, her chest panted more violently, and, after a frightful struggle, she died, choked with her own blood. Such was the fate of Indiana Thurot"—one of the most nonsensical imitations of Meg Merrilies ever attempted. Sir Walter is not destined long to survive his amiable parent; because as Hood is in a hurry to finish his third volume, he kills off his characters with a double-barrel. The manner of the Creole's death is highly edifying. He and Ned Somerville, the Will Wimple of the book, who has had from the beginning a great hatred of him, now much augmented by suspicions that he was the person really guilty of the death of Ringwood, and the usurper of the title and estates of his old friend, meet together "in the nook of an extensive heath, which was traversed at some distance by the high road to the metropolis; and in this direction the eye of Sir Walter involuntarily glanced, but no coach was in sight—no stir of human life was visible, save one solitary pedestrian far off, who was moving along the heath." In this picturesque situation Somerville announces to Sir Walter that a letter of his has been found among the papers of the black-leg to whom he had consigned Raby in London, in which all his nefarious designs were exposed. Somerville produces a pair of horse-pistols, and challenges the Creole, who instantly feels that

"The crisis of his fate was come. His teeth chattered, and the hair rose on his head. The earth seemed opening under him as a living grave, and a precocious death-sweat broke out upon his forehead. But one chance remained, and he seized it with the desperation of a ruined man.

"I adopt your alternative—give me a pistol."

"Take your choice," said Ned; "all right—loaded an hour ago! And he tendered the weapons with the enviable serenity of a good conscience. He was as cool, and his hand as steady, as if he had been only going to shoot

at a target, instead of a living antagonist. The enormous guilt of the latter made the act the squire contemplated seem a righteous one, in which he was but the instrument of the divine judgment on a murderer. Sir Walter, in the meantime, had selected a weapon, and stood irresolute, as if revolving what should be the nature of his next step. His pistol once rose a little upward, but it instantly dropped again by his side.

"Long shot or short?" said the squire. "Name your own distance."

"Twelve paces," said Sir Walter; "or fifteen," he added, unconsciously acknowledging the deadly skill of his antagonist.

"The squire made no reply, but proceeded to measure off the required distance, the double click of the Creole's weapon, as he put it upon full cock, striking upon his ear as he completed the third stride; the sixth had hardly been taken, when the report rang, and the bullet whistled close by the squire's head.

"Ned stopped short, and wheeled round. His eye glanced fiercely for an instant at the assassin; the fatal barrel rose to its unerring level—a slight touch of the forefinger did the rest, and, after a convulsive leap, Sir Walter Tyrrel fell on his back on the grass, with a ball through his body.

"In a moment Ned was bending over him, but not in remorse or pity. 'One word, villain, for your soul's sake,' he said; 'did you see him in the fern?'"

"I did—God forgive me!" said the dying man, rolling himself over as he completed the confession, so as to lie with his face downwards.

"Then die! the sooner the better," and a blow from the butt-end of the squire's pistol sped the parting spirit in its exit."

This is as nice and as pretty a duel as we ever remember to have heard of; and the Christian conduct of the squire, who knocked out a wounded man's brains with the enviable serenity of a good conscience, and the butt-end of a horse-pistol, is perfectly delightful and philanthropic. The solitary pedestrian on the heath is Raby Tyrrel, who is immediately married to Grace Rivers, and turned into Sir Raby without further enquiry—no notice whatever being taken of the verdict which declared him guilty of murder, or the warrants that were out for his apprehension. All those trifles, it seems, were rendered null by his sham burial, which is a new view of the law. As to the squire—

"Briefly be it said, that a coroner's verdict of 'justifiable homicide' absolved the squire from all legal consequences on account of the death of the Creole. The evidence of Raby, in proof of the unfair conduct of the deceased, in shooting so prematurely, partly inducing the jury to give such a sentence."

What a beautiful jury! We rather think that where duels are fought in the most regular manner, and death ensues, the coroner's jury *always* finds wilful murder. In this case we doubt that even the evidence of the untried Raby, who could not have seen any thing of the quarrel, and was deeply incensed against the deceased, would have saved our friend the squire from the gallows. But Hood himself has recorded that jurors are not conjurers, and he certainly displays them in his book as if he had a perfect belief in his own pun. Such is a fair analysis of *Tynney Hall*; and we are bound to observe, with much regret, that it is a stupid book. The characters are un-

natural, and inconsistent, the incidents absurd, and the story—

"Story!—Lord bless you, there is none at all, sir!"

or little more than nothing—is wretchedly constructed, and in all its details ridiculous. There are some bits of fun which might suit some of the second-rate pages of the *Comic Annual*; but even they are not very good. On the whole, its pathos is laughable, its comedy lamentable, its fancies are dull as its law, and its law as nonsensical as its fancies. We are truly sorry to be obliged to say that, take it all in all, it is mere trash; and we hope that, by publishing a *Comic Annual* towards the end of the year, full of brilliant puns and capital caricatures, he will make us forget that he was ever guilty of the crime of perpetrating *Tynney Hall*.

3. THE MANUSCRIPTS OF ERDELY.*

Genius, the mysterious gift of strong volition, author of motives, and lord of circumstances—loves dominion, and claims sovereignty by celestial patent. It is essentially aristocratic and monarchic—irresponsible and unimpeachable,—vindicating its own ways as those of a divine power, and appealing to its own perceptions of truth and error, of right and wrong, as the sole authority for the creed which it believes itself, and insists on the world's believing. It will be both priest and king—its thoughts shall be oracles, its words laws. Such was Martinuzzi, bishop of Warradin, on whom, and on his queen Isabella, at the death of John Zapol Scepus devolved the guardianship of his child and the regency of his kingdom. "Martinuzzi (to transcribe the words of Robertson), who had raised himself from the lowest rank in life to his present dignity, was one of those extraordinary men who, by the extent as well as variety of their talents, are fitted to act a superior part in bustling and factious times. In discharging the functions of ecclesiastical office, he put on the semblance of an humble and austere sanctity. In civil transactions he discovered industry, integrity and boldness. During war he laid aside the cassock, and appeared on horseback with his scimitar and buckler, as active, as ostentatious, and as gallant as any of his countrymen."

Such is the man of whom George Stephens has given a full-length portrait in the manuscripts of Erdely. In the confessions of Alicia, a metaphysical lady of queer propensities, we have a picture of the hero in the days of his boyhood. The constant cultivation of the metaphysic faculty had developed Alicia's imagination to that degree, that she could at pleasure dive into the secret thoughts of all who came under her observation. She, however, invariably discovered goodness and virtue lurking in the heart of every individual; whence she feared that the instinctive acumen on which she prided herself must have been considerably warped and influenced by that benevolent solicitude which led her to descry, with too microscopic a vision, the palliatives of crime, and

extenuate too much the heinousness of vice. Owing to the goodness of her patroness, her education was not neglected; and the stature of her mind speedily outgrew that of her body. She became versed in history, and delighted in her solitary musings to invest the characters of antiquity with an extrinsic halo reflected from the false colouring of her own warm heart. By the subtle process, she continues, "with which I filtered away aught objectionable, human nature stood to my mental gaze purified from mortal dross. Cataline had a thousand excuses to offer would Cicero but have heard them; and Nero suffered a pang worse than a several death for every execution he believed himself compelled to order. One consequence of this lamentable habit of ever finding excuses gradually became apparent: the distinctive qualities of vice and virtue were insensibly confounded together, and that indignation which cruelty and injustice would otherwise have excited in my bosom was neutralised, by my fatal power of conceiving at will, palliative or justificatory circumstances which wholly escaped the more obtuse vision of the rest of the world."

George Martinuzzi shared the pastimes and studies of Alicia with the princess Beatrice, his sister Rose Martinuzzi, and Alicia's brother Luke. A similar course of study, if not congenial natures, brought George into private communication more frequently with Alicia than with the princess or his sister, who neither of them much delighted in historical disquisition. George was some few years her senior, and considerably her mental superior. The choicest impulses of humanity his heart drank in with the breath of love, and the sacred past was, to his inspired vision, a fount of deep and prophetic lore, which might serve to regulate the conduct of statesmen, and determine the destiny of nations. Finding her not merely a patient, but a rapt listener, he naturally affected her company, and repaid her attention with choice and precious thoughts, rich with the spoils of many a classic page. From his lips the simplicity of abstract truth, or the hardness of political disquisition, came clothed with she knew not what of radiance. From examining the diversities of political power, and investigating the occult causes of the aggrandisement or decline of nations, he would take occasion to balance the actual interests of the European governments. "I believe," adds Alicia, "he considered me, although a mere child, a preferable auditor to the river and the forest; but he was under no more restraint in my presence than in theirs, and would give vent to his lofty hopes and feelings in my hearing in the like unpremeditated way he was wont to do when trees and waves were his only confidants. Hungaria, and the means of exalting her sons to liberty and knowledge, was commonly his lofty theme; and kings and conquerors might well and profitably have listened to his philosophy; and the luminous genius of a boy would enforce, with earnest ability, his high argument, till conviction, like strong inspiration of truth, fastened upon the hearer's mind. Frequently and forcibly would he dilate on the true policy of King Ladislaus (the father of King Lewis), in his delicate position between two potent empires, affirming he

* The Manuscripts of Erdely: a romance. By George Stephens. In 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. Cornhill. 1835.

should prevent either power obtaining a decisive superiority, by never joining in too strict relations with either, which were, he said, to make Hungary a dependent province; but by holding both Solyman and Ferdinand at distant amity, and by alternately closing the bands of alliance with one and the other, according to circumstances, to keep the balance even,—and thus, by restraining both, make their rival views subvert the interests of his kingdom.

"On this and like points of state government, which it was afterwards his destiny to illustrate so gloriously in the face of Europe, would George expatiate for hours together; and, oh, Heavens! I, when life was yet all verdure and freshness, with what entranced and childish admiration, all the while, would I ramble by his side, and hang with glistening eyes upon his every syllable, and every articulation; whilst my loud breathing, snatched during the pauses of his eloquence, alone bespoke my feelings. The cadence of his intermitting voice sounded on these occasions like unto Æolian music heard in weird hours of night and solitude. It seemed as if my own soul were musing audibly, and all that was previously dark, doubtful, and erudite, the rain-bow-light of his argument, flashed clear on the misty horizon of my brain. And who would suppose, singularly dear as his society was to me, that there could be danger to a very child from such close intercourse! Nor, perhaps, despite my mental interpretations of every movement, and casual word of my companion, was there, while my girlhood lasted; but the custom we delight in is not easily broken through, and these outpourings of Martinuzzi's soul were not discontinued when the throbbings of my virgin heart intimated, but to plainly, how years progressed with me. But to him it was all the same; and having gifted me, in my purer days, with the false title of his little sister, he looked upon me in that regard long after I disclaimed, from the bottom of my soul the obnoxious epithet."

This romance develops the effects of this woman's hopeless love on the fortunes of Martinuzzi. The canvass is crowded to excess—the characters are numerous, and decidedly portrayed. The author aims at the striking and the startling, in moving incident and individual destiny. It would be impossible, utterly impossible, to attempt a detail of the personal attributes, scenic changes, and dramatic accidents which make up this panorama. The minuteness of his touches, his innumerable (and sometimes unwise) imitations from authors old and new,—his historical references, his legendary colouring,—baffle representation. We have hinted that his imitations are sometimes unwise; and we may mention that his style is tinctured with insufferable pedantry. The foot of the page is often thronged with references to the sources of classical allusions mentioned in the text, serving to undeceive the reader very unpleasantly both as to the originality of the author's mind and the reality of the dialogue. Quotations from contemporary novelists are likewise pompously introduced with wretched effect. *Pelham* and *Eugene Aram* are ostentatiously quoted, *usque ad nauseam*,—and laudatory parentheses of Edward Lytton Bulwer are continually recurring. What the meaning of all this? What on earth has it to with the regent or the queen dowager of Hungary, or with Solyman the magnificent, or with Peter Penry, or his son Maximilian—one a knave and the other a fop,—or with

Peter the Bloody, the prince of Moldavia, or with the Cygani-leader Alarie Polgar, Count Ragotsky, or with his mother Unna the gipsy, or with Count Rodna and Sigismund (the Hamlet of the scene), or Father Dominick, or Hubert Viechy, and Veronica his noble daughter, or with the infant Czerina, or her lover Antoine Ferraro, or with Castaldo the Austrian ambassador? The writer is a scholar, evidently: he should have disdained any foreign admixture in his work, and given us his tale of confusion during a period of anarchy in the style of an old chronicler. What we have extracted shows the metaphysical estimation which he wishes to reach: it had been well if much of this kind of analysis had been omitted, and a simple narrative substituted of the events, the writer contenting himself with showing his persons in and by their acts, rather than by a vain attempt to reduce the moral chaos which he has chosen to exhibit to some apparent form of order of which it is not easily susceptible.

The course we have recommended would not only have increased the *raisemblance* of the action and manners, but would have beneficially abridged the labour of composition and perusal. The former must have been tedious to the writer, our own experience testifies that the latter is almost intolerable to the reader. The book constitutes the hardest reading we have ever encountered,—and we can ourselves both produce and go through some stiff stuff upon the occasion. Some of the scenes and dialogues are elaborately and powerfully wrought out; but they are long and heavy, and should have been weeded of many cumbersome sentences and clumsy phrases. They are absolutely clogged with uncouth words and revolting thoughts. To the pruriency of many of the descriptions and sentiments we decidedly object. It is as poor an ambition as to tear a passion to rags, to represent earth as a hell and human beings as fiends. There is a concealed weakness in the apparent excess of power; the verbosity not only overlays the meaning, but the meaning itself is the essence of bombast. It is the fustian of the soul, willing to be big though it cannot be great,—audacious where it cannot be sublime,—gaudy where it should be beautiful,—harrowing where it might be pathetic. Too frequently the writer hovers on the verge of all we hate, such as in the temptation scene between the dowager Isabella and the secretary Ferraro, in the twenty-eighth manuscript—a scene in other respects exhibiting power, and passion, and force of language of no ordinary kind. Nevertheless, it is stilted prose; we want the poetic elevation and purity of style with which true genius makes even horror beautiful, and gives to the furies themselves the divinity of loveliness.

4. COURT OF SIGISMUND AUGUSTUS.*

We have now to introduce our readers to another Slavonic romance, Bronikowski's *Court of Sigismund Augustus*. The author, though

* The Court of Sigismund Augustus; or Poland in the Sixteenth Century. By Alexander Bronikowski. Done into English by a Polish Refugee. 3 vols. London; Longman. 1834.

descended from one of the most ancient Polish families, was born in Saxony. He was educated in Germany, until he entered the Polish army of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw. He distinguished himself in his military career both in the Peninsula and in the memorable campaigns of 1812—14, during which he was rewarded with the cross of the legion of honour and the military cross of Poland. Some years after the new organisation of the Polish kingdom, by the treaty of Vienna, he left the service, and retired to Germany, where he devoted himself to literary pursuits, his novels, written in the German language, being favourably received, up to the period of his recent death.

The present work is translated by a Polish refugee, who apologises for his attempting the English language. We are happy to assure him that his apology was not needed. The whig ministry dealt so ill with his unhappy country, that we feel sorry that his list of subscribers was not larger,—and the more so, as we fear that Bronikowski is not a writer of sufficient vigour to interest the general public. The work, however, may be well and beneficially read after the MS. of Erdely; it is altogether in a less ambitious strain, has fewer faults, and is wrought out with more novelistic skill. We have here again Isabella, widow of John Zapol, with her son John; but no traits of that violent unconscientiousness which distinguishes her in Mr. Stephen's book. This is more correspondent with received history than the latter gentleman's substitution of Czerina, the daughter of Martinuzzi, to the station which she holds in his romance.

There are some scenes of considerable power in Bronikowski's novel, and all the more striking from their arising from the level of a narrative written in a style somewhat too much subdued. The quarrel about the horse between Gliniski and Zabrzezinski, the agitation of the mercenary Jew, and the destruction of the noble animal, form an animated picture. The different scenes in which Ursula appears are very effective. The onset of the Uroch and the valour of the page Stanislaw are well described. The incident of the dog who falls a sacrifice to the alleged interests of anatomical science is appropriately introduced. The meeting of the queen-mother Bona and the queen Barbara, after the masquerade, on occasion of the brawl in which Stanislaw is wounded, is managed with great spirit; and on a subsequent occasion, the answer of the former lady to the message of her royal son rises to the sublime. All the circumstances attending the poisoning of the queen are finely related; and the reciprocal murders of Bronti and Assano have an appalling interest. Of all these passages, however, more would have been made by an energetic writer. Credit, nevertheless, should be accorded to Bronikowski for the chastity of his style; and, considering the current rage for excitement, he deserves great praise for not having overstepped the modesty of nature.

5. WARS OF MONTROSE.*

Let us now turn over the pages of a book from the Shepherd of Ettrick. Hogg has been opening

an old source of romance—doughtily daring to venture upon a path not all untrod by Scott—reverting to the fierce clan feuds and battle times of the Scottish covenanters—and seeking to clothe with the mantle of fiction the wild legends and still wilder realities of the wars of Montrose. The ground which he has chosen is, in our opinion, as dangerous as the times of which he tells. But the shepherd is a bold man—our friend and contributor besides—our monitor, by sermons and homilies from Altrive—and it is not for us to baulk the promptings of his genius, or turn his quaint fancy away from its free wanderings, even though they be to eschew flowers, and upon a path of war.

Montrose was a hero, or at least a warrior; for we question if it is the nature of a renegade to be purely heroic: and there are materials enough connected with his house, his battles, and his allies, to feed the romantic spirit even to gorging. Citizens and soldiers, young, beautiful, and intrepid women, a fighting clergy, and strange beliefs and practices of superstition, are all—and in an odd *melée* too—mixed up with his history, from his first battle as a covenantant, to the very hour when he suffered upon the block as the mightiest and most formidable of the covenant's foes. Hogg seems to have studied *con amore*, and with some industry, the traditions of the days and deeds of this extraordinary man, embodying some of the most remarkable in the six stories which he here presents to us as *Tales of the Wars of Montrose*.

It is impossible that we should introduce these tales to our readers as any other than pleasant and perusable narratives, which it much behoves them for their own gratification to read. But the shepherd could have written them better. There is good material and good writing too; but there are faults of omission and commission which we must not overlook. The greatest of all these is an absence of vigour in the loftiest passages of the narratives. He fails in a description of a battle, because he crams it, with no small danger of suffocation, into the mouth of a baillie Burgess; who would have done, and in fact does, much greater justice to a feast. He abandons the stirring incidents of a fierce conflict to the imagination of the reader, without giving himself the trouble to work them out with spirit; and an action becomes passive to the reader's mind, because he feels that he is reading of it; whereas, by the magic of a proper enchantment—such as the northern wizard best knew how to infuse into the heart,—he ought to be deluded into the belief that he actually sees it before him, in all the dread terror of its strife, its fierceness of passion, its rancour of revenge, its brain-burnings and blood-sheddings, deeds of glory, impulses of generosity, and triumphs of death. The very groans of the wounded should ring in fancy's ear. Your heart and energies are enlisted on one side or the other—you are interested in the great results of the victory—you are changed from the mere reader into the anxious partisan—you are no longer over

Esq., Author of "The Queen's Wake." 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1835. Cochrane and Co.

* Tales of the Wars of Montrose. By James Hogg,

a page of fiction, but upon a field of fight. These are effects which it is the part of genius dramatically to work out, but which the shepherd has been somewhat careless of doing. His battle scenes are not tame, but they do not reach eloquence; and their warmth is only just sufficient to kindle sparks which are never fanned into a flame. There was no lukewarmness in the real wars of Montrose.

On the other hand, the shepherd excels in the portrayal of innocence; and nothing is more natural than his pictures of beauty, or more touching than those of pure and passionate love, striving, amid its own sorrow, with a wild and charming energy against the dangers that beset its object; and some of these he has painted standing forth from their delicate frame-works, upon a broad canvass, and in bright and beautiful relief. Hogg has a keen perception of the charms and qualities that constitute loveliness; above all, he knows well how sweetly it may be enhanced by simplicity—he has a poet's love for woman himself—he conceives her nature noble—and he has never taught himself, by any cold philosophy or wicked sophistry, to entertain an often-cultivated prejudice against her common character. Thus his portraits of female characters are striking, vivid, clothed with the life, and light, and lustre of fervid beauty, mild with the gracefulness of modesty, and rich with virtues that belong to their sex alone. He varies his drawings, but they are all embodied truths. To one he gives a shade of piety, to another a tinge of romance. This loves in her religion, that is religious in her love. We weep over one in her misfortunes; we laugh at the next in her radiant circle of joy; we wonder to see a third putting on the costume of war, and, in faithfulness of strong affection, performing the duties of the soldier, and rousing her courage without losing her gentleness of heart.

Such and so varied are the heroines of the shepherd's stories of the wars of their times—the beautiful Lady Gordon, the devoted Marsali, the fair reformer Bewly, the persecuted Julia M'Kenzie, and the lovely and innocent Mary Montgomery, sole heiress of three lordships in her native land. We shall presently introduce some of these to our readers, but we must take the stories in the order in which they come. The first and worst tale in the book is entitled "Some remarkable passages in the life of an Edinburgh Baillie;" and, in truth, it has given us some trouble to discover why it was written. A man of the name of Sydeserf, of decent family, but himself occupying at first a low station, eventually, by the patronage of the Duke of Argyll, becomes a baillie in Edinburgh, and, in sundry other respects, a man of importance; and at his death leaves behind him a sort of chronicle of his life, which Hogg has thought worth raking out of the obscurity where, as it seems to us, its own merits or demerits best entitled it to remain. The story begins by this Sydeserf informing his readers how he filled a miserable situation in a castle at Edinburgh, under a most notable tyrant, who throws all sorts of duties and responsibilities—account-keeping, troop-paying, and the like—upon

the overburdened shoulders of his unhappy menial. This tyrant was, however, governor of the castle, and at that time held prisoner the great and venerable Marquis of Huntley—a rigid Catholic, and uncompromising foe to the covenant; to which reformer Sydeserf was just as ardently attached.

He does not, however, so tenderly regard his religion or his honour at that period, but that he is induced by the glorious and resistless fascinations of Lady Jane Gordon to restore to the Marquis of Huntley his treasonable correspondence (the government's only vouchers against him), then kept in the castle; and for the loss of which papers the tyrant governor of Sydeserf is afterwards hanged in his own presence,—a fact of itself sufficient to show the baseness of his nature—baillie albeit he became. This commencement of the tale is invested with a charming interest, owing to Hogg's portraiture of the young Lady Gordon and her twin sister; where he forgets the baillie, to paint like the poet; and although he leaves the language in Sydeserf's mouth, the heart and eloquence of it all are his—the shepherd's; and he, and not the serf, or Sydeserf, is the true and speaking lover of the all-loveable Lady Jane. This bright and peerless creature is saved by the embryo baillie from a herd, or rather horde, of bulls, and his reward is a great kicking from Lord Enzie Gordon, the lady's brother, who catches his sister in her humble servant's arms, where she had fainted after her fright, and where Sydeserf, to bring her to, had taken the liberty to cut her stays! Out of this kicking the Scotsman conceives, delivers himself of, and cherishes a hatred of the intensest kind against the said Lord Gordon, whom he afterwards pursues with vengeance in the wars, and finally conducts to the scaffold. Meanwhile the Lady Jane is married, and with her wedding terminates the episode of love and beauty that alone creates any interest in the story, and beyond which the reader is never satisfied. The rest is all "vanity and vexation of spirit,"—vanity on the part of the intolerable conceited baillie, and vexation of spirit on the part of the reader, who longs for the bright presence and redeeming loveliness of Lady Jane. Nothing further treads in upon the ceaseless egotism of the story of the baillie's own rise in the world, his following of the wars of the covenanters, his fighting first with them against Montrose himself, his vengeance on Lord Gordon after his succession to the Marquisate of Huntley, and his party eulogiums on the character of Argyll. All this seems to be penned with a purpose so purely, and, let us add, so dryly historical, as to convey small delight to the lover of fiction, and little information that can be trusted to by the reader concerning the chiefs—such as Argyll, Huntley, Montrose, and others, who led in those wars. The part taken by an Edinburgh baillie in any of the fierce battles of the time must of necessity have been small; and we would not give more for his description of the fray than we should be inclined to bestow in these times for a city alderman's narrative of the battle of Waterloo. On the whole, the first tale, filling as it does the first volume, is at best but a tedious affair. The reader will get through it much after the same fashion

as the lovers of Penelope must have wooed her in the absence of Ulysses—deceived with hope during the progress of her suit, and at last obliged to retire without satisfaction.

But having disposed of Baillie Sydeserf, and all the remarkable passages in his life, we have no fault to find with the remaining stories. There are five of them—three in the second volume, two in the third,—and they are all delightful. "Colonel Peter Aston," a tale full of wild dramatic interest, begins the list: it involves the history of a young and gallant leader among the followers of Earl Mar, at bitter and revengeful variance with an older chieftain of the clan of Grant, who took more freedom than the young forester could brook with the fat bucks of the earl his lord. So Aston goes forth into the forest fastnesses of the Grants, and beards old Nichol in his own den. His ferocious adherents would have murdered him; but the old man said no, and challenges him to a fight with sword. His challenge is accepted,—the young forester disarms him, throws him, and, in token of triumph, places his foot upon his breast; then he is set upon by the ferocious adherents of the Grants: they bind him hand and foot, bear him to the old man's dwelling, and imprison him, without food or hope, leaving him to the loneliness which it is their intention early to metamorphose into that of the tomb. But Aston goes to sleep, and dreams that he is preserved by an angel; and his dream is broken and realised—ay, realised, for she was an angel—by the entrance of Marsali, the bright-haired and bright-hearted daughter of old Nichol Grant, who makes him promise that he will never kill her father, either in the wars or private broil, and then makes him free,—afterwards watching and following his destiny in a manner that recalled the devotion of one trusting spirit to Childe Harold, and other love-born romances of the early crusades.

Good faith, too, and there was room and reason for the fond watchfulness of Marsali over the fate of Aston; for her father's vengeance was fierce and unquenchable, and even when he was afterwards taken prisoner by the clan of Earl Mar, and generously set at liberty by Aston, his hatred did not cease, but rather rankled with increased malice that he now owed his conqueror a double debt. So, while (all unknown to old Nicol Grant) his daughter followed Aston, as his page, in the wars of Montrose, her father was plotting against his life by open attacks, secret assassination, or what means he could. At last, after many bafflings, the old man meets Aston—a bloody fight ensues—Marsali, in her page's dress, throws herself between her father and her lover—old Nicol runs a sword through her body—is partly unmanned by the discovery that she is his child, and looks on, howling with mingled grief and vengeance, while she dies in her lover's arms. But, even after this, vengeance triumphs in his heart; he finds means to murder Aston, or to have him murdered; and, when all is over, goes forth among his native hills a roaring and a raving madman, to the end of the chapter. The whole story is eligible for melodramatic effect, and would infallibly tell upon the stage.

The next tale, under the title of "Julia M'Kenzie," is even more eventful, and much better told than any other in the volumes, where some are told so well. It is a beautiful, heart-stirring story; remarkable (like each of these tales, as we have already said) for the truth and power of its female portraiture. Julia M'Kenzie, a budding blossoming, unripe, but not unlovely girl—(our shepherd never does paint a lassie without beauty)—is married to the last lord of a long line, whose clan fear lest he should have no issue, and so leave them at his death to pass into another clanship; with which, and its followers, they have long been engaged in one of the direful quarrels of the times. And years go by—yes! one, two, three, four, five, six, seven years, pass in rapidity, and their lord has no issue. Then the ire of his followers breaks out against the bride of their chief, and she must either be sacrificed or divorced, that he may marry another woman, who shall bring him an heir to perpetuate the name of his house.

But halt! What right have we to go on detailing the plots and unravelling the mysteries of these stories? Assuredly none. These *Tales of the Wars of Montrose* are the shepherd's property, and we have only critically and with discernment to pronounce them good or bad. We cry out a good report, and say that they are good—excellent in subject (always excepting the passages in the life of the stupid baillie), and written with a great deal of natural power and very little care. "Mary Montgomery" is a delightful tale; and the episode of attachment between Mary Bewly and Colonel Sibbald, in the "Life of Sir Samuel Brodie," is worth a world; but Hogg might have made more of the *much* which they contain. He has been somewhat too much of the historian and too little of the poet; and, except where the love and admiration of woman urged him on, he has restrained, rather than cherished, all the wildest and warmest and most glorious impulses of a mind enriched with the purest elements of genius, and educated by nature, without the polish of more pedantic schools. As a book, these *Tales of the Wars of Montrose* may disappoint a few of his most expectant admirers, but they cannot fail of affording pleasure to the general reader.

From Hogg we turn to one of the sex whom he loves to laud—to Mrs. Shelley and her

6. LODORE.*

The publication of *Lodore* has gone a considerable way towards convincing us that Mrs. Shelley might have indeed been the author of *Frankenstein*—a work which we once believed could not possibly owe its existence to a female novelist; and this, not because there is a similitude between the structure and development of *Frankenstein*, that fearful and fantastic dream of genius, and the love story before us, which is of the everyday world—its doings and its sufferings, but because there is common to both a depth and sweep of thought—a knowledge of human kind, in its manifold relations with this earth—and a

* *Lodore*, by the author of "Frankenstein." 3 vols. London, 1835. Bentley, New Burlington Street.

boldness and directness in penetrating to the recesses and displaying the motives and workings of the heart, its feelings and passions—not in woman only, but in man also—which we certainly should have imagined to be far beyond the scope and power of a lady. Yet is there, at the same time, nothing in these volumes which a lady might not have known, and felt, and written; nor can there be the slightest doubt that they are the production of a feminine mind, albeit one of robust culture and extraordinary vigour. In the form and course of thought, if not actually in the style of expression in many passages, and in the downright, unaffected, noble simplicity, with which, in *Lodore*, subjects are treated, in which the heart and senses play a subtly mingled part, we were oftentimes reminded of the confessions of that charming enthusiast, Madame Roland—the only politician and philosopher in petticoats we could ever bring ourselves to regard with affectionate respect. Like her, too, Mrs. Shelley has shewn, not only that she can unveil the soul of woman to its very uttermost recesses, but that she can divine, appreciate, and depict the character of men. The work is very unlike the generality of our modern novels; it does not contain a sweeping together of incidents from a long suite of stories, historic, romantic, and burlesque; it does not present a faded anthology of *effecté* jests, of shrivelled gallantries, and impassible sentimentalities. There is not a constant succession of the startling events, the outrageous griefs, the bloody battles, the atrocious catastrophes, which form the staple commodity of that farrago of elongated melodramas which so frequently constitutes a modern novel. Nor is that ingenious device resorted to, which was originally borrowed by our novel-spinners from the festival scene in the pantomimes, of having a number of persons, bedecked in the costume of great names, to stand by and assist at the multifarious performances of the regular actors in the scene—pseudo-representatives of kings and Cæsars, beauties and heroes, wits and sages—to witness, as it were, the vigour of Harlequin and the agility of Columbine, to say nothing of the parts of the Clown and Pantaloon. Nor is that vile expedient put in use, of pretending to gratify the prurient curiosity of the vulgar by the introduction of real characters, who have rendered themselves either distinguished or notorious on the stage of life. No! nor is the plot “perplexed in the extreme;” nor are the characters multitudinous, like the waves of the sea; nor are they ever suffered, in obedience to some immediate necessity of the author, to obey the magical injunction,

“Come like shadows,
So depart;”

nor, moreover, do we, from first to last find a single being who is absolutely exalted above, or depressed below humanity.

The story is simple—its theme is

“Love, still love!”

It treats of the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, the delights and dangers, the blessings and

the evils, of the fierce and tender passion. A healthy moral pervades her whole treatment of the subject. She might as well, perhaps, have taken for her motto the following lines of her husband, as those she has selected from Ford:

“Those who inflict must suffer, for they see
The work of their own hearts; and that must be
Our recompense or wretchedness.”

Yet her motto is also fine:

“In the turmoils of our lives,
Men are like politic states or troubled seas,
Tossed up and down with several storms and tempests,
Change and variety of wrecks and fortunes;
Till labouring to the havens of our homes,
We struggle for the calm that crowns our ends.”—FORD.

Do not imagine, however, from this, that there is the slightest touch of fatalism in her novel; on the contrary, the principle she would fain inculcate seems to be, that men hold their destinies in their own hands, and that our own evil passions are our only potent enemies. The execution of the work is, upon the whole, extremely good—it is quite worthy of the design. The impress of an original and thoughtful mind is visible throughout, and there are many passages of exceeding gracefulness, of touching eloquence, and of intense feeling. Her most obvious faults are that of occasionally introducing, by way of illustration, wild and quaint imagery—we might say, in some instances, imagery which is quite incongruous with that it is intended to illustrate; and, secondly, that of analysing and detailing too minutely each and every one of the sensations, intermingled or successive, which, when operating in mass (so to speak), constitute a feeling or a passion. The result of this extreme elaborateness is often to weary, and always, by refining away, to injure the general effect. These faults, however, we apprehend, may be with her either the results of education, or the pious faults of imitation; for her husband has fallen into the first in several of his poems, her father is remarkable for the other.

Mrs. Shelly has not like a weak and ambitious artist, crowded her canvass with figures. Her characters are few—they were well-considered, perfectly individualised, and in happy contrast. There is no attempt at a violent opposition of colours to produce startling effects. In the calm consciousness of power, she has dispensed altogether with a villain who, in many a grand modern novel is made to serve the same purpose, as a daub of black in one of Martin's monster-pictures. All the characters are excellently drawn; the greater number are very elaborately wrought forth, the rest are firmly sketched. We have said that Mrs. Shelly has not condescended to play the pander to the appetite for private scandal, in introducing “fashionables” notorious for good or evil, into her work; yet has she availed herself of her experience, on the quality and nature of which, we do maintain, does the value of the novel mainly depend: nothing can compensate in the novel for want of experience. And therefore is it, that the attempt of ladies generally to write of “many-figured life,” is so utterly cold, incapable, and ridiculous.

The best fashionable stuff of the day bears the same relation to a true novel as the idle, aimless sonata, does to the passion-breathing, soul-fraught melody. "*Que me veux tu sonate?*" exclaimed Rousseau;—"What are you after, Listonia Bulweria Wigetta?" exclaims the reader to the mocking-bird she-novelist;—and even accommodating echo can only furnish an eh! or an ah! in the guise of a reply to either of these interesting enquiries. But neither the vigorous but vague *whinney* of the eh! or the desponding exhortation of the ah! at all effect Mrs. Shelley. In this novel she has availed herself of her association with greatest men. We have some allusions to their story, some fine and sweet touches of their character: rather, let us say, of their idiosyncrasy. This is, to those who have known them through their works, coming from a devoted, but too wise to be a superstitious worshipper, altogether delightful. But of this anon: we will now turn to the story.

Lodore is the son of a gentleman, ennobled for his exploits during the American war. He has passed a number of years abroad, to the great grief of his father and family, who cannot imagine why he should continue to absent himself from the dear paternal roof-tree. But he has formed an unfortunate attachment abroad—a *liaison avec une femme mariée*; which, although apparently the most easy, is yet in truth, one of the most difficult *liaisons* possible to break. The fact is, he gets very tired—(it is not declared, but it is clearly intimated in the novel)—and he returns to England. He is now at that "most damnable of middle ages," the middle age of man; he is not acquainted with the course of fashionable life—he is at once too full of pride himself, and too ignorant of the utter meanness of others, to make his way there. He fails, too, like Byron, in politics; and he retires from the busy struggles of ambition, fantastical or political. He goes to Wales, and there he commits the horrible but common fault of the morbid sentimentalist, of marrying a mere juvenile piece of womanhood, who has nothing to recommend her except the freshness of sixteen, with a pretty face, and, as he fancies, an indiscriminating docility. He marries her, and she might be very well; but in the absence of all other earthly possessions, with the exception of that which old Adam was good enough to entail upon his daughters, she had a mother,—a low-born, vulgar, but clever mother—and she contrives to embitter his whole existence. Unfortunately, the tenderling he has wedded induces him to take the "old serpent" into his house. Thenceforth for him there is no peace. His young wife learns to regard him first as a humourist, then as a tyrant; he loves her against his judgment, she hates him in spite of her vow. At length a child is born to them, and then Lodore is delighted: he has now something that he may love, and teach, by his very excess of affection, to love him in return. But even this last resource of an expansion of kindly feeling, so dear to the desolate, is denied to him; the arrival of his old mistress, a Polish countess, with *his* son, is the means of utterly dissipating the last shadows which his dream of joy had cast

forth. His young son and his young wife enter into a palpable flirtation, and, in a paroxysm of jealousy and rage, he strikes the boy, and then determines to abandon name and fame rather than to stigmatise his high-born mistress and her son. He determines on leaving England forthwith. He invites, in the most intense earnestness of feeling, his wife to accompany him: under the chilling auspices of her mother she refuses, and he departs with his child. The wife and husband are thenceforth parted: they never were allowed the opportunity of understanding each other's hearts, through the formality of the wife's heart, which had been disciplined into coldness, and the sensitive pride of the husband. He retires to America, turns settler, and his whole delight is the culture of his daughter. The feeling is holy, the occupation sacred—he rears her as a lady. At length, like a wise man, he feels it necessary, from the very love of his innocent girl to leave the solitude in which he fancied she was all safe. We subjoin an outline of the circumstances and reason; Whitelock, be it observed, is a young artist, who has come to the settlement, and commenced making love to Lodore's daughter.

"Ethel knew nothing of the language of love; she had read of it in her favorite poets, but she was yet too young and guileless to apply any of its feelings to herself. Love had always appeared to her blended with the highest imaginative beauty and heroism, and thus was, in her eyes, at once awful and lovely. Nothing had vulgarised it to her. The greatest men were its slaves, and according as their choice fell on the worthy or unworthy, they were elevated or disgraced by passion. It was the part of a woman so to refine and educate her mind, as to be the cause of good alone to him whose fate depended on her smile. There was something of the Orondates' vein in her ideas, but they were too vague and general to influence her actions. Brought up in American solitude, with all the refinement attendant on European society, she was aristocratic, both as regarded rank and sex; but all these were as yet undeveloped feelings—seeds planted by the careful maternal hand, not yet called into life or growth.

"Whitelock began his operations, and was obliged to be explicit to be at all understood. He spoke of misery and despair; he urged no plea, sought no favour, except to be allowed to speak of his wretchedness. Ethel listened—Eve listened to the serpent, and since then her daughters have been accused of an aptitude to give ear to forbidden discourse. He spoke well, too, for he was a man of unquestioned talent. It is a strange feeling for a girl, when first she finds the power put into her hand of influencing the destiny of another to happiness or misery. She is like a magician holding for the first time a fairy wand, not having yet had experience of its potency. Ethel had read of the power of love; but a doubt had often suggested itself, of how far she herself should hereafter exercise the influence which is the attribute of her sex. Whitelock dispelled that doubt. He impressed on her mind the idea that he lived or died through her fiat.

"For one instant vanity awoke in her young heart, and she tripped back to her home with a smile of triumph on her lips. The feeling was short-lived. She entered her father's library, and his image appeared to rise before her to regulate and purify her thoughts. If he had been there, what could she have said to him—she who never concealed a thought? or how would he have received the information she had to give? What had happened had not been the work of a day; Whitelock had for a week

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or two proceeded in an occult and mysterious manner: but this day he had withdrawn the veil, and she understood much that had appeared strange in him before. The dark, expressive eyes of her father she fancied to be before her, penetrating the depths of her soul, discovering her frivolity, and censuring her lowly vanity, and, even though alone, she felt abashed. Our faults are apt to assume giant and exaggerated forms to our eyes in youth, and Ethel felt degraded and humiliated; and remorse sprung up in her gentle heart, substituting itself for the former pleasurable emotion.

"The young are always in extremes. Ethel put away her drawings and paintings. She secluded herself in her home; and arranged so well, that, notwithstanding the freedom of American manners, Whiteclark contrived to catch but a distant glimpse of her during the one other week that intervened before her father's return. Troubled at this behaviour he felt his bravery ooze out. To have offended Fitzhenry was an unwise proceeding, at best; but when he remembered the haughty and reserved demeanour of the man, he recoiled, trembling, from the prospect of encountering him.

"Ethel was very concise in the expressions she used to make her father, on his return, understand what had happened during his absence. Fitzhenry heard her with indignation and bitter self-reproach. The natural impetuosity of his disposition returned on him, like a stream which had been checked in its progress, but which had gathered strength from the delay. On a sudden, the future, with all its difficulties and trials presented itself to his eyes; and he was determined to go out to meet them, rather than to await their advent in his seclusion. His resolution formed, and he put it into immediate execution: he would instantly quit the Illinois. The world was before him; and while he paused on the western shores of the Atlantic, he could decide upon his future path. But he would not remain where he was another season. The present, the calm, placid present, had fled like morning mist before the new-risen breeze: all appeared dark and turbid to his heated imagination. Change alone could appease the sense of danger that had risen within him—change of place, of circumstances, of all that for the last twelve years had formed his life. 'How long am I to remain at peace?'—the prophetic voice heard in the silence of the forests returned to his memory, and thrilled through his frame. 'Peace! was I ever at peace? Was this unquiet heart ever still, as, one by one, the troubled thoughts which are its essence have risen and broken against the barriers that embank them? Peace! My own Ethel! all I have done—all I would do—is to gift thee with that blessing which has for ever fled the thirsting lips of thy unhappy parent.' And thus, governed by a fevered fancy and untamed passions, Fitzhenry forgot the tranquil lot which he had learnt to value and enjoy; and quitting the haven he had sought, as if it had never been a place of shelter to him, unthankful for the many hours which had blessed him there, he hastened to reach the stormier seas of life, whose breakers and whose winds were ready to visit him with shipwreck and destruction."

Reader! are not these pages beautiful as true? But to go on with the story. Lodore arrives at New York with Ethel, and is shortly after shot in a duel by a Yankee, who had denounced him as a coward.

Ethel passes over to England, and is received by a maiden aunt: Lodore had in his will especially exempted her from the guardianship of her mother. She is accompanied by the daughter of an old schoolfellow of Lodore's, and by Mr. Villiers, a young English gentleman, who had acted as her father's friend in the fatal duel. Ethel and

he fall in love with each other, and are after a time married; and all is happiness until poverty besets their path, but is powerless against the strength of their affections. Nothing, in sooth, can be more exquisitely told than the whole story of their loves. They are perfectly happy, and continue to be happy, without the zest of sin. The tale is as fervently and as beautifully told as that of the sunny existence of unflinching love led by Trelawney's hero, and his Arab bride, in that work of passion, and power, and genius, styled *The Adventures of a Younger Son*. The feeling in either is true, and therefore the same in both. The scene only, with its figures and accessories, is different: the one is laid within the precincts of savagery, the other within the limits of civilisation.

At length these married lovers are rescued from misery and confinement by an act of glorious generosity upon the part of her mother—an act of which nobody would have supposed the fashionable Lady Lodore capable. Pride and a cold-hearted, vulgar mother have spoiled Lady Lodore, and troubled the whole current of her life; pride caused her separation from her husband; pride prevented her from marrying a certain Horatio Saville, in whose person and character we recognise many traits of our beloved Shelley—of him who was, in his own sweet words,

"Gentle, and brave, and generous;
The child of Grace and Genius."

Witness the following sketch:

"It was very late at night when they reached their hotel, and they were heartily fatigued; so that it was not till the next morning that, immediately after breakfast, Villiers left Ethel, and went out to seek the abode of his cousin.

"He had been gone some little time, when a waiter of the hotel, throwing open Ethel's drawing-room door, announced 'Signor Orazio.' Quite new to Italy, Ethel was ignorant of the custom in that country of designating people by their Christian names; and that Horatio Saville being a resident in Naples, and married to a Neapolitan, was known every where by the appellation which the servant now used. Ethel was not in the least aware that it was Lucy's brother who presented himself to her. She saw a gentleman, tall, very slight in person, with a face denoting habitual thoughtfulness, and stamped by an individuality which she could not tell whether to think plain, and yet it was certainly open and kind. An appearance of extreme shyness, almost amounting to awkwardness, was diffused over him, and his words came hesitatingly; he spoke English, and was an Englishman—so much Ethel discovered by his first words, which were, 'Villiers is not at home?' And then he began to ask her about her journey, and how she liked the view of the bay of Naples, which she beheld from her windows. They were in this kind of trivial conversation when Edward came bounding up stairs, and with exclamations of delight greeted his cousin. Ethel, infinitely surprised, examined her guest with more care. In a few minutes she began to wonder how she came to think him plain. His deep-set dark grey eyes struck her as expressive, if not handsome. His features were delicately moulded, and his fine forehead betokened depth of intellect; but the charm of his face was a kind of fitful, beamy, inconstant smile, which diffused incomparable sweetness over his physiognomy. His usual look was cold and abstracted—his eye speculated with an inward thoughtfulness—a chilling seriousness sat on his features, but this glanc-

ing and varying half-smile came to dispel gloom, and to invite and please those with whom he conversed. His voice was modulated by feeling, his language was fluent, graceful in its terms of expression, and original in the thoughts which it expressed. His manners were marked by high breeding, yet they were peculiar. They were formed by his individual disposition, and under the dominion of sensibility. Hence they were often abrupt and reserved. He forgot the world around him, and gave token, by absence of mind, of the absorbing nature of his contemplations. But at a touch this vanished, and a sweet earnestness, and a beaming kindness of spirit, at once displaced his abstraction, rendering him attentive, cordial, and gay."

We have only left ourselves space to say that Lady Lodore is at last married to Horatio, and that with her change of name ends *Lodore*, one of the best novels it has been of late years our fortune to read. We are very happy in being able to confer this praise on Mrs. Shelley, whose name is dear to us (as we doubt not, from "the late remorse of love," it is to the public), for the sake alike of the dead or the living—her illustrious husband, and her living son, who was born in his image.

7. CHANCES AND CHANGES.*

We have long bid farewell to courts, and kings, and times of old; and may now, therefore, with Mrs. Strutt, the author of *Six Weeks on the Loire*, seek in the *Chances and Changes* of domestic life, argument of more familiar interest, yet not less touching. There is throughout this little tale a style of sentiment and intelligence which must render it acceptable to such as seek moral improvement in the works they read. There is nothing new in the story, or in its incidents; but there is sometimes a vein of opinion which deserves to be further opened. The following remarks, occasioned by a Sabbath spent among the mountains of Switzerland, merit consideration. The poet-laureate would echo every sentence.

"What a contrast," said Catherine to Edward Longcroft, 'is this little church upon the mountains to the fashionable churches in London! when I saw the benches of hewn stone without any distinction of pews, the single pulpit, the unadorned altar, the rough walls backed by the solid rock,—I bethought me of your uncle's pew in Marylebone, carpeted like a drawing-room, lined with crimson cloth, padded like a carriage, for the more luxurious ease of the shoulders that rested against it; the chandelier; the fire-place, with its polished cut steel fender and fire-irons, and Mr. Longcroft rattling them, and regularly stirring the fire, as soon as the text was given out.'

"Why Catherine, you are satirical, my child," said Mr. Neville; 'how is that? Do you not know that if these poor mountaineers were proud of the poverty of their church, its simplicity would be fully as offensive in the sight of the Almighty as all the pomp of Marylebone, or any other edifice of the same character.'

"No, my dear father, I am not in any mood to satirise," said Catherine; 'but I always used to feel uncomfortable in that church, the distinctions were so very aristocratic; it made it seem as if the object to which it was consecrated was merely a form of polite society. The

fault might be in myself; but I must own that I never could feel half the devotion, sitting by the fire-side, with a velvet cushion at my back, and my feet on an ottoman, in Mr. Longcroft's pew, that I did at our own dear Nethercross, and at this little church in the desert here.'

"Catherine is right," said Edward; 'there ought to be no distinctions of persons in places of worship; there is none in catholic churches: the good sense of the people teaches them all to take their places with a decent regard to their respective conditions, and that is enough. Open pews and open doors are what we might borrow with great advantage from our continental neighbours.'

"Yes," said Mr. Neville; 'and, as our friend Armand is not here to start at my acknowledgement, I must say I should be very glad of their pictured walls and ornamented altars, now that we could combine them with the purity of an amended form of worship. I do love a religion of types, when not made to stand in place of the things typified; I suppose I may say so, without fear of being condemned as orthodox. The remark that the real splendour and perfection of a state is when the utmost pomp and magnificence in public matters is combined with simplicity in private life and individual habits, will apply as well to the ornamenting of churches as any other national treasures; so it was in ancient Greece and early Rome. But we shall not see those days in England, I fear; nor any where else where steam-coaches, and rail-roads, and flying ships and aquatic balloons are perpetually at work to minister to restless whims, and absorb the money which might, if people staid at home and lived within their means, be devoted to public benefits."

One more extract, and we close our review of this domestic story.

"Do you remember that pretty stanza of Lord Byron's?" he said to her one day, whilst she had her child upon her knee,—

'When first I saw your sleeping child
I thought my jealous heart would break;
But when it looked on me and smiled,
I kissed it for its mother's sake.'

"No," said Catherine, a slight flush of displeasure reddening her cheek,— 'You know I never read Lord Byron.'

"Ah, but you must read those stanzas. What pathos, what simplicity, what a history of absence, wrongs, and disappointment do those few lines contain! volumes could not tell me more: but you do not feel them, Catherine, as I do.'

"I cannot feel the beauties of any poetry whatsoever," said Catherine, 'when I think the poet has no feeling himself. I have admired many passages in Lord Byron's earlier works, even to enthusiasm; but when I came to his most unfeeling mockery of the agonising sympathies he had raised, in his description of a storm, by the odious levity with which he concludes it, I closed the book, and never read another page of his writing. I thought of it ever after as those monstrosities in painting, of beautiful heads and cloven feet, and it inspired me with the same disgust."

In this *morceau* of criticism there is much good taste and more good sense. There is a point of view yet, in which it is requisite to consider the the genius and writings of Byron, never developed save in the pages of REGINA; and we have still much to do before our series of exertations is concluded. When we again take the pen in hand on this argument, the world shall ring with the echo.

As a writer of mind resembling the author

* *Chances and Changes: a Domestic Story.* By the author of "Six Weeks on the Loire." In 3 vols; London Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street. 1835.

whose work we have just reviewed, we next pay our respects to Mr. Scargill.

S. PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.*

The volume so entitled contains a decade of sketches, bearing the following titles: "The Rival Farmers," "Country Newspapers," "The Snug Little Watering-Place," "Amateur Concerts," "Itinerant Lecturers," "Itinerant Artists," "The Public Library," "Gentility," "Village Choristers," "Dame Deborah Borcham's Almshouses." Thus, it will be seen, has the author treated of almost every possible provincial nuisance or abomination on a large scale, with the exception of "strolling players," "assizes," "sessions," and "elections." There is a great deal of playful humour, and oftentimes a flash of genuine wit, in each and all of these productions. The style is quaint and sparkling. The author is evidently a man of infinite shrewdness, of great nicety of observation, and with an exquisite sense of the ridiculous—*circum præcordia ludit*. He tickles you from the first; and ever and anon you find yourself surprised by some happy stroke of irresistible comicality into a roar of laughter. His satire is keen and searching; but at the same time it is polished and debonair, and perfectly free from the taint of "envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness." A safer or pleasanter volume than that furnished forth by these *Provincial Sketches* it would be difficult to discover. The "Rival Farmers" are persons ruining themselves in the vain endeavour to become gentlemen. One of the two is admitted to the great object of their common ambition, a place in the fashionable club of the town; and he accordingly stuck true to his old "church and king" principles. But as for the disappointed candidate, he naturally enough took refuge in patriotism.

"From this moment Simon Growse became a decided liberal, and the leader of the liberal party in his own immediate neighbourhood. He gave up the *Quarterly Review* completely, out of spite to Jedediah Stott, and left off reading *Blackwood*, in order to annoy the committee of the Loppington assembly; and of course they were very greatly annoyed by the circumstance. He grew very intimate with the liberal party in the town of Loppington, which, after the soreness of his disappointment was over, he visited more frequently; and he now pleased by his condescension those whom formerly he had offended by his pride; not that his pride had at all abated, it was only variously modified.

"Simon now began to be happy again; he had found out that the country was ruined—that was one comfort; and he was fully resolved to oust one of the county members at the next election, and that was another comfort. He now found out, what he had always thought, that the haughtiness of the aristocracy had risen to most unbearable height, and that it was high time it should be humbled, and he was determined to humble it according to the best of his ability. Forgetting, poor man, that he himself was the very prince of agricultural dandies, he was always declaiming against dandyism, pride, and exclusiveness. Oh! you should have seen him magnificently lounging in one corner of his four-wheeled open carriage, drawn by two horses, driven by a great

bumpkin in gingerbread livery. He looked as big as a duke—I mean Simon, not the bumpkin, who looked rather ashamed of his finery, and almost frightened at the gold lace on his hat. Well, an election came; Simon was as busy as an anonymous gentleman in a high wind. He was flying about the country, here, there, and every where; and if any body had told him that there was a voter in the moon, Simon would have sent a post-chaise for him. The liberal candidate gained the election; and Simon was so happy, that at the election dinner, when he was shouting three times three, he absolutely crowed with ecstasy—some wag said that Simon had been bit by a mad bantam. Soon after this event the Reform-bill was carried; and to this day it is a doubtful matter, round about Loppington, to whom the country is most indebted for the parliamentary reform, whether to the Duke of Wellington, to Earl Grey, or to Simon Growse, Esq."

The article on "Country Newspapers" is a very happy burlesque review of the style and character of these "best possible instructors;" but we shall perhaps revert to this subject, and add to the observations of our author some remarks of our own, which shall be in a graver tone. The "Snug Little Watering Place" is an admirable piece of fun, showing how for the sake of "gentility" you vulgar folk will submit to every species of discomfort, privation, and annoyance. Observe, reader, the grave whimsicality of the style in which the paper commences:

"Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, and Brighton, are but so many metropolitan laundries, and the very waves of the sea which wash their coasts are saturated with smoke and savour strongly of London: so that he who goes to one of these places does not so much go out of town, as out with town. But for a most perfect, most beautiful, and most genteel retirement, give me a snug little watering place, accessible only to the inhabitants of small genteel towns, and far away from all metropolitan din or manufacturing smoke; in a word, just such an one as Sloppesby, on the ———shire coast. All I fear is, that this pleasant place will soon become too popular, that it will lose its selectness; for all who have visited it speak of it with such rapture, that it must soon be as much frequented as it is admired. At present, however, I am happy to say that there is nothing vulgar about it; for there are no cliffs or rocks, and no romantic country in its rear, inviting to equestrian or pedestrian excursions; there are no trees, but pollard willows, within ten miles of the place; no road runs through it, and only one runs into it, and that one runs or lies—for running and lying is all the same thing for a road—along an exquisite swampy level, abounding in bullrushes. The sea also at this part of the coast, is most delightfully shallow: no vessels of greater burden than small fishing-boats can come within five leagues of the town; and that is great comfort, for vulgar people are very much attracted to the seaside by great waves and the sight of big ships. There is, indeed, a tradition in the town that a man-of-war was once seen through a telescope from the church steeple; but there is only one telescope in the town, and only one church steeple; and the telescope is very much out of order, for all the glasses are cracked, and the ascent to the church steeple is dangerous, for all the stone steps are loose. At low water the sea is pretty nearly out sight; and sometimes at high water, in rainy weather, the land is out of sight, for the low grounds are nearly covered with water: but no one need, for all that, be at all afraid of the ague, for there are innumerable infallible remedies for that complaint sold at every shop in the town; so that if you should find that one infallible re-

* Provincial Sketches. By the author of "The Usurer's Daughter," "The Puritan's Grave," &c. London, 1835. E. Churton.

medy will not do, you may try another, and another; and by the time that you have tried them all, the season will be over, and you may go home."

"Amateur Concerts," as may be guessed from the title and the talent of the writer, is a most racy sketch of these musical abominations. The tricks of your itinerant artists and lecturers are shown up in a most amusing manner. Paintpot Haydon and Balderdash Bowring—i. e. the two most impudent of quacks and pretenders—are hit off to the very life. "Gentility," "The Public Library," and "Dame Boreham's Almshouses," are each excellent in their way; but "Village Choristers" it is impossible to read without roars of laughter.

In conclusion we take leave to say, that the large expanse of the author's sympathies, his fine sense of the ridiculous, in whatever class of the community it may appear, and his keen relish of fun, go far to induce us to believe that he must be at least something very like a man of genius. If Coleridge were alive, he would agree with us in this opinion.

Our preceding notices have been of people with names and of name. For the two concluding authors, although we know them and their whereabouts well enough, such is their undeserving, that we will not bestow on them an hour's celebrity by nominating their worthless productions.

9. THE ENGLISH IN INDIA.

All the world knows that if as critics we have a fault it leans to the side of mercy; and that many a poor devil has been tempted by our misplaced lenity to venture a second time into the field of literature, where neither art nor nature ever intended that he should show himself. It is not for us to determine how far the opinion which our good nature tempts us to give of *The English in India*, and *other Sketches*, may or may not produce a like result. We write, however, in the best possible humour, and with an anxious desire to spare the author's feelings, while we declare that two volumes of more exquisite drivel have not come under our notice these three years. Conceive a tale, extending through nearly four hundred pages, of which the heroines are Julia Albany and Florence Middleton; the principal personages, Mrs. Huggins, Ensign Simms, Lieutenant McWhalley, and Captain Seymour, of the horse-artillery; and the scene of operations Kirkpore, a thousand miles up the country from Madras. Imagine Mrs. Huggins, rude, boisterous, talkative, and hospitable; Julia, bent upon accomplishing a prudent match; Florence, intended to be all that is amiable, yet exhibiting, in fact, much more of the prude than of any thing else; Mr. John Tomkins, assistant resident, winning the hand of the fair Albany, while Seymour has her heart; an interesting Ensign Travers marrying the Middleton, just as the Albany has made up her mind to indulge in an agreeable intrigue with

Captain Seymour—imagine all this, enlivened with ample descriptions of Indian balls, dinners, conversations, scenery, watches, &c., and you have before you the plot of a narrative which winds up with making the prude a countess in expectancy, and the faithless wife, first divorced and then wedded to her betrayer. We put it to the most resolute devourer of what are called works of fiction, whether it is possible to expect that either instruction or amusement could be worked up out of such materials? The descriptions of Anglo-Indian manners may, for aught we know, be just. We confess, indeed, that we entertain some doubts on that head; for we have seen a few specimens of the sort of thing, and we must say that the original of any one of the pictures brought before us here is yet to seek. But as the traveller professes, in his introduction, to draw all his portraits from life, it would be quite contrary to our system of good-breeding to contradict him.

We had written thus far, when it was communicated to us, on authority which it would be rash to distrust, that the author of *The English in India* and Ensign Simms were one and the same person. The son of an attorney in Coleminster, the ensign enjoyed opportunities, of which he made use, of mixing, while yet a youth, in the best society of the place; indeed, it was through the interest of Sir Joseph Bramble with Mr. Herbert, the sitting member, that he obtained a cadetship to India. Hence the felicity with which he sketches the various characters introduced into the legend of "Knighthood," as well as the intimate acquaintance with law terms and lawyer's tricks which are displayed in "The Will." But it is on his Indian stories that the fame of the ensign will rest. His "Suttee" is such a suttee as Ensign Simms can alone have witnessed; his "Half-caste Daughter" is worthy of the father that begot her; and, above all, the narrative of his own death and burial in the maw of a tiger goes beyond all praise. How he has managed to describe the latter occurrence so accurately is indeed a mystery to us. But Ensign Simms is evidently no common man; and to his high renown we leave him.

And now for the crowning absurdity:

10. FINESSE.*

Finesse is a bundle of rubbish—rubbish from beginning even unto the end. There is in it no story, no plot, no plan; the language is vulgar, but nothing half so vulgar as the tone of feeling. It is evidently the composition of some low gossip in a small country town—probably Stafford—who depicts her own shabby circle; to which, we doubt not, it is as annoying as to any other part of the world where it may chance to be heard of:—it is disgusting.

* *Finesse*; a Novel. 3 vols. London, 1835. Bentley.

* *The English in India, and other Sketches*. By a Traveller. 2 vols. small 8vo. London 1835. Longman and Co.

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

APOSTROPHE TO THE APPROACHING COMET.

"It may be considered as tolerably certain, that the comet will become visible in every part of Europe about the latter end of August, or beginning of September next. On the night of the 3rd of October, about midnight, it will appear in the east, at an elevation of about thirty degrees; and will be a little above a line joining the bright star called Castor, with the star called *α* in the Great Bear. Between that hour and sunrise, it will ascend the firmament, and will cross the meridian near the zenith of London about sunrise."—*Edinburgh Review. Art. Approaching Comet.*

The end of August! Potentate august,
Is that the period settled for your visit?
Is that indeed the time when life's short crust
Must be consumed—baked—burnt to cinders? Is it?

Then August's "latter end" is ours, I think,
If as your advent you've resolved to fix it;
Oh! for a Mediterranean of ink,
To blot out the Reviewer's *ipse dixit!*

Mediterranean! or blue, or black,
Or green, each deep ere long will be a Red-sea;
Atlantic, Euxine, Baltic,—nay, alack!
The very tide of life will be a Dead-sea.

For have not several "pages" brought us here
A piece of news too heavy for a porter,—
That thou, within a quarter will appear,—
One quarter more, and show us no more quarter!

Is it not stated, to astound all earth,
(And be it fact or falsehood, I've no share in't)
That men shall see a strange and fearful birth—
That thou O comet, wilt become a-parent?

Terrible tidings—wonder full of woe!
Do these astronomers proclaim it rightly,
That thou'lt become a mother?—is it so?
And will the prodigy be witnessed nightly?

A litter of young comets!—Literature
At once grows convert to the creed Malthusian,
And though unable to prescribe a cure,
Deems the new birth a case of clear intrusion.

But stay, a letter from Vienna!—what?
'Tis said by Herschel—see the public papers—
The comet seeks a more sequestered lot,
And all our fierce volcanoes are mere vapours.

Its course quite changed—its orbit not the same—
That's something yet to make one's horror risible;
Yet ah! not much; we still shall feel its flame—
Danger's not safe because it is invisible.

Ah, no! thy tidings, Herschel, even at first
Had been for comfort wholly unavailing;
Of two bad tales men always trust the worst—
'Tis human nature's virtue, not its failing.

So! we're to feel no fright, to make no fuss,
Because the foe we're not to have a sight of;
Accomplished ignorance may reason thus,
But comets are not creatures to make light of.

Let us be miserable; yes, let us leave
To idle boys and philosophic codgers
The joys of hope; let us despond and grieve—
"I would not, if I could be gay," writes Rogers.

Anguish is easier when past all cure;
Check not your sorrow—call it uncontrollable;
Grief may be disagreeable; yet, endure—
It grows more pleasant when it's inconsolable.

Whoe'er is not quite horror-stricken, hums;
Let him think only of the earth's destroying;

A quarter's misery ere the comet comes
He thus, at least, is certain of enjoying.

Mine be sweet wretchedness and dear despair;
Long for this weight of woe I've been a waiter;
Troubles we've had, 'tis true, and "tails" to spare—
But none like thine, Celestial Agitator!

Talk not of fierce Lord Durham—hot-brain'd Hume—
Give each his tail, and Fate may save us from it;
What jack-o'-lanterns make us mortals fume!
Of Cobbett think not—think upon the comet!

Why what's O'Connell? Him we may defy,
With all his "joints," to shake us in our beds;
For Ireland's self may now in candour cry,
"Ye little tails, hide your diminished heads!"

A great Enlightener, bidding others cease,
Will wag a tail of fire ere summer ceases;
Then will the house divide—then England's peace
Will end, in England split into two pieces!

I care not what the Tories now endure;
Nor what the Whigs have got, nor who have bought
'em;
Nor when the Radicals will come in sure;—
Who will, I ask, ensure the Thames next autumn?

Oh Press, prodigious "organ," cease to blow
Your bellows, while the fiery foe 's about;
But rather as a mighty "engine," show
How we're to put the coming comet out.

No more about the "March;" on August preach!
I feel its heat—its glare is on my eye,
So ends—"my tale"—another's within reach;—
My pen—is shrivell'd—and my ink—is—dry!

† †

Critical Notices.

Elliott's Poems. Vol. III.

Our opinion of Ebenezer Elliott has been so distinctly and fully expressed, originally in the "Repository," and more recently elsewhere, that we shall merely now mention the appearance of this volume, and recommend its immediate possession to our readers. We presume the "Poet of the Poor" to have been made free of their libraries, of their clubs, of their institutes; and only take on ourselves to announce a fresh visit from him. Yet we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of giving them a foretaste of his coming. We shall give specimens of several kinds. How rational and manly is the piety of the following hymn:—

FOREST WORSHIP.

"Within the sun-lit forest,
Our roof the bright blue sky,
Where fountains flow, and wild flowers blow,
We lift our hearts on high:
Beneath the frown of wicked men
Our country's strength is bowing;
But, thanks to God, they can't prevent
The lone wild flowers from blowing!

"High, high above the tree-tops
The lark is soaring free;
Where streams the light through broken clouds
His speckled breast I see.
Beneath the might of wicked men
The poor man's worth is dying;
But, thank'd be God, in spite of them
The lark still warbles flying.

"The preacher prays, 'Lord bless us !'
'Lord bless us !' echo cries ;
'Amen !' the breezes murmur low ;
'Amen !' the rill replies.

The ceaseless toil of woe-worn hearts
The proud with pangs are paying ;
But here, O God of earth and heaven !
The humble heart is praying.

"How softly, in the pauses
Of song, re-echoed wide,
The cushat's coo, the linnet's lay,
O'er rill and river glide !
With evil deeds of evil men
The affrighted land is ringing :
But still, O Lord ! the pious heart
And soul-toned voice are singing.

"Hush ! hush !' the preacher preacheth ;
'Woe to the oppressor, woe !'
But sudden gloom o'ercasts the sun,
And sadden'd flowers below :
So frowns the Lord !—but, tyrants, ye
Deride his indignation,
And see not in his gathered brow
Your days of tribulation !

"Speak low thou heaven-paid teacher !
The tempest bursts above ;
God whispers in the thunder : hear
The terrors of his love !
On useful hands, and honest hearts,
The base their wrath are wreaking :
But, thank'd be God ! they can't prevent
The storm of heaven from speaking !"

p. 105—107

One of Burn's most deeply touching compositions is the epitaph which was meant for his own grave. The suggestion has not been lost on Elliott. If less affecting than the well-known lines of the Ayrshire peasant, the following are more dignified :—

A POET'S EPITAPH.

"Stop mortal ! here thy brother lies,
The poet of the poor :
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow and the moor ;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave !

"Sin met thy brother every where !
And is thy brother blamed ?
From passion, danger, doubt and care,
He no exemption claimed.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He feared to scorn or hate ;
But, honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great,

"He blessed the steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more ;
Yet loathed the haughty wretch that takes
From plundered labour's store.
A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes here lies the man
Who drew them as they are."

p. 157—158.

In many of the poems already reviewed of Elliott's there are occasional touches of humour, chiefly sarcastic, but he is generally too stern for fun. In "Second Nuptials," one of his early compositions, he fairly breaks loose, as this song may testify—

THE STRANGER'S SONG.

"When Bill left Mary, o'er the seas
He sailed so long, and sailed so far,
That not a sixpence he could squeeze
Between his nose and yonder star.

"But o'er the mast, that had got fast
Hook'd on the moon's depending horn,
He heard strange voices in the blast
Pronounce his name with boisterous scorn.

"So westward up he looked, and lo !
The blue of heaven turned sickly pale,
And, west by north, he heard and saw
Nine comets all tied tail to tail.

"And they all laughed, and every one
Sang, 'Will, go home, go home for shame,
For Matthew Hall, a tailor's gone
To woo and wed thy sulky dame.'

"Then all the comets loos'd their tails,
While William shed the briny tear,
Unhooked his mast, let drop his sails,
And tacked for Goole, to bless thee here !"

p. 217.

There are two dramatic compositions in this volume, which have in them much of poetry and of passion ; yet we doubt the author's vocation to the drama. The transmigration of souls is more easily believed in than practised ; and the difficulty is not vanquishable in exact proportion to the general power of the poetic spirit. It is in lyric poetry that Elliott breathes and while he may, doubtless, overcome the difficulties of the drama, it is for more lyrics that we, and the world, are longing.—*Monthly Repository*.

The History of Ireland. By Thomas Moore. (Vol. 65 of the "Cabinet Cyclopædia.")

This volume is rather a series of historical dissertations than a history. The author seems determined to demonstrate that poets can be as diligent, careful, and critical as other people. He is quite successful. The state of the materials rendered it impossible to write the early history of Ireland in any other way, at least to any good purpose ; and the mode of exhibiting the results of the author's investigations renders them not less interesting than they are curious and historically important. The succeeding volumes will probably have more of the flow of continuous narrative.

Since the above was written, and at a late period of the month, we have received the following document. For its allegations the writer must be held altogether and solely responsible ; but thinking the ends of literary justice more likely to be furthered by its insertion than by its suppression, we have acted accordingly.

Mr. O'Brien's Protest against Mr. Moore's Plagiarisms.

"I hereby protest, in the most unmitigated and indignant feeling of literary injustice, against the unwarrantable use of some of the sentiments and phrases of my "Round Towers of Ireland," introduced by Mr. Moore, wholesale and without acknowledgment, into his "History" of that country, just published, and forming the 65th volume of "Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia." A more base-faced appropriation of another person's labour and originality I unhesitatingly affirm I never before witnessed ! for which, too, Mr. Moore has made no other amends than that of squeezing my name into an obscure note—as insidious as it is obscure—and there generalising my "disquisition" as "clever but rather too fanciful."

HENRY O'BRIEN.

Monthly Repository.

April 20, 1835.

The Pilgrims of Walsingham; or Tales of the Middle Ages. By Agnes Strickland. London: Saunders & Oley, 1835.

Were we to search for any one evidence, among the various classes of publications, of the general advanced education and refinements of the present generation, the number and character of the novels that are month after month issuing from the press would probably be the most striking. The status which this class of books maintain in our modern literature, the variety of authors which it has called into celebrity, are tokens of its value and magnitude, which no common-place sneers regarding its frivolity or unreal nature has been able to bear down. It is not too much to say, that to our novels, the established rules which refined society acknowledge and study, has been greatly indebted; probably indeed, the gallant bearing of our gentry, and the delicacy of our public morals, have been brought about more by these multiform codes of social morality, than by the school-room or the pulpit. In this good work our female writers have been the most industriously engaged, and to this very circumstance has the special effects of such a class of literature been principally owing. For just as surely as the society of an accomplished woman smooths the natural asperities of the other sex, and elevates the tone of their sentiments, by polishing their noblest exhibitions, so truly are the loftiest doctrines, or the most ordinary ideas, gracefully set by female writers, and made to tell on the conventional tastes and opinions of mankind with a potent charm.

Novels have become so numerous as to be divisible into separate orders, according to well defined marks; and the rules by which to judge of them have become so generally known, that those which half a century ago would have been called very superior, hardly now-a-days obtain the character of mediocrity. We know not indeed that of the scores that annually appear, one can be found of late years that gives not a flattering specimen of literary composition, at least so that we cannot but exultingly ejaculate—What a number of elegant writers does our country possess! Besides the beauty of the language, English novels also display an immense variety and extent of knowledge of the finest and richest description. Human nature is the capital study of novelists—an exhaustless subject to be sure; but yet through them it has become greatly developed. In cultivating this study they have traversed every age and condition; and as the scope to such writers is unlimited, we have of late years beheld a bright array of cultivators, whose especial design and work has been to place before us the men of other days, and to exhibit them breathing and acting, as if we had been of their age, and participators of their feelings, at the time too that we can bring into comparison our own personal experience and limited era. The lights of history and the intentions of our common nature become, under the management of a skilful artist, sure guides in this excursive employment; and ornamented as such work requires to be, its study becomes not merely highly instructive but surpassingly delightful. How many sound lessons have we met with in novels! but still more triumphantly would we ask, how much real enjoyment have we derived from them? We think, to every sound and cultivated mind it would be a ground of deep concern, were it announced that never more was it to be allowed to taste the elegant pleasure and instruction communicated by such works as the *Pilgrims of Walsingham*.

The authoress of these volumes has fallen upon a happy fancy as regards their plan. She has founded her fiction on a custom at one time not uncommon in

this country—that of a devotional pilgrimage. Her pilgrims have the additional recommendation that they are historical characters of great celebrity. It is well known that persons of the very highest rank undertook such journeys, and sometimes in disguise. This is the style in which the authoress places her personages, these being no less than Henry VIII., his queen Catherine, the emperor Charles V., who visited this country twice, and on one of those occasions his stay was about five weeks, when, according to historians, he won the affections of the whole court. The other characters are Mary Queen Dowager of France and Duchess of Suffolk, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, Cardinal Wolsey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Anne Boleyn, the Abbot of Glastonbury, and the Abbess of Ely.

The period selected by the authoress for description, was one of great pageantry and also fanciful adventures. The visit of the accomplished, and at the time, young emperor, must have called forth all the devices that were likely to astonish and charm him; but as it had something more important in it than a love of travel or tokens of friendship, however ingenious might seem to be his purposes, it is here supposed that those pageants were ill calculated to allow time and opportunity for him to compass his profound views, and that an unostentatious and disguised pilgrimage to the shrine at Walsingham was undertaken in consequence of the cunning suggestion of the young diplomatist, when he might hope to fathom the mind of the bluff king and his wily minister. The adventures in the course of this supposed pilgrimage, and the tales that they relate to, enliven the journey, fill these volumes, and are also to be extended to another series—for only some of the characters have here contributed their share, nor is the pilgrimage closed.

The plan admits and suggests variety in the tales, according as the diversity of characters on the part of the narrators would afford. All of them possess merit, and form as a whole a very entertaining work. There seems to have been not a little care bestowed in its detail, and such is the interest excited, that every one who reads the present series will be impatient to see the succeeding. Upon the whole too, we are pleased with the manner in which the characters deport themselves, that being in sustained harmony with authentic history. Anne Boleyn has ever been a favourite in our eyes: this partiality no doubt having been strengthened by the account of her great misfortunes and cruel fate. The present picture of her, however, is of a different style, and the levity as well as heartlessness of a coquette, are attributed to her without charity, and beyond historical support. Queen Catherine, however, who is also associated with our kindest sentiments, is deservedly treated as the high-souled, confiding, and enduring wife; nor can the reader but be earnest in the sympathy here kept alive towards her whose feelings the presence of Mistress Anne, and the fickleness of the tyrant, must have so often distressingly excited.

The present volumes contain the tales of Cardinal Wolsey, King Henry, the Abbot of Glastonbury, Queen Catherine, the Emperor Charles, and the Abbess of Ely. We wish we had space to present a few extracts from the king's tale—not that it is the best, but it affords a fair specimen of how the writer elucidates the character of the narrator in the style of the tale. It is entitled William Rufus and the Salmon-Pasty. The monarch commences with a quotation, that goes to show the light esteem in which the second of the Norman line of sovereigns was held by his subjects. It contains reflections which may naturally enough have been familiar on the part of such a moralist.

The writer has talent in the construction of a story, and also in the careful keeping that is maintained in reference to the character of the narrator. The humour and the satire of these volumes are also good, as well as

* Now republishing in Waldie's Select Circulating Library, part 2. 1835. Nos. 1, 2, 3.

polished. And where the sentiments are of a tenderer class, and the narratives pathetic, there is much gracefulness in style and thought, which begets in the reader such a kindred improvement as to render cultivating an acquaintance with the work a grateful occupation.—*Monthly Review*. May, 1835.

The Works of William Cowper, his Life and Letters. By William Hayley, Esq. Now first completed by the Introduction of Cowper's private Correspondence. Edited by the Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, A. M. London: Saunders & Otley. 1835.

This, we think, is the handsomest specimen of the popular, yet elegant, as well as convenient form of modern standard works, that we have yet seen. The letter-press, the embellishments, the entire *getting up*, are exquisite. The first and second volumes are before us, and when the succeeding portions have been published, according to the ordinary regular issue of such efforts, our great Christian poet will doubtless take his place in many hundreds of drawing-rooms, that have hitherto been denied the possession of his surpassing beauty and refinement.

This edition will contain not only Hayley's life and letters of Cowper, the former purified from its acknowledged errors and deficiencies, but upwards of two hundred letters will be added of the poet's private correspondence, which have never before been incorporated in any uniform edition of his works, and which, by competent judges, have been considered to be even of a superior order to those published by Hayley. Hayley's great fault was, fear lest he should exhibit Cowper too much in a religious garb. But this edition will do better, for it will show him as he was, and that will be as one of the most estimable, lovely, and wonderful objects in the moral world.

We observe, that a rival edition is talked of, under the superintendence of Southey, certainly an excellent hand for such a work. But the present publication can hardly be surpassed in plan or execution, whilst its priority in the market would decide our choice, where there can be so very little room for real superiority, since both editions have nearly equal access to the poet's productions and letters. We have only again to state, that a more desirable object cannot be thought of than Grimshawe's edition of Cowper's works.—*Ibid*.

Old Maids; their Varieties, Characters, and Conditions. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1835.

The title of this book is likely to suggest, that there is something novel, curious, or quaint in it, beyond the ordinary run of new works; at least we anticipated a treat, though not pretending to guess in what shape or style it should be served up. But we were never more completely disappointed. It is a poor affair, and not worth reading. The titles of some of the chapters may suffice to show the feebleness of the plan; yet, the execution of it is still more trashy and pointless. We have, after an introductory and dedicatory chapter, a classification of old maids; such as voluntary old maids—involuntary old maids—then come accidental old maids—and also, inexplicable old maids! This is enough.—*Ibid*.

Literary Fables from the Spanish of Yriarte. By Richard Andrews. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

Yriarte's Fables are of a distinct character from those of *Æsop* and *Phædrus*, or *La Fontaine* and *Gay*; and altogether of an original nature. They are applied solely to literary subjects, and abound with a rich and sparkling humour, in exposing the offences against sound judgment and taste, that are most frequently met in the

various departments of writing and the fine arts; whereas virtue and morality are the objects which the former fabulists have endeavoured to inculcate. The translation before us, though somewhat unequal, is yet a graceful and elegant work. The writer has judiciously adopted, for the sake of giving the spirit of the author, considerable freedom in translation, and altered some allusions, which were purely Spanish, so as to suit our English customs and modes of thinking. We shall give two specimens, which, though not the best, yet being short, they suit our pages, and at the same time sufficiently prove the beauty and the peculiar character of this volume, from which many a pithy aphorism may be aptly culled.

"THE FLINT AND THE STEEL."

"The flint, with language, harsh and high,
Accused the steel with cruelty,
In striking her with all his might
Whene'er he wanted fire and light.
The steel the imputation spurned,
And, with such warmth the contest burned,
That both, at last, agreed to slip
Their contract of companionship.
'Good bye, then, madam,' said the one;
'And since my company you shun,
And to continue with me doubt,
We'll see what use you are without.'
'About as much as you will be,
Good sir,' she answered, 'without me.'
Writers, revolve this tale of mine,
Nor think it needless to combine
With powers naturally strong,
The help of study, close and long.
Does not this fable true reveal,
The flint shines not without the steel?
No more can talent without art,
For both are useless when apart."—pp. 6. 7.

Critics as well as authors, come in for it.

"THE VIPER AND THE LEECH."

"'Dear sister leech,' the viper cried,
Gently approaching to her side,
'Since you, like me, bite when you can,
Why does unjust and partial man
So differently treat the two,
Submitting to be bit by you,
Yet shunning me with hate and fear,
And shuddering, if I come but near?'
'Brother,' replied the leech, 'you're right.
In saying that we both do bite:
But, as 'tis easy to detect
With very different effect.
My mouth a healing virtue gives,
I bite the dying man, he lives:
While, and you know it to be true,
The healthiest dies if touched by you.'
Observe, ye readers, then, and writers,
That critics, doubtless, all are biters;
Yet that a wide distinction runs
'Twixt useful and malignant ones."—pp. 81, 82.

Yriarte died in 1790, his fables having won him a great reputation in his own country. Another of his poems, "*La Musica*," has previously been translated into English.—*Ibid*.

History of the British Colonies. By R. Montgomery Martin Esq. Vol. IV. London: Cochrane & Co.

The fourth volume contains an account of our possessions in Southern and Western Africa, in Mauritius, Australia, and the Falkland Isles. It is not inferior to

the preceding volumes in the interest and importance of its subject. We have already commended Mr. Martin's useful labours, and should be sorry to be compelled to retract or modify the praise which we have once sincerely bestowed: but we must again warn him to avoid as much as possible encumbering his pages with crude and frothy political discussions. Let him diligently collect facts, historical and statistical, and, by a judicious array of these, exhibit the colonies to us as they are, leaving his readers to determine what they ought to be. Some twenty years hence, when Mr. Martin shall have acquired more learning, &c., and a more mature judgment, he may venture to propound systems of colonial policy. At present, his attempts at speculations of this kind, are proof that the subject is beyond his grasp. He tells us, indeed, that we and other critics ought not to find fault with his doctrines until we have reperused all that he has written on the subject of free trade; that is to say, he hopes to deter us from commenting on one piece of nonsense, by requiring us in justice to read another, which is longer. In whatever way Mr. Martin may think fit to abuse the well defined terms of political science, it is certain that his own doctrines of trade are the worst possible. He has imbibed, or affects to have imbibed, the angry feelings, the narrow and interested notions of our colonies, and gravely indites of the numberless grievances to which these are subject, from the exuberant civilisation of the mother country; which he would reduce to the fabled situation of the pelican, and compel it to feed its progeny with its own blood.

We regret that Mr. Martin's historical investigations are so often superficial and inaccurate. Thus, he says, that the English claim to have been the first discoverers of Australia, their claim being founded on two charts in the British Museum. Now, the charts referred to, (the Hydrography of John Rotz,) prove that the Portuguese, and not the English, were the true discoverers of that continent, and that they had traced its western shores in the earlier half of the sixteenth century. The gravity with which Mr. Martin relates ghost stories, and apparitions of the spectre-ship commonly called the Flying Dutchman, cannot fail to lower his credit as a historian. —*Athenæum*.

Notabilia.

HOMŒOPATHY.—French writers do not attribute the invention of this system of medical treatment to M. Hahnemann, but they carry it back even as far as Descartes, who, during his last illness and while at the court of Christiana, Queen of Sweden, having caught cold by attending her majesty at five o'clock in the morning, in direct contradiction to his usual habits, insisted upon curing the inflammation in his lungs by drinking wine and brandy. It appears, however, that the remedies accelerated his death, if they were not the immediate cause of it. M. Hahnemann has just married a young wife, and is about to settle in Paris. The Académie de Médecine has appointed a committee to consider the propriety of establishing an hospital in the above city, where the patients are to be treated according to this method. Reports have been made concerning the success of homœopathy as applied to horses; some experiments of the kind having been tried in the department of La Gironda.

CHOLERA.—Out of 665 persons attacked with cholera at Marseilles, between the 17th of February and 10th of March, only 184 have survived.

NEW BOILER.—Messrs. Petherick and West, of the Lanescot Mine, Cornwall, have invented and brought into use a boiler of a new construction, which is stated, in the last annual report of the Cornwall Polytechnic Society, to effect such an economy in the consumption

of fuel, as to raise the duty performed by an engine to between ninety and a hundred millions of pounds! In Watt's time *nineteen* millions was considered prodigious. The improvement consists principally in having a horizontal cylindrical tube enclosed within the tube which contains the fire. Water is supplied to this inner tube from the feed pump; and the steam and heated air pass from it to the boiler, whence it is conveyed to the steam-pipe.—*Mechanic's Magazine*.

PNEUMATIC RAILWAY.—We have lately had an opportunity of examining a large working model of a somewhat novel system of inland transit, which is about to be brought before the public. The body of the railway is a hollow cylinder with ledges on the outside, under the horizontal diameter, to serve as rails, upon which the carriages travel, bestriding the upper semi-circumference of the cylinder; on the inside there is a raised ledge at the lower end of the vertical diameter, and upon this two wheels are placed, connected longitudinally by a divided perch or duplex branch, and held upright by a vertical arm affixed at its lower end to the perch, and passing out through a continued longitudinal slit, or thorough groove in the upper surface of the cylinder. The upper end of this arm enters the floor of a car on the outside, and is the means of connecting the internal apparatus with that on the outside, and thus of communicating the impulse obtained within to carriages without. The impulse is obtained upon a piston or shield, which is held up by the vehicle within the cylinder, and which is allowed to travel freely through it, by the action of air-pumps worked by fixed steam-engines, of sufficient power, at stations along the line of road. The longitudinal slit or chase, through which the vertical arm passes, is covered, and the cylinder made air-tight by a wadded strap or cord, which is laid over it in a trough, and being lifted by a wheel placed in the body of the external car, over which it is passed.

It is impossible to convey a competent idea of the system, by a verbal description only; but it is believed by the projectors, to be a safe, certain, and highly economical application of power, to effect transit of carriages; and it has been, we are informed, examined and approved of by many of our most eminent men of science, among whom we may mention Dr. Lardner and Mr. Faraday, as well as by many other persons who are skilled in practical mechanics. We shall not ourselves presume to offer an opinion on the merits of the system, but we certainly think it well worthy examination, by those who are skilful and interested in such subjects.—*Athenæum*.

A REFLECTION.—Round the idea of one's mother the mind of man clings with a fond affection. It is the first, sweet, deep thought, stamped upon our infant hearts, when yet soft and capable of receiving the most profound impressions, and all the after feelings of the world are more or less light in comparison. I do not know that even in our old age we do not look back to that feeling as the sweetest we have known through life. Our passions and our wilfulness may lead us far from the object of our filial love; we learn even to pain her heart, to oppose her wishes, to violate her commands; we may become wild, headstrong, and angry at her counsels or her opposition; but when death has stilled her monitory voice, and nothing but calm memory remains to recapitulate her virtues and good deeds, affection, like a flower beaten to the ground by a past storm, raises up her head and smiles amongst the tears. Round that idea, as we have said, the mind clings with fond affection; and even when the early period of our loss forces memory to be silent, fancy takes the place of remembrance, and twines the image of our dead parent with a garland of graces and beauties and virtues, which we doubt not that she possessed. Thus had it been with De Vaux: he could just call to mind a face that had ap-

peared to him very beautiful, and a few kind and tender words from the lips of her he had called mother: but he had fancied her all that was good, and gentle, and virtuous; and now that he was forced to look upon her as a fallen being—as one that had not only forgotten virtue herself, but in sin had brought him into the world, to degradation and shame—what could be his feelings towards her?—*The Gipsy*.

The publication of the letter of Marion Delorme, concerning Salomon de Caus, has, it seems, stirred up other candidates for the invention of mechanism by steam, and Vincent de Beauvois, an ancient historian, gives it to a learned pope, Sylvester II., who, in the tenth century, constructed clocks and organs which were kept in motion by steam.

Literary Intelligence.

Miss Landon has just sent to the press a new Poem, entitled "The Vow of the Peacock," the subject of which is illustrated by a beautiful painting, which is to appear in the ensuing exhibition at the Royal Academy, by M. Lire.

Mr. Montgomery is about to publish a new and revised edition of his "Satan," a Poem.

The third volume of the Rev. Mr. Grimshawe's Complete Edition of Cowper, which is just ready, contains a beautiful View of Huntingdon, the scene of the poet's happy residence, during his first acquaintance with the Unwins; and a Vignette of the Picturesque Village of Hertford, near Huntingdon, to which he so feelingly alludes in one of his Letters to Lady Hesketh. It is pleasing to find that this valuable work is taking that high standing in the public estimation, to which it is so justly entitled.

The Rev. A. Smith has a work in the press entitled "An Essay towards a more exact Analysis of the Moral Perceptions;" with a view to determine the ultimate Essence of Right and Wrong, and illustrate the principles of Theology, Jurisprudence, and general Politics.

Plebeians and Patricians, an attractive novel in 3 vols., is now preparing for early publication.

Mr. G. I. Bennett, the author of "The Albanians," is about to publish a novel in 2 vols., entitled "The Emperess."

All those who are interested in emigration, will be gratified to learn that Mr. John Murray, an intelligent settler in Montreal, has sent home a little work for publication in this country, the contents of which will be of the greatest utility to every person intending to visit Canada. It is entitled, "The Emigrant and Traveller's Guide to and through Canada, by way of the River St. Lawrence, as well as by way of the United States of America: with some Friendly Advice on Embarkation; the detailed Cost of Traveling on each Route, and much other Useful Information to the Settler."

The Rev. R. Spence Hardy, having recently returned from the Missionary Station at Ceylon, by way of the Red Sea, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, &c., has just produced a most interesting volume with plates, entitled, "Notices of the Holy Land, and other places mentioned in the Scriptures;" which from the well-known experience and talent of the writer, cannot fail to demand the public attention.

Shortly will appear in 1 vol. crown 8vo., "The History of the Assassins," by the Chevalier Joseph Von Hammer, translated from the German, by Oswald Charles Wood, M. D. &c.

The Steam Engine, explained and illustrated in a familiar style, with its application to the Arts and Manufactures, more especially in transport by Land and

Water; with some Account of the Rail Roads now in progress in various parts of the World. By the Rev. Dionysius Lardner, L. L. D. Fifth edition. One vol. 12mo. illustrated with numerous Engravings and Wood-Cuts.

A Narrative of the Visit made by the Depotics to the American Churches from the Congregational Union of England and Wales. By Andrew Reed, D. D. and James Matheson, D. D.

Miss Kemble's Journal of a Residence in the United States.

Our readers will be gratified to learn that Mr. Bulwer has in the press a new work entitled "The Student."

The literary circles are now on the *qui vive* for the appearance of the Hon. Mrs. Norton's new novel, "The Wife." It is said to be a domestic story of deep interest.

The new work by the author of "The Collegians," recently announced, will appear forthwith; it is to be entitled "My Neighbourhood."

Dr. Hogg has just committed to the press his interesting Travels in the East. His opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the countries through which he has passed have been very peculiar.

Mr. N. P. Willis, the American poet, has just put forth a volume, entitled "Melanie and other Poems," it is edited by his friend Barry Cornwall.

A new edition of the popular novel of "Anne Grey," edited by the author of "Granby," is in preparation. Also, a new edition of Captain Marryatt's "Jacob Faithful."

The first and second volumes of the "Rev. W. Grimshawe's complete edition of Cowper," are now ready, beautifully embellished by the Findens. They are printed uniformly with the works of Byron, Crabbe, &c.

Rainbow Sketches; consisting of comic and serious Tales, Poems, &c., by John Francis, author of "Sunshine; or Lays for Ladies;" &c. Embellished with Lithographic Illustrations, by M. B. S.

Observations on the Natural History and Productions of British Guiana. With suggestions on Colonisation and Emigration to the Interior of that Country. Founded on a long residence. By John Hancock, M. D.

Corn Law Rhymes; the Third Volume of the Works of Ebenezer Elliott will appear in the ensuing month. Amongst its contents will be found some of the earliest productions of this talented writer, without any political allusions, which were almost unheeded at the time of their publication—Southey alone addressing him to this effect: "There is power in the least serious of these tales, but the higher you pitch your tone the better you succeed. Thirty years ago they would have made your reputation; thirty years hence the world will wonder that they did not do so."

The Mechanics of Law-Making, by Arthur Symonds, Esq.; intended for the use of legislators, and all other persons concerned in the making and understanding of English Laws.

A new work, by the author of the "Usurer's Daughter," called Provincial Sketches.

The author of "Makana" announces a novel, founded on the fearful realities, in which Miss Blandy and the Hon. Captain Cranstoun were so deeply involved.

The speedy publication of the travels of MM. de Humboldt and Gustave Rose, in Siberia, has been announced. M. Gustave Rose has undertaken the mineralogical and geognostic portion.

The Dictionary of the French Academy will appear in July. It boasts of the illustrious contributors, Pastoret, Dupin, Royer-Collard, Segur, Daru, De Jouy, Villemain, Arnault, Fourier, Biot, Thenard, and the great Cuvier, &c.

A translation of the third volume of Niebuhr's History is just published in France. It appears to meet with great success both in France and Germany.

THE EDITOR TO THE READER.

The present number of the Museum is what many will agree with us in thinking it should be, "a number for the warm weather!" it contains a variety of attractive articles adapted to the season of the dog-days; these we have culled from all the sources which extensive means have placed before us, and we leave them to speak for themselves; the best commentary we could wish passed, would be, that "they are all very readable and entertaining, and not deficient in information."

One article only, which was designed to be inserted, has been omitted by the printer, for the best of all reasons—that there was "no room;" it was rather a lengthened compiled article from several London periodicals respecting Fanny Kemble's Journal which was published in England some time after its issue among us. As the subject has become rather a stale one, perhaps the reader will rejoice in its omission, and thank us for copying here, the only place left for us, more briefly the opinions of the London press, respecting a production which had at least the merit of impudence and imprudence to commend it to a ready sale. The London Athenæum says:

"The Journal of the late Miss Fanny Kemble has at last appeared before an English public, and it turns out to be one of the most deplorable exhibitions of vulgar thinking and vulgar expression that it was ever our misfortune to encounter. If our Juliets, Julias, and Belvideras, really reflect and journalise in the style indulged in by Mrs. Butler, we must say, that the less we see or hear of them in the undress of the mind and heart, the better. That a young lady should pass a certain portion of each day in chronicling the process of sea-sickness, and all the varieties of bug-bites, flea-bites, mosquito-bites, &c., is, of itself, sufficiently curious; but that, with relations and friends around her, such young lady should bestow upon the public these singular details, is indeed "passing strange!" The insane desire of being considered one who *thought alone*, combined with a love of every mischief, has, we apprehend, betrayed Mrs. Butler into a book, which she herself, in a short time, and which all her friends at once, will wish had never seen the light.

The authoress of this lamentable 'Journal' possessed a name which she had no right to abuse. We question whether the triple-headed chancelor would not have granted an injunction to restrain the utterance of such a work as the present by a Kemble! But to the book itself! * * *

"We close the book with a feeling more of sorrow than of anger. It is, indeed, pitiable that some kind friend should not have succeeded in preventing the publication of so much bad feeling and bad taste. Mrs. Butler has had nothing to irritate her but kindness—nothing to complain of, but public generosity; and she luxuriates in a coarse vulgar bitterness, which is as incompre-

hensible as it is uncontrollable. Sir Walter Scott, who wrote in a better spirit, thus describes a Mrs. Butler,—'Look here upon this picture, and on this!'—

"In acquired politeness of manners, when it happened that she mingled a little in society, Mrs. Butler was of course judged deficient. But then she had that obvious wish to oblige—that real and natural good breeding, which depends on good sense and good humour, to which she joined a considerable degree of archness and liveliness of manner, so that her behaviour was acceptable to all with whom she was called upon to associate."

The London Spectator:

"Miss Kemble's Journal is a clever, smart, and characteristic book. It has the appearance, moreover, of being what it professes to be—a faithful transcript of daily thoughts, feelings, and impressions, jotted down at the time; and possessing all the freshness and familiarity which must distinguish such compositions. The time extends from August 1832, to July in the following year. The scenes are the Atlantic, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Boston, and the intermediate places between Niagara and the coast of New England. The subjects are the circumstances attendant upon a sea voyage, and the inns, horses, managers, companies, 'properties,' and audiences of the States; together with the manners, behaviour, and social system of the people, intermingled with disquisitions on acting, religion, and politics; the whole receiving its spirit and colour from the individual character of Fanny Kemble. It is this personal display, indeed, which gives life and interest to the work; though we do not affirm that this display is altogether of an engaging nature. On the contrary, we think Mr. Butler a bold man; and if any lovesick swain should be repining at his success, let him read the journal, and, like Melibæus, he will not envy, but admire. Fanny, as painted by herself, appears to have the artificial confidence and boldness of her calling, superadded to the sauciness of a petted, spoiled, and clever girl. She does odd things, she thinks odd things, and she writes odd things. Vulgar in form and feature, we know she is not; vulgarity of carriage and bearing, we may suppose impossible in tragedians, whose personal accomplishments form part of their stock in trade; but her manner seems occasionally to have passed the familiarity to which Polonius limits behaviour: her airs appear to have been sometimes wilful, and sometimes rude; her language is often disfigured by terms that, even if happily applied (which they are not), sound unmusical from a lady's lips; and her judgments, on matters which she does not, and once or twice on characters which she cannot understand, seem to smack of presumption pushed to vulgarity. In short, she exemplifies the *beau ideal* of a green room belle whose head has been turned by flattery.

"It may be said that the work professes to be a journal of private thoughts and feelings. Very true; but some of them were suppressed, if we judge by the gaps; and besides, a really elegant

and disciplined mind cannot think, far less write, otherwise than with propriety. Neither is much that we speak of either useful or ornamental. The complete exhaustion consequent upon theatrical fatigue, might, for instance, have been expressed otherwise than by '*perfectly done up*;' an apostrophe to Time, would have lost nothing by the omission of '*go it, old fellow*;' whilst the frequent invocations to the Devil, *proprio nomine*, had better have been omitted altogether. Again, if haste had penned such sentences upon the author of the preface to Shakspeare, and one of the greatest practical critics that ever lived, there is no justification for the self-sufficiency that could print them."

"The specimens we have quoted are pleasant and readable enough; and the same character will apply to any continuous portion of the book; but as a whole it is somewhat tedious. Various causes contribute to this. Its form is of necessity without plan or progression; its abruptness removes that appearance of connected narrative which appertains even to a common tour; there is too little matter to sustain the reader through two volumes; and rather too great a predominance of those subjects which seem invariably to characterise actors, and low literateurs in any way connected with the stage,—eating, drinking, dress, and the other commonplace materialities of everyday life. In England, the work will be read, laughed at, and forgotten. We are not quite sure that it will be so innocent in America. Our cousins are thin-skinned; and though Mrs. Butler mingles praise and blame together, the blame predominates, is applied to the majority, and touches them upon matters where they are most sensitive. They will also say that they feel degradation from the hand that deals the blow."

The London Literary Gazette:—

"We have never approached the review of any publication with more reluctant feeling than this performance of the celebrated Fanny Kemble. She belongs to a family whom it is a pleasure to praise, and is herself yet but a young woman. She is also a very clever, and to adopt the word coined in her adopted country, a *talented* creature; and there is a degree of frankness in her revelations which give them piquancy, and claim the gentlest construction to the reader. But here our allowances must end. The work before us is deformed by graver faults than even youthful imprudence and female impertinence can excuse. There are a flippancy and vulgarity about it which surprise us the more, coming from such a source;—a presumption and a lack of the finer and higher qualities which adorn the feminine character, which is vexatious to contemplate in one so richly gifted. But thus it is with women of genius, the head too often spoils the heart; and yet, either for their own happiness or the happiness of others, the heart is their best and safest rudder to steer by; for, even should it lead through agitated and stormy seas, they will still be illuminated by skies of brightness, and there will be a fond and watchful pilot to con every point of the compass, and guide the bark into the

"Our fair author, however, seems to have discarded heart nearly altogether; she is wondrous smart, and sometimes, in her ambitious style, striking; but she touches not—there is no sympathy with her excited by any thing she has written. What a disappointment is this? Where, from all circumstances, we could have expected most, to find literally nothing of human affections to move us towards the brilliant girl, whose dramatic efforts obtained so much public admiration, and whose removal from her native land has been so much regretted. Not one chord has she struck to augment that admiration, or increase that regret; but, on the contrary, has taught us to regard her abilities with less favour, because unaccompanied by those graceful and natural associations which alone become the woman we can esteem and love. In her *Journal* Miss Kemble, on one occasion, says, '*I played like a very clever girl, as I am*;' (vol. ii. p. 46) and such in truth she is, and no more, in these volumes. Yet they are extremely amusing, and will, no doubt, be universally circulated both here and in America; affording little satisfaction to the lady's friends here, and not much, we guess, to the American people."

"Landing at New York we have the first taste of the author's depreciating and ungrateful fashion of receiving courtesies and services. After being installed in lodgings:—

"A visit (she says) from a Mr. —, one of the directors of the custom-house, and W—P—, brother to the proprietor of the Park theatre, who is a lawyer of considerable reputation here. The face of the first was good, the other's clever. I said nothing, as usual, and let them depart in peace."

"It will scarcely be credited, but such is the fact, that the persons so rudely treated and described, were the most obliging and zealous friends to whom our countrywoman had letters of introduction in the new world; and how 'a Mr. —' of the custom-house—the chief collector and head of that department at New York—behaved, is vouched by the following notice:—

"Remained up till one, unpacking goods and chattels. Mercy on me what a cargo it is! They have treated us like ambassadors, and not one of our one and twenty huge boxes have been touched!!"

"The other gentleman, one of the first lawyers of the city, was equally polite and attentive to every wish a stranger could have; but they were not worth even a 'thank ye' from our well-mannered stage queen—she 'said nothing as usual, and let them (it was kind not to abuse them) depart in peace!' And we lament to say, the same wretched assumption of high airs pervades the *Journal*."

We have inserted the foregoing more in sorrow than in anger, the rather that an attempt has been made in some quarters to palliate the production, and thus hold up as an example for imitation, a specimen of bad taste and nonsense which has few parallels, and which we hope